★ April 20, 1940

THE NEW YORKER

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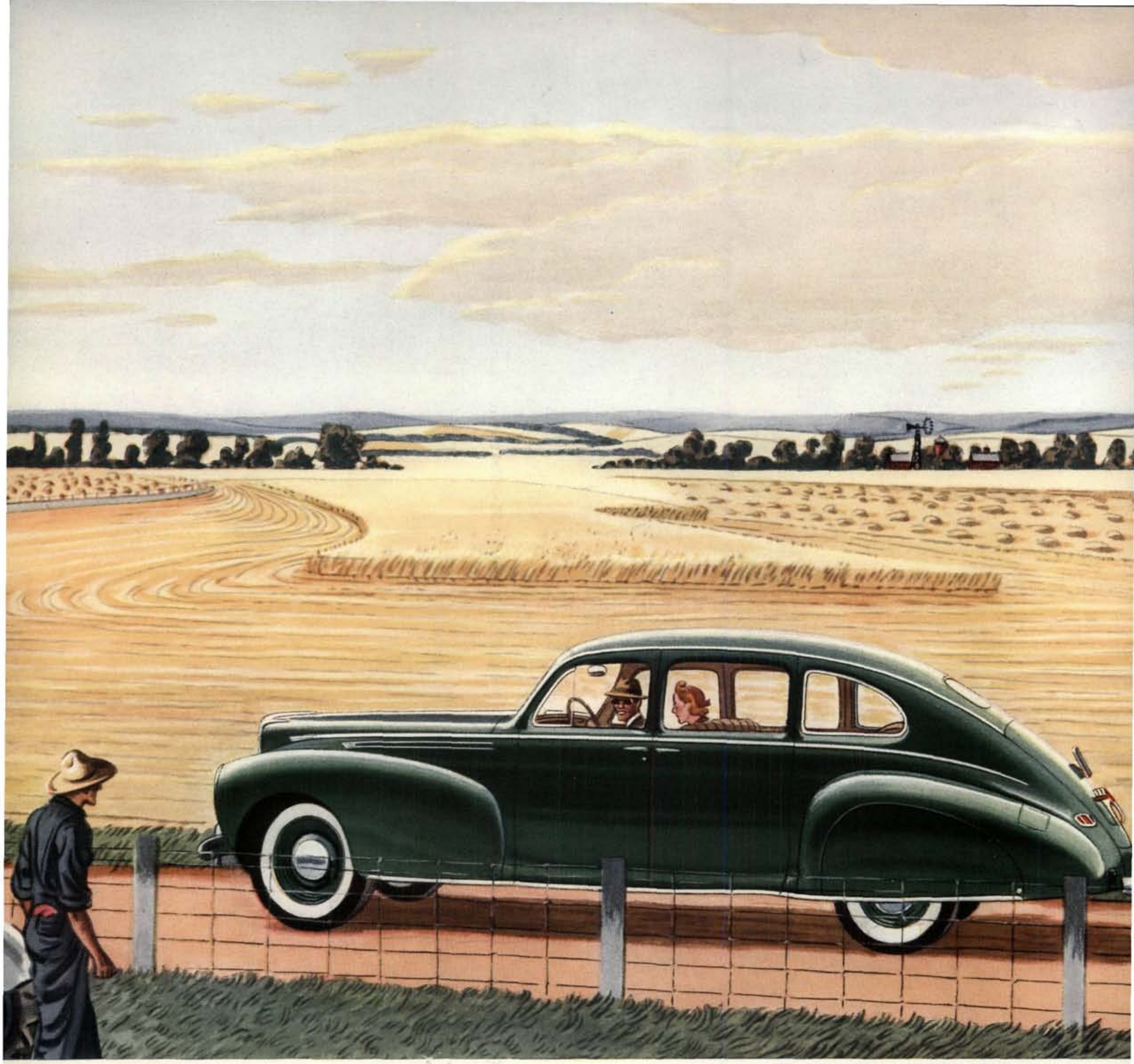

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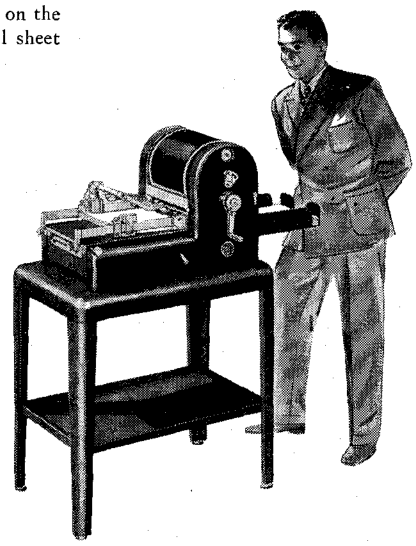

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Fifth Column—Except for the substitution of pure love for high-class bitchery, the Theatre Guild has dealt respectfully and well with Ernest Hemingway's play about the war in Spain. Franchot Tone's counter-espionage agent is very fine. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. Moves on Mon., April 22, to the Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

King Richard II—Maurice Evans back again in this extremely popular revival. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat. Closes Sat., April 27.)

Ladies in Retirement—Poor Miss Fiske is strangled and put in an oven by the sanest of three crazy old maids. Gilbert Miller has produced one of the most satisfactory melodramas you've ever seen and is enormously helped by Flora Robson, Estelle Winwood, Jessamine Newcombe, and Isobel Elsom. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Lady in Waiting—Gladys George is responsible for whatever gaiety there is in this comedy by Margery Sharp about a lively American woman putting the British aristocracy in its place. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—The late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family adapted for the stage by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Not quite as lifelike as the book, but very funny and satisfactory anyway. Mr. Lindsay is Father and Dorothy Stickney is Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Liliom—The Molnár fantasy successfully revived by Vinton Freedley, with the able assistance of Burgess Meredith, Ingrid Bergman, Elia Kazan, and others. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Male Animal—Showing that you can push even a professor of English only so far. James Thurber being co-author, there is more to it than just that. The excellent cast includes the other author, Elliott Nugent. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A rather malicious and very witty comedy about an old New York *Times* dramatic critic, by his friends Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart. Monty Woolley is almost perfect in the principal rôle. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Margin for Error—The German consul (Otto Preminger) is shot, stabbed, and poisoned, which ought to be enough to hold anybody. Clare Boothe's melodrama owes a lot to Sam Levene's fine portrayal of a Jewish cop. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Moves on Mon., April 22, to the Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Wed. and Sat.)

Medicine Show—The Living Newspaper technique applied to a plea for socialized medicine. A lecture with incidental actors rather than a play, but interesting just the same. Martin Gabel, Alfred Ryder, and Dorothy McGuire are some of the exhibits. (New Yorker, 54, W. CI 6-2737. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Dear Children—John Barrymore kidding a comedy that wouldn't amount to anything without him and doesn't amount to a great deal anyway. Elaine Barrie, Philip Reed, Patricia Waters, and Tala Birell are also in it. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Skylark—Miss Gertrude Lawrence's extraordinary vitality carrying along an otherwise mediocre comedy about love and the advertising business. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. 8:40. No performance Mon. Eve. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat. Closes Sat., April 27.)

Suspect—Pauline Lord as an acquitted murderess who wishes people wouldn't keep reminding her of it. By the authors of "Ladies in Retirement," but a good deal less satisfactory. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

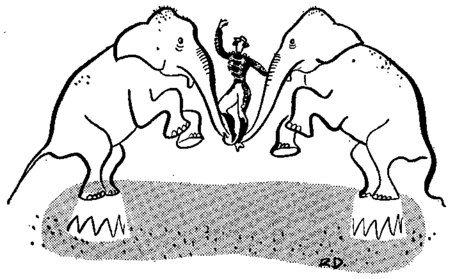
Tobacco Road—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Morning Star—Molly Picon in a play by Sylvia Regan. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Du Barry Was a Lady—A great big glittering bawdy show, with Ethel Merman and Bert Lahr making everything more than all right unless you are hypersqueamish. Cole Porter's music. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 27.

Higher and Higher—A lot of pretty girls and a Rodgers and Hart score winning a very close decision over a dull book. Sharkey the Seal is supported by a competent cast, including Jack Haley, Shirley Ross, and Marta Eggert. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

New Hellz-a-Poppin—Practically the same as the old "Hellz-a-Poppin" in spirit, which is one of roughhouse at its funniest. With Olsen and Johnson. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

New Pins and Needles—A new version of the Labor Stage's phenomenal success and still a highly entertaining and instructive revue. (Windsor, 48, E. BR 9-3824. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Reunion in New York—The Viennese refugees who gave us "From Vienna" last year are back again, as gay and appealing as ever and speaking somewhat better English. (Little, 44, W. LA 4-9791. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Too Many Girls—Love and football at old Pottawatomie, where good girls wear little yellow hats. Fine music by Rodgers and Hart; very nice singing and dancing by Marcy Wescott, Mary Jane Walsh, Hal LeRoy, and others. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Two for the Show—A bright, pleasant, and modest revue put on by the same people who did "One for the Money." Richard Haydn, Brenda Forbes, Betty Hutton, and Eve Arden do most of the work. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Heavenly Express—A fantasy by Albert Bein, with John Garfield, Aline MacMahon, and Harry Carey. Opens Thurs., April 18. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Blue Hill Troupe—In a benefit production of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers": Wed. through Fri. Eves., April 24-26, at 8:30. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3545; after 5 P.M., LE 4-3546.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Vincent Bragale's orchestra is spelled at intervals in the Trianon Room by Larry Siry's. You'll have to dress if you want to dance after 10.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Sleepy Hall and his orchestra are in the comfortable Bowman Room.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—An inviting little spot to try if you want to have a casual good time. Anne Francine, the Tisdale Trio, and Nicki Raymond's and Donn Marton's orchestras are on hand to help you.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Times have changed. The customers now share the dance floor with the gifted De Marcos. The music is by Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

Féfé's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—A big and handsome setting for de-luxe outings. Ted Straeter's orchestra. Dress required.

La Martinique, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757)—Danny Kaye, a comedian, and Betty Hutton, a hard-working singer, are giving an agreeably youthful air to this Latin spot. Pancho's orchestra exerts a steadying influence.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Plenty of room to dance in pleasantly subdued surroundings. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Montparnasse, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—A favorite with uptowners, and downtowners who make the trip seem to like it too. A rumba band and a quintet play for dancing.

Nine o'Clock Club, 125 E. 54 (EL 5-2922)—Conceived as an antidote for the worries of campus life, and thus apt to be full of young folk. Charlie Murray's and Sonny Kendis's orchestras.

Park Lane, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Dinner dancing in the commodious Tapestry Room to music by a Meyer Davis orchestra.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Eddy Duchin is on duty in the Persian Room, watching over such gifted entertainers as Jane Pickens, Paul Haakon (who is filling in during Paul Draper's illness), and, of course, his own band. Must dress if you're going to dance after 10.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—The crow's-nest of Radio City, with Eddie Le Baron's band and a show. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra and Marlynn and Michael entertain in the informal Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Charles Baum's orchestra and an ice show are in the Iridium Room. Must dress—at least if you plan to dance. Closes Sat., April 27.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Dwight Fiske is in the Café Lounge, dwelling musically on the lives and loves of his favorite people. Bob Grant's orchestra will be replaced by Emile Petti's on Fri., April 19.

Sherry's, Park at 49 (PL 3-0200)—Bernie Dolan and his orchestra are on hand for dinner dancing.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The hardy perennial for hardy people. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Juanito Rodriguez's rumba band. Dress preferred.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Sophie Tucker will be replaced by Harry Richman on Thurs., April 25. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band will stay on.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The informal Empire Room is currently tenanted by Bonnie Baker and Orrin Tucker's orchestra. . . . Nat Brandwynne's orchestra plays for supper dancing in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—For times when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**le ruban bleu,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Elsie Houston's South American folk songs, and Billie Haywood's able swing singing, accompanied by the equally able Cliff Allen at the piano. . . . **algonquin,** 59 W. 44 (MU 2-0100): Greta Keller sings and John Buckmaster does monologues. . . . **brevoort,** 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): you'll like the guitarist and a spruce young couple who play two-piano numbers. . . . **penthouse club,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music is pleasant, and so are the lights of Central Park below.

Miscellaneous—At **armando's,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, music by Frank Mandella's orchestra, and songs by Adelaide Moffett. . . . **casino russe,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): only a step from Carnegie Hall, and a pleasant place to drop into after a concert. Dancing to music by Nicholas Matthey's orchestra. . . .

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DRAWN FOR DE BEERS BY ARISTIDE MAILLOL

"A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared" —LORD BYRON

The new experience of love sets each man head and shoulders above the prosaic world. On the heights he treads, he seeks in vain some tangible object to grasp and give in loving proof. What can it be—a star for his beloved's hair?—the slender silver moon to catch her scarf? Alas! . . . And so it happens that men inevitably turn to the diamond, the one rare spark of immortal fire left on the earth. Most brilliant of mundane objects, the very stars will cool before it loses fire, ceases to fling out its sparkling shimmer of requited love. There are few rules for the selection of a worthy engagement diamond. Patronize a reliable jeweler, certainly. (Many will gladly assist in the purchase of a fine stone by extending payments over a period of months.) Consider purity and color, excellence of cut as well as size in your judgment of your stone. Remember it shines for you—and her—eternally, the brightest symbol of your meeting time.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

POLISH RESTAURANT, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816): one that caught on quickly, with a Polish orchestra which plays polkas as well as rumbas. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a small, pleasant spot, with William Scotti's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Al Donahue's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra, through Sat., April 27. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ,** 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 46 (MU 6-9200): Frankie Masters' orchestra. . . . **GLASS HAT,** 130 E. 50 (WI 2-1200): Basil Fomeen's orchestra. . . . **WIENER FIAKER,** 223 W. 80 (TR 4-9245), and **ALT WIEN,** 323 E. 79 (RH 4-8966): both started by refugees, who carry on with lots of Viennese spirit. . . . **KIT KAT CLUB,** 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543): Negro entertainment and Connie McLean's band; for late prowlers, this one. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun way down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Billy Rose's Gay Nineties show, now in its second year, still seems to keep the patrons happy. . . . **BEACHCOMBER,** B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): one of Broadway's newest and, to judge by the crowds, one of its best; John Kirby's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Nano Rodrigo's orchestra, a Latin show, and, at the supper hour, Diosa Costello. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** 1650 B'way, at 51 (CI 7-3461): a show full of rumbas and congas. . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White's broad humor continues to be the main attraction. . . . **COTTON CLUB,** B'way at 48 (CI 7-1000): Louis Armstrong leads the Negro revue.

PURE SWING—At the **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Stuff Smith and his orchestra playing for admirers who just sit around the bar. . . . **FAMOUS DOOR,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9543): Ella Fitzgerald's band, down from Harlem. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Joe Sullivan's band, Joe Turner, Hazel Scott, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson, Ammons, and Lewis. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown swing centre, with, except Mon., Zutty Singleton and his band and, except Tues., Sidney Bechet's Trio. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar hideaway, with Clarence Profit's Trio and some Calypso singers.

HARLEM—A couple of places where the antics of the natives almost make the trip uptown worth while are: **SAVOY BALLROOM,** Lenox at 140 (ED 4-0271), with Benny Carter's and Erskine Hawkins' bands; and **GOLDEN GATE BALLROOM,** Lenox at 142 (ED 4-3380), with Teddy Wilson's band (closed Mon.).

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY,** 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO,** 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833). . . . Viennese: **CAFÉ DE L'EUROPE,** B'way at 77 (TR 4-6711).

ART

AMERICANS—A small, well-selected show that covers a hundred years of painting (1820 to 1920) and includes a fine John Kane and an excellent Maurice Prendergast: Walker, 108 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 27.

ARTISTS' CONGRESS—Fourth annual show of paintings, sculptures, and black-and-whites—as big, varied, rambunctious, and generally interesting as ever: Sixth floor, 785 5 Ave., at 60. Thurs., 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through April 28.

BACON AND HITE—Cogent satirical pastels by Bacon; smartly handled water colors by Hite: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 20.

BEREND—Delicately patterned Mediterranean landscapes and sea views: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 27.

BRITISH PORTRAITS—An exhibition of forty paintings by Van Dyck, Raeburn, Romney, Gainsborough, and other seventeenth- and eighteenth-century masters, for the benefit of the Greater New York Fund: Duveen, 720 5 Ave., at 56. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through April 30.

BURLIUK—Oils and water colors, naïve in manner, splashy in color, but, in their way, full of poetry: Boyer, 69 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 20.

CÉZANNE—Paintings and water colors: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 20.

CHAGALL—A group of attractive new gouaches, together with his big symbolic painting, "The Flight of the Rabbi": Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 4.

CORBINO—Circus subjects, among others, strikingly dramatic if a little lush, in a show of recent oils and drawings: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 30.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 27.

DERAIN—Twelve new paintings, exhibited for the benefit of the American Friends of France: Matisse, 51 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 11.

DICKINSON—Landscapes that are unemphatic, hazy, and very romantic, but appealing: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through April 27.

DOVE—New oils and water colors, done with more than usual compactness and integration of design: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 14.

EPSTEIN—Thirteen pieces of sculpture, including that massive figure "Adam," which has finally been passed on by the Customs Bureau: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1:30 to 6 P.M.; through May 25.

FLOWER PAINTINGS—Works by European and American artists, ranging from Bonnard to van Gogh and from J. Alden Weir to Max Weber. For once, the Americans come out well on top: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 4.

FOUR IMPRESSIONISTS—Benefit show of works by Cézanne, Manet, Degas, and Renoir. All are rare examples, and the Degas's in particular are magnificent: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 20.

JOHNSON—Selective show of oils by one of the most spirited of the nineteenth-century American genre painters: Douthitt, 9 E. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 30.

MODERN GERMAN—Paul Klee, Ernst Barlach, Karl Hofer, and others in a representative collection of paintings and sculptures: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 27.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Comprehensive collection of beautifully stylized prints and drawings by Sharaku, an eighteenth-century Japanese satirist. There's also a show of selected paintings by WPA artists that's distinctly worth seeing. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through April 30.

PAALEN—Surrealist paintings, imaginatively devised and brilliantly suggestive, by an artist who has already made quite a stir abroad: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 22.

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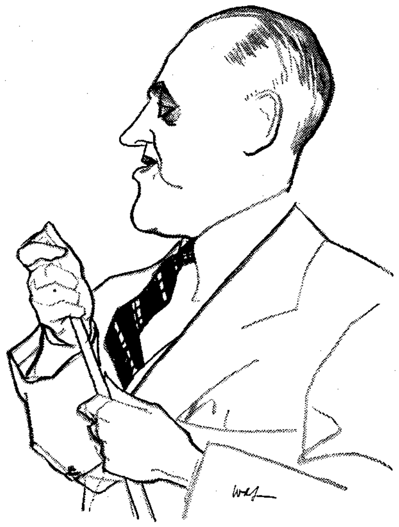


WILLIE HOPPE,

who, at fifty-three, is playing his forty-first year of championship billiards. At one time or another, he has held every sort of billiard championship there is. This month he regained the three-cushion championship, with a record of twenty straight games. Billiards is his life; if you don't care for billiards, you have nothing in common with Hoppe. And now, a trick shot.

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Drive, at 104—A large exhibit of water colors by Western artists. Some are a little too postery for our Eastern eyes, but a number of them are interesting. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 28.

SCULPTURE—At the **CLAY CLUB,** 4 W. 8: José de Creeft, Paul Manship, and others in a pleasantly diversified group. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through May 4. . . . **NIERENDORF,** 18 E. 57: first one-man exhibit of portrait heads by Louis Dlugosz, done in a novel skeletonized style and showing great promise. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 20. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64: French eighteenth-century sculpture from the David-Weill collection in a show that thoroughly typifies the romantic exuberance and the occasional sharp beauty of the period. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 4. . . . **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington, at 61: fluently modelled group studies and figure pieces by Anita Weschler. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 27.

SELF-PORTRAITS—Benefit exhibition of works by masters from Rembrandt and Rubens to Gauguin and Cézanne, with a number of rare ones among them: Schaeffer, 61 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 30.

JACOB GETLAR SMITH—Water colors, done with that fine feeling for the rustic scene that this artist possesses, plus a number of ably executed drawings: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 27.

LEIGHTON SMITH—Some landscapes, briskly and vividly rendered, enliven an otherwise average show: Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon., 8:30 to 11:30 P.M.); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through April 27.

TAMOTZU—East Side scenes and country subjects, both handled with subtlety and understanding: Vendome, 59 W. 56. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 20.

THOENY—Oils, high in key and volatile in mood, by an Austrian-born Paris painter: Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 26.

THREE SPANIARDS—Paintings by Picasso, Miró, and Gris, including some lively Middle Period pieces by the first: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 27.

WATSON—First solo showing here of oils, broadly and boldly brushed, by an artist of taste and assurance: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 20.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—Works by some two hundred sculptors in a big show sponsored by the National Sculpture Society. Unfortunately, only the academic side of things is featured. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 2.

WHORF—Water colors, mostly of sea scenes that are expertly stormy, but the artist glances inland occasionally: Milch, 108 W. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 27.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the **MUSEUM FOR NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING,** 24 E. 54: abstractions by Charles G. Shaw. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through May 11. . . . **SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS,** 128 E. 63: thirty-eighth annual exhibition. Weekdays 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through April 30. . . . **F.A.R.,** 19 E. 61: sale and exhibition of Chinese water colors and scroll paintings sent over by Mme. Sun Yat-sen to raise relief funds. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 27. . . . **ARTISTS',** 33 W. 8: paintings by Adolph Gottlieb. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 9 P.M.; through April 30. . . . **CARSTAIRS,** 11 E. 57: paintings by Soutine. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 11. . . . **NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,** 170 Central Pk. W.: centennial exhibition of paintings by John Wesley Jarvis, an early New York artist. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 2. . . . **MONTROSS,** 785 5 Ave., at 60: oils by Frank London. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 27. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS',** 711 5 Ave., at 55: paintings by Arnold Blanch. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 4. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL,** Gotham Hotel, 5 Ave. at 55: paintings by David Lax. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 27.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., April 18, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., April 19, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., April 21, at 3; Thurs. Eve., April 25, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., April 26, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., April 27, at 8:45. (Soloists: Bartlett and Robertson, April 18, 19, and 21; Serkin, April 25-26; Corigliano, April 27.)

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., April 22, at 8:45. (Soloist: Feuermann.)

DOWNTOWN GLEE CLUB—Lefebvre conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., April 24, at 8:30.

METROPOLITAN OPERA FUND BENEFIT—Grace Moore, Fritz

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Kreisler, Albert Spalding, Gladys Swarthout, Lawrence Tibbett, and others appearing with the Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting: Metropolitan Opera House (PE 6-1210), Fri. Eve., April 26, at 8:15.

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Joseph Szigeti and Bela Bartok, Sun. Eve., April 21, at 8:30. . . . Carnegie Chamber Music Hall: Ruth Kisch-Arndt and the Elsy Stein String Quartet, Thurs. Eve., April 18, at 8:30.

Town Hall—Robert Goldsand, Tues. Eve., April 23, at 8:30; Egon Petri, Wed. Eve., April 24, at 8:30.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—League of Composers concert, with Bela Bartok, Joseph Szigeti, and Enid Szantho, Wed. Eve., April 24, at 8:30. (CI 5-8900.)

OPERA

Mecca Auditorium, 133 W. 55—The Salmaggi company presenting "Madame Butterfly," Fri. Eve., April 19, and "Barber of Seville," Sat. Eve., April 20, at 8:15. (CI 5-9757.) . . . The Musical Artists of America presenting "Taras Bulba," Sun. Eve., April 21, at 8. (GR 7-8588.)

DANCE RECITALS

Ruth St. Denis—Appearing in a benefit recital for the Mills School Endowment Fund: New School, 66 W. 12 (AL 4-4532), Fri. Eve., April 19, at 8:30.

Katherine Dunham—Presenting a program based on Negro dance forms: Windsor Theatre, on 48, E. of B'way (BR 9-3824), Sun. Eve., April 21, at 8:35.

Asadata Dafora—Assisted by his troupe of African dancers and singers in "Zunguru," a dramatic dance production: Chanin Auditorium, 50th floor, Chanin Bldg., Lexington at 42 (MU 4-9839). Eves. at 8:45; Mat. Sat., at 2:30.

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **Yankee Stadium**: Yankees vs. Washington, Fri. Aft., April 19, at 3:15, and Sat. and Sun. Afts., April 20-21, at 3; Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Mon. through Wed. Afts., April 22-24, at 3:15. . . . **Polo Grounds**: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Thurs. Aft., April 18, at 3:15; Giants vs. Boston, Thurs. and Fri. Afts., April 25-26, at 3:15; Giants vs. Dodgers, Sat. Aft., April 27, at 3. . . . **Ebbets Field**, Brooklyn: Dodgers vs. Giants, Fri. and Sun. Afts., April 19 and 21, at 3, and Sat. Aft., April 20, at 2:30; Dodgers vs. Boston, Mon. through Wed. Afts., April 22-24, at 3.

Crew—Columbia-Rutgers-Manhattan, Harlem River, Sat. Aft., April 20: junior varsity at 5; varsity at 5:30. . . . Princeton-Navy, Princeton, Sat. Aft., April 20: junior varsity at 4:30; varsity at 5. . . . Columbia-Navy, Annapolis, Sat. Aft., April 27: freshman at 3; junior varsity at 3:30; varsity at 4. . . . Rowe Cup, Harvard-M.I.T.-Syracuse-Boston, Cambridge, Sat. Aft., April 27: freshman at 3:30; junior varsity at 4:30; varsity at 5. . . . Rutgers-Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Sat. Aft., April 27: freshman at 3:30; junior varsity at 4; varsity at 4:30.

Hunt Races—Grand National Point-to-Point, Hereford Farms, Md., Sat. Aft., April 20, at 3. . . . Maryland Hunt Cup, Glyndon, Sat. Aft., April 27, at 4.

Racing—Weekdays at Jamaica, at 2:30 P.M.; through May 11. Wood Memorial, Sat., April 27. (Special trains leave Penn. Station frequently between 12:20 and 1:55 P.M. on Sats., and between 12:35 and 1:55 P.M. on other weekdays.)

Skeet—Metropolitan Open Championship, Meadow Park Gun Club, Carlstadt, N.J., Sat. and Sun., April 27-28, at 10 A.M.

Track—Columbia-Princeton-Navy, Baker Field, Sat. Aft., April 20, at 2. . . . Penn Relay Carnival, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, Fri. Aft., April 26, at 2, and Sat. Morn., April 27, at 10.

OTHER EVENTS

Circus—The big Ringling show is back again: Madison Square Garden; performances daily at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; through April 30.

Flower Show—Annual Narcissus Show of the Westbury Horticultural Society: Horticultural Society of New York, 598 Madison, at 57; Thurs., April 25, 2 to 10 P.M., and Fri., April 26, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

Public Balls—Waltz Ball: Ritz-Carlton, Fri. Eve., April 19, at 10. . . . Cinderella Ball: Waldorf-Astoria, Tues. Eve., April 23, at 10. . . . Tip Top Ball: Plaza, Fri. Eve., April 26, at 10.

Auctions—At the **Parke-Bernet Galleries**, 30 E. 57—Paintings, including works by Sargent, Davies, and Corot, owned by H. L. Warner, Mrs. Herschel V. Jones, Mrs. Fred F. French, and the estate of the late Mrs. Stephen H. P. Pell: Thurs. Eve., April 18, at 8:15. . . . French furniture, Gothic tapestries, bronzes, sculptures, and Oriental rugs, owned by the estate of the late Mrs. Stephen H. P. Pell and others: Sat. Aft., April 20, at 2. . . . Furniture and decorations, collected by the late Louis Rorimer: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., April 25-27, at 2.

Kende Galleries, 730 5 Ave., at 56—Drawings, including works by Tiepolo, Murillo, Fragonard, and David, belonging to Edouard Arnaud: Sat. Aft., April 20, at 2.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 27.

ON THE AIR

Baseball—Dodgers vs. Giants: Fri. Aft., April 19, at 3:10, and Sat. and Sun. Afts., April 20-21, at 2:55, WOR. . . . Yankees vs. Washington: Fri. Aft., April 19, at 3:15, and Sat. Aft., April 20, at 3, WABC.

President Roosevelt—Addressing the Young Democrats: Sat. Eve., April 20, at 10:45, WABC, WEAF, and WOR.

Albert Spalding—Soloist with the Ford Symphony: Sun. Eve., April 21, at 9, WABC.

News Commentators—Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 6:05, WABC. . . . Elmer Davis, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 6:30, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 6:45, WJZ. . . . H. V. Kaltenborn, Sat. Eves., at 7:45, WEAF. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 10, WOR.

Television—Baseball: Dodgers vs. Giants, Fri. Aft., April 19, at 3, W2XBS. . . . Track: Columbia-Princeton-Navy, Sat. Aft., April 20, at 2, W2XBS.

Some Weekly Features—(Times are P.M. unless otherwise noted.)

Thursday—Bing Crosby, 10, WEAF. . . . Glenn Miller, 10, WABC (also Tues. and Wed. at the same hour).

Friday—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 8:30, WOR. . . . Herzer and Zayde, 9:30, WQXR (also Mon. and Wed. at the same hour).

Saturday—Gilbert and Sullivan operas, 7, WQXR. . . . "Your Hit Parade," 9, WABC. . . . Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, 9:30, WOR. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, 10, WJZ. . . . Bob Crosby, 10, WEAF.

Sunday—Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, 3, WABC. . . . "Pursuit of Happiness," 4:30, WABC. . . . Maxine Sullivan and John Kirby, 5:30, WABC. . . . Jack Benny, 7, WEAF. . . . Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF. . . . "Adventures of Ellery Queen," 10, WABC.

Monday—André Kostelanetz, 8, WABC. . . . Alec Templeton, 9:30, WEAF. . . . Guy Lombardo, 10, WABC. . . . WOR Symphony, Sodero conducting, 10:30, WOR.

Tuesday—"Information Please," 8:30, WJZ. . . . Raymond Scott, 9:30, WABC. . . . Bob Hope, 10, WEAF.

Wednesday—Burns and Allen, 7:30, WABC. . . . Fred Allen, 9, WEAF.

MOTION PICTURES

Abe Lincoln in Illinois—Raymond Massey's superb performance transferred from stage to screen with tremendous success. Ruth Gordon is Mrs. Lincoln, and it's all a triumph for the movies. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., April 19. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs. through Sun., April 18-21. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., April 19-21.)

The Baker's Wife—A racy French item, with a great deal of charm, about a peasant (Raimu) who has wife trouble. (World, 153 W. 49.)

The Earl of Chicago—The British upper classes vs. Chicago gunmen. A somewhat different Robert Montgomery production, both funny and terrifying. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., April 18. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., April 20-22. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; starting Sat., April 27.)

The Fight for Life—The new Pare Lorentz film, in which the creator of "The River" and "The Plough That Broke the Plains" turns his attention to the maternal-welfare chapters of Paul de Kruif's book. (Belmont, 125 W. 48.)

Gone with the Wind—Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable seem to survive, after all. You had better see it. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

The Grapes of Wrath—A magnificent film, directed by John Ford, taken from the Steinbeck novel, and retaining all its essential spirit. (Colonial, B'way at 62; Thurs. through Mon., April 18-22. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Tues. through Thurs., April 23-25. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., April 24-25. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Sat., April 27.)

Lights Out in Europe—Mostly about London and Danzig, and altogether a very stirring newsreel account of last summer and its climax. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

My Little Chickadee—Mae West, gallantly escorted by W. C. Fields, defies the horrors of the Far West in the days of the bandits. Savage! (Palace, B'way at 47; Thurs. through Wed., April 18-24.)

Ninotchka—A charming and witty comedy—Garbo's first—with delightful lines and a general Lubitsch lightness. Ina Claire and Melvyn Douglas are also in it. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., April 19-22.)

Of Mice and Men—Steinbeck's story of the two ranch hands very ably managed for the screen. With Betty Field, Burgess Meredith, and Lon Chaney, Jr. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. through Mon., April 18-22. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., April 19-21. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., April 19-22.)

Rebecca—Joan Fontaine, Judith Anderson, and Laurence Olivier, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, in that moody novel of a British manor house and its unhappy occupants. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., April 24.)

The Shop Around the Corner—Gentle whimsy, with Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan, all in a casual frame of mind. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Thurs. through Mon., April 18-22. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; and Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Fri., April 23-26.)

Sidewalks of London—A somewhat trivial British film, which, however, includes Vivien Leigh and Charles Laughton in its cast. Of London stage people. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Thurs. through Mon., April 18-22. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Thurs. through Wed., April 18-24.)

The Story of Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet—Salvarsan and its famous discoverer, with Edward G. Robinson, Ruth Gordon, and Maria Ouspenskaya. One of Warner Brothers' soundest and most sensible biographical films. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Rio, B'way at 160; Thurs., April 18. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. and Fri., April 18-19. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; Thurs. through Mon., April 18-22. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Mon., April 19-22. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Wed., April 20-24.)

Note—"Siege," Julien Bryan's brief, dramatic account of what happened in Warsaw during the *Blitzkrieg,* will be shown at the 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8, Sat. through Wed., April 20-24.

REVIVALS

The Adventures of Chico (1938)—Central American wild life. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., April 21-22.)

Escape Me Never (1935)—With Elisabeth Bergner. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., April 21-22.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—French film, with Eric von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Thurs., April 23-25.)

The Great Waltz (1938)—Luise Rainer and Fernand Gravet. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sun. and Mon., April 21-22. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Mon. through Wed., April 22-24.)

Joy of Living (1938)—Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., April 21-22.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—With Dame May Whitty. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., April 19-22.)

Midnight (1939)—Claudette Colbert and Don Ameche. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., April 18.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Fri. and Sat., April 19-20. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Mon., April 20-22. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., April 21-22. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Fri., April 26.)

The Old Maid (1939)—Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sun. and Mon., April 21-22.)

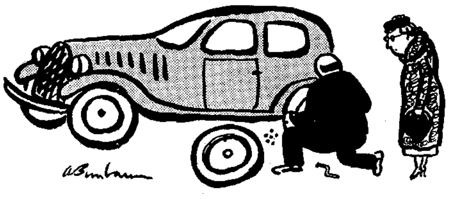
Show Boat (1936)—Irene Dunne, Helen Morgan, and Paul Robeson. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., April 23-24.)

Stand-In (1937)—Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., April 23-24. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., April 24-25.)

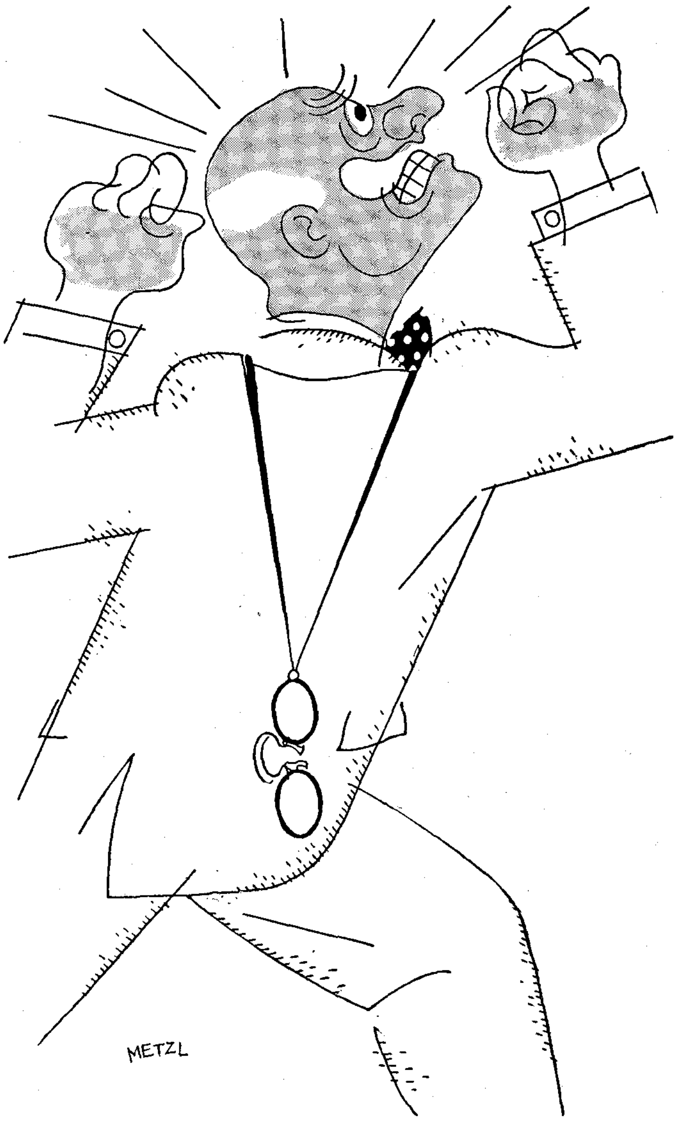
Stolen Life (1939)—Elisabeth Bergner and Wilfrid Lawson. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., April 18.)

Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., April 20-22.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is exhibiting the following shorts: "Madame Sans-Gêne" (1911), with Gabrielle Réjane; "La Dame aux Camélias" (1912), with Sarah Bernhardt; "Vanity Fair" (1915), with Minnie Maddern Fiske; and "Cenere" (1916), with Eleanora Duse. Weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.



"MY GLASSES!" thundered Lord Emsworth . . . "Where are my glasses?"

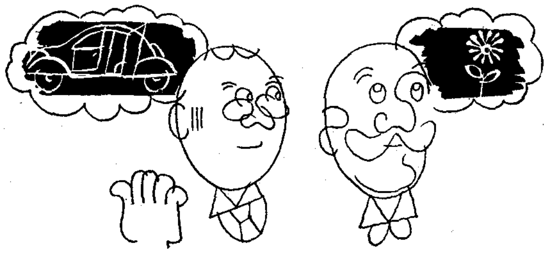


"They are hanging down your Lordship's back," observed Baxter, politely.

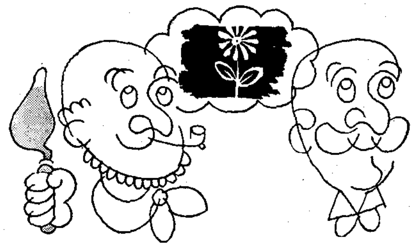
How characteristic of Baxter, who was always finding a way out of difficulties. And how characteristic of Lord Emsworth, who was always losing things, including the thread of the conversation.

Readers of P. G. Wodehouse know that the reason for his Lordship's absent-mindedness was usually the same. For the venerable peer was goofy about gardening. When his mind was busy with problems of peonies and primroses, even the skillful Baxter couldn't wedge an idea into his Lordship's skull. The simplest statement like "The car is waiting, Milord," wouldn't register at all.

But to one inhabitant of Blandings Castle it was no trick at all to communicate with Lord Emsworth. That was Angus McAllister, the gardener. For McAllister was always talking about flowers. And since his Lordship thought of little else, between the two there was a veritable feast of reason and flow of soul.



We can all understand and sympathize with his Lordship. If we are preoccupied with gardening (or golf or a girl or anything else) it's hard to concentrate on what somebody is saying about a car.



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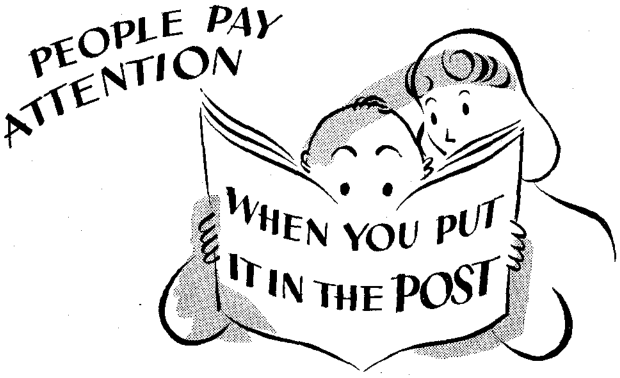
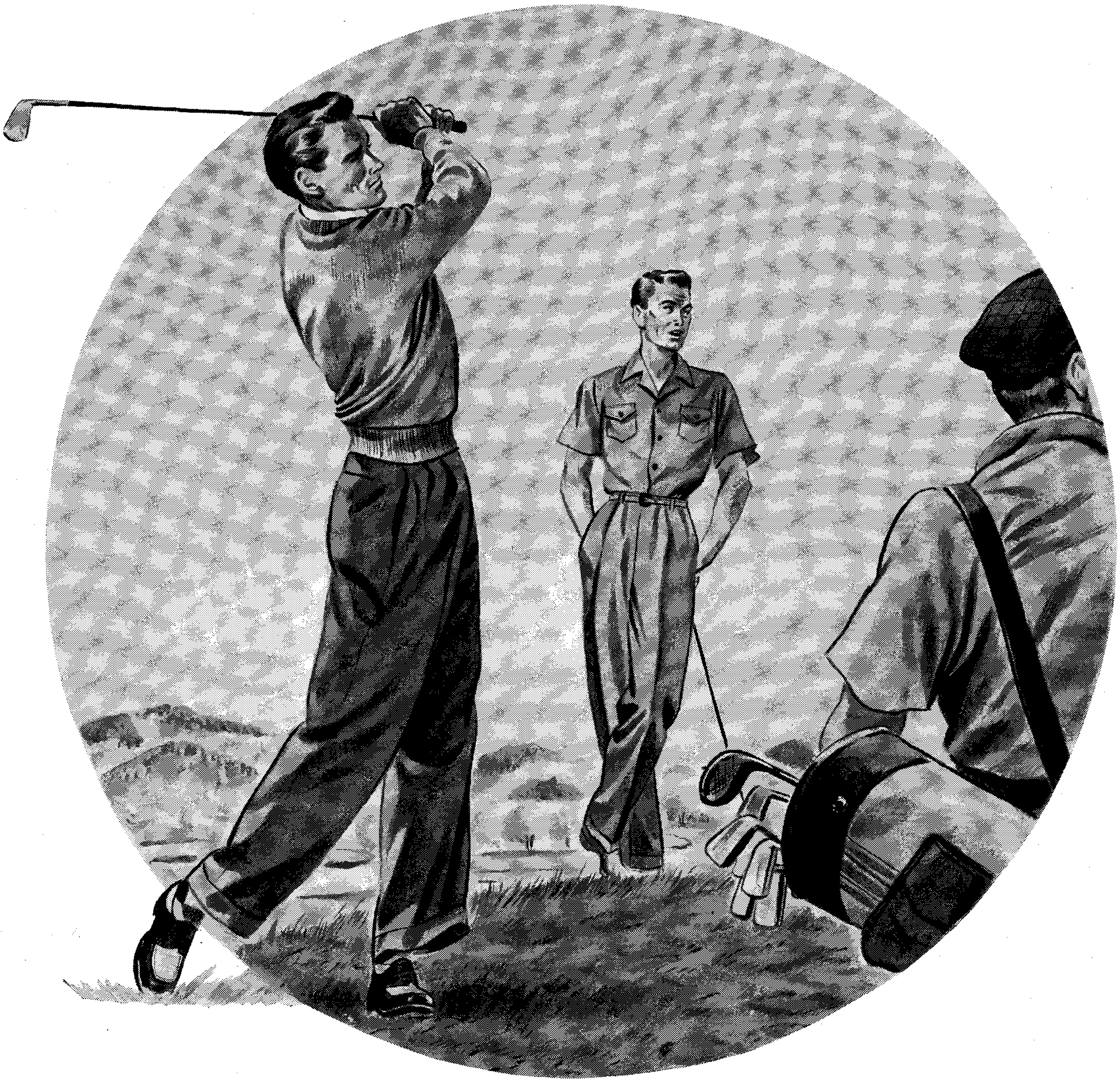
Is there such a place? Whenever people are asked, "In what magazine do you pay the most attention to advertising?" the majority always answer:

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

No wonder America's most successful advertisers invest more money in The Saturday Evening Post, by far, than in any other magazine. They know that they've got to get an advertisement into a prospect's head—not just into his home. They concentrate in the Post, where people concentrate on advertising.


PEOPLE PAY ATTENTION
WHEN YOU PUT IT IN THE POST

McGREGOR DRIVES AGAIN—
Ivory-Washable from Sweater to Socks!

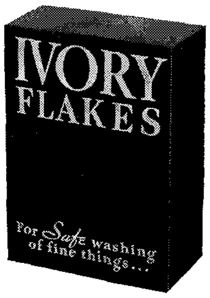


McGregor not only makes good sports clothes but tells you how to help keep 'em at par! Many a man has lost his temper and spoiled his game because his favorite socks were shrunk to midget size by careless washing! Many a handsome slack suit has emerged from the wash looking like a discouraged dish rag! Lots of men suffer from tight, skimpy-looking sweaters. What America needs is more McGregors to pass on the 3-way technique of successful washing: 1. lukewarm water, 2. careful handling, 3. Ivory Flakes!

Golfer's "Smock" Sweater, by McGregor . . . Stays put comfortably . . . there's elastic in the cuffs and band—adjust to suit yourself! Fine Australian wool. About $4.

Short Slack Socks, imported by McGregor . . . With walloping big Argyll diamonds. And they stay up. $1.35 a pair.

"Three-Semble" Slack Suit, by McGregor . . . One slack, two shirts—one matching, one blending. You can freshen-up with a fresh shirt after the game. Spun rayon-and-cotton. $7.95.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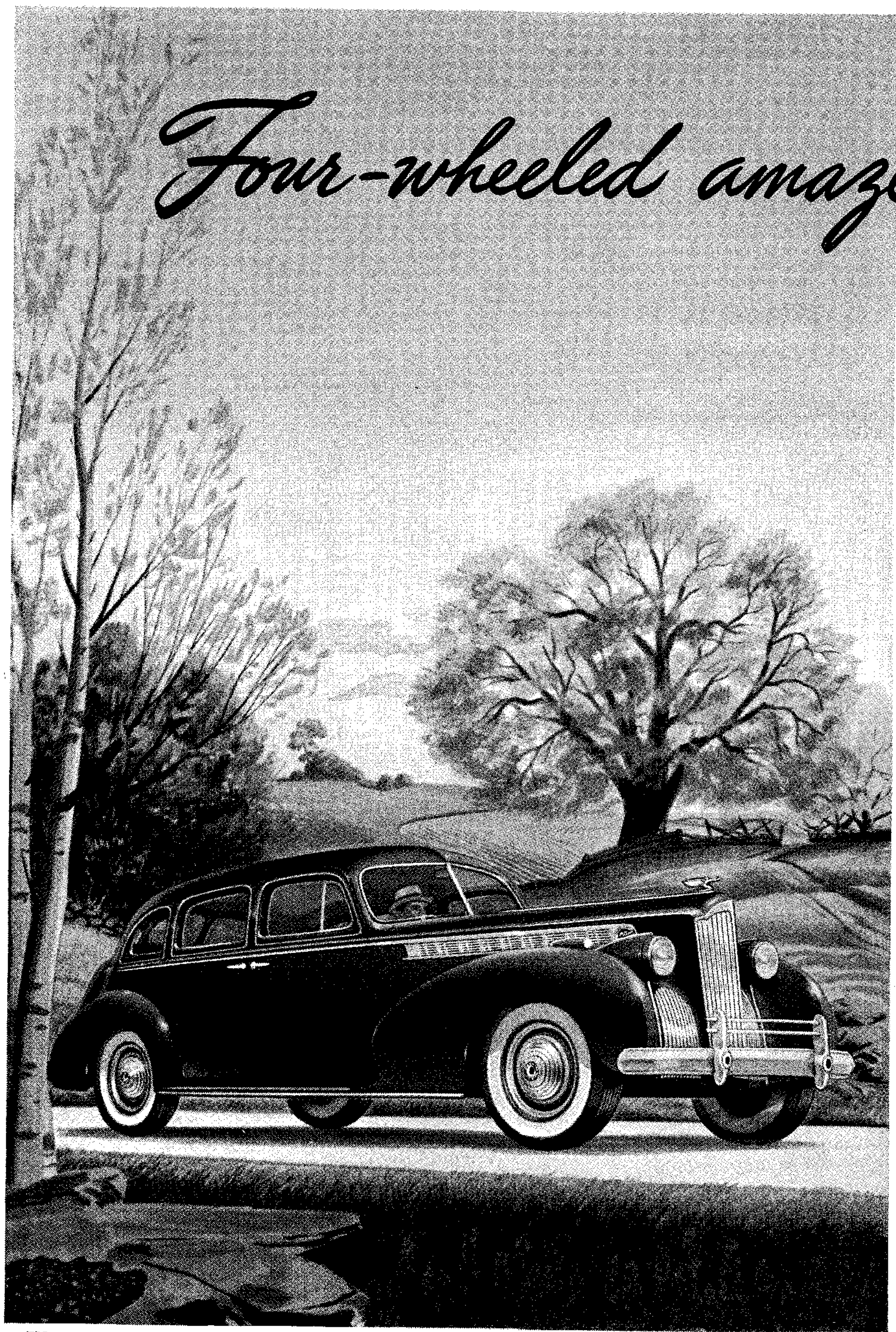

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Available in eight body styles and three different wheelbase lengths. Long, lithe, handsomely appointed, this car is a joy to look at as well as a dream to drive.

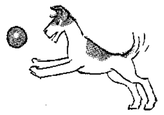
ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD SUPER-8 160

$1524

AND UP. *Packard 110, $867 and up; Packard 120, $1038 and up; Packard Super-8 160, $1524 and up; Packard Custom Super-8 180, $2228 to $6300. *All prices delivered in Detroit. State taxes extra.*

If your ideas of the best a motor car can do are premised on the best any other car has ever shown you . . . this new Packard One-Sixty will change those ideas. *And quickly!*



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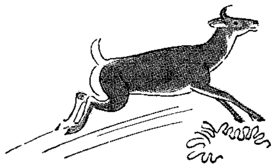

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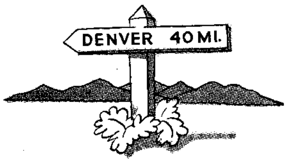
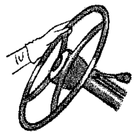
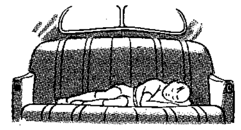

DENVER 40 MI.

LOW MAINTENANCE COSTS? Comparable with that of cars of hundreds of pounds less weight and 20 to 25 less horsepower.



HANDLING EASE? Around hairpin turns, through crowded streets or on open roads, the way this car handles will stir you to superlatives.



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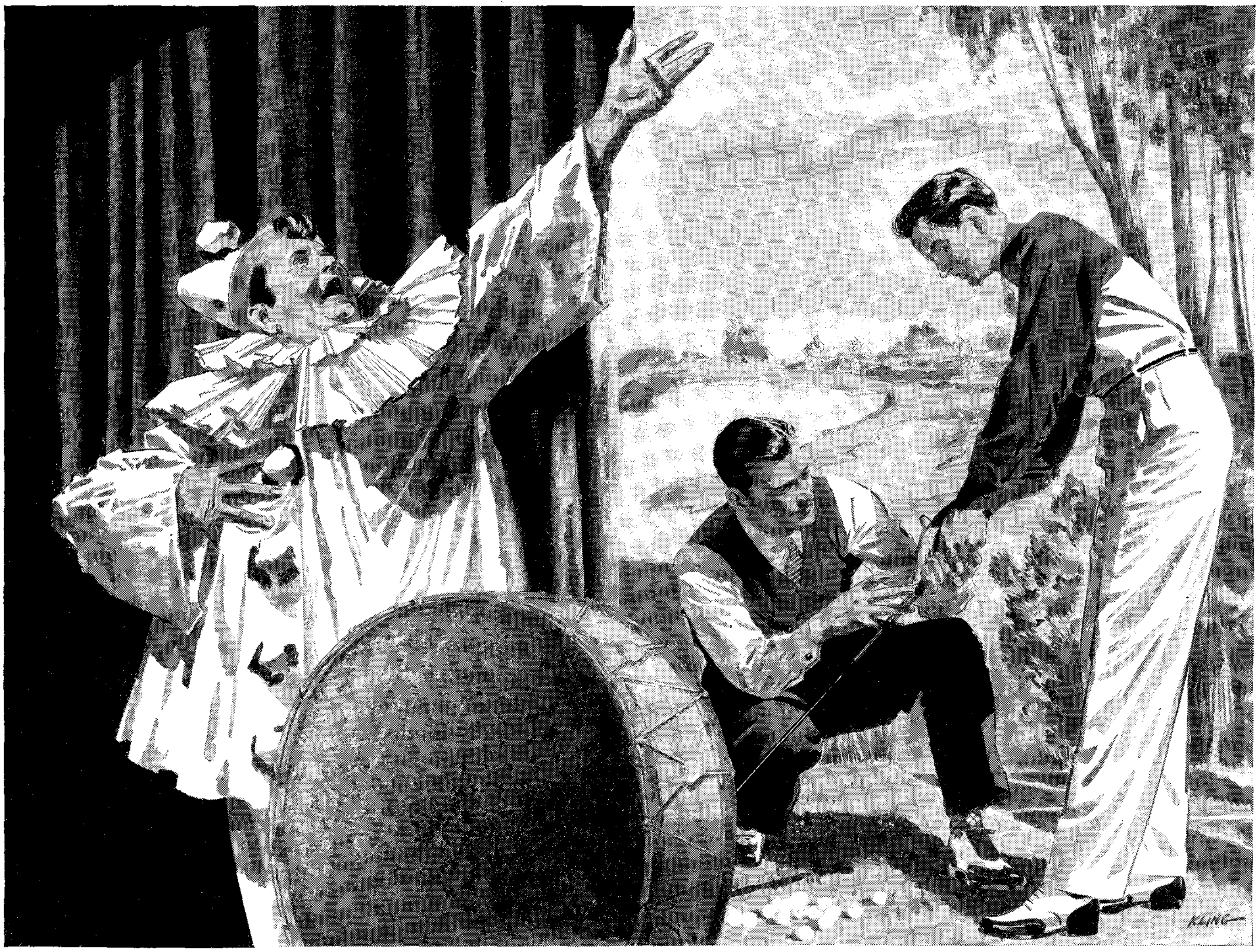

ENRICO CARUSO—

an inspiration to Golfers

When Caruso, the golden-voiced opera singer, was in his prime, he was hailed on both continents as the world's greatest tenor. Yet it is said that this marvelous singer, who one would think must have known all there was to know about tone production, went unfailingly each year to the studio of a famous voice teacher in Italy. There he would sing, while the great maestro, with closed eyes, and in deepest concentration, would listen critically to the *world's greatest human voice.*

That is why the great tenor went to him—*to be listened to by an expert*—to learn if he had developed any bad habits that he could not himself discern—to get himself back into correct form. The smart golf player does that, too. When something goes wrong with his drive or his irons or his putting, he does not fight it and go from bad to worse. He goes back to his *teacher*—usually his Club Professional.

The Pro watches while the player hits a few balls, or he plays a round or two with him, easily locates the trouble, and the player is coached back into normal form without waste of time. What the great Voice Teacher is to singers, your Golf Professional is to Golf. He can teach you how to play golf correctly—aid you in choosing the clubs best suited to you—train you in the use of each of these clubs—school you in the *best form for you.*

Hoodwink others if you can. But don't try to kid yourself that you play golf to get out in the fresh air, to walk several miles and absorb sunshine. These are all important health factors of the game. But *you know very well* that playing a *good* game would add tremendously to the pleasure you get and to your self-esteem. Why not give your natural ability a chance this season?

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Give your natural ability a chance

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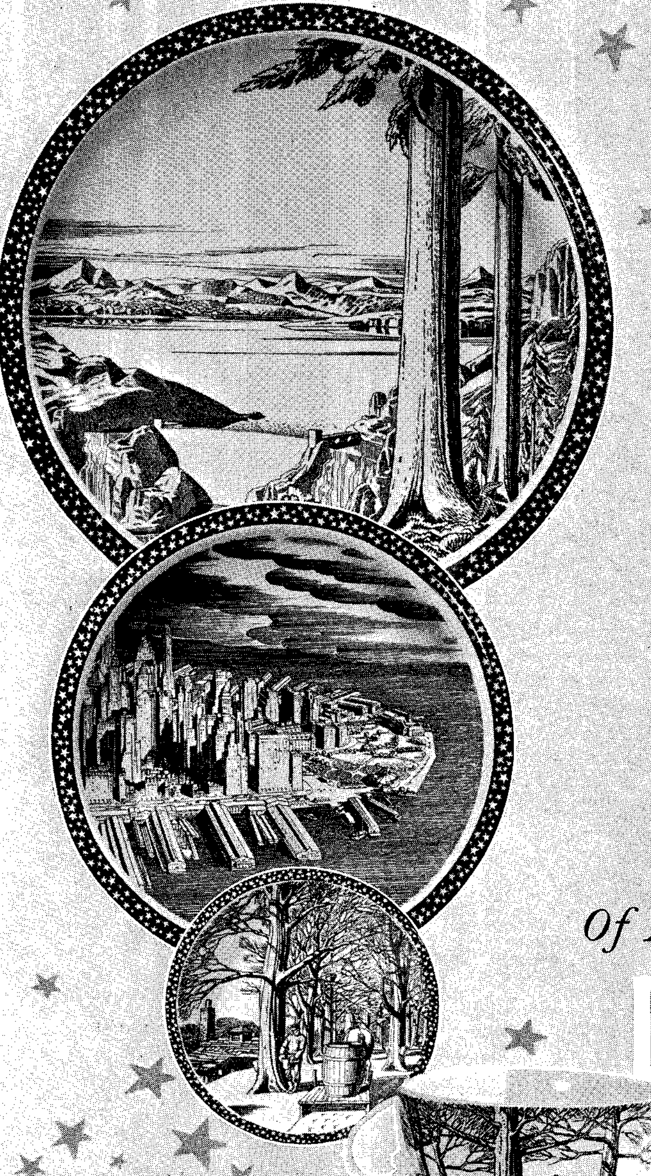

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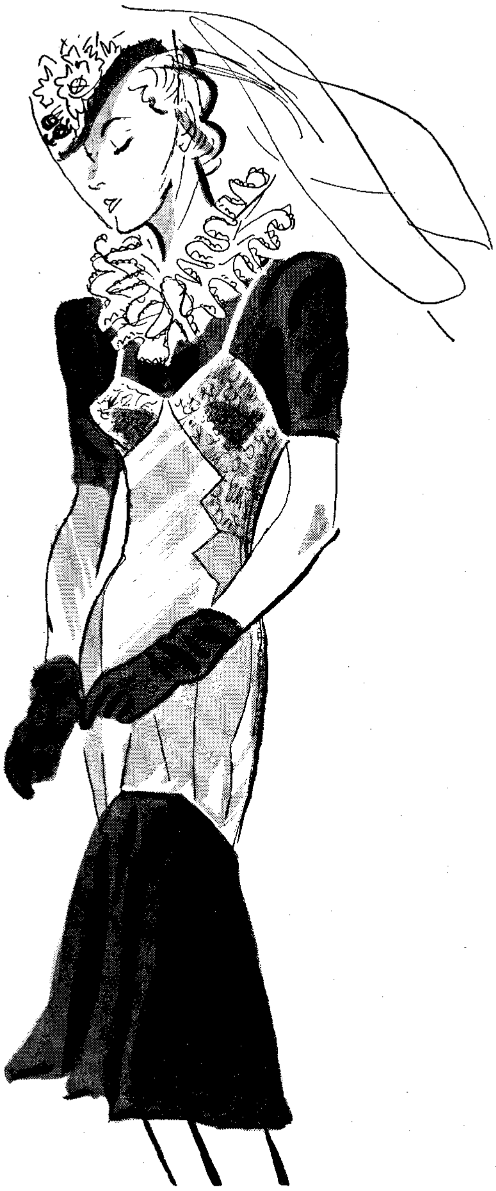

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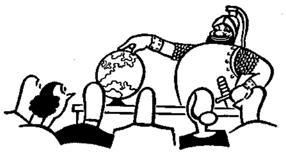
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

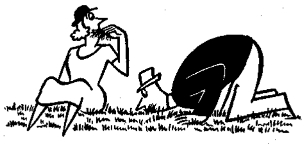
THE terrible geography lesson goes on. The class, which has learned all there is to know about Spain, Ethiopia, Albania, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, and Finland, took up Denmark and Norway last week. Whatever else you care to say about Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini, they are not dull teachers. The dry statistics on area, population, import and export, climate, and government are not dry any longer when the student can be taught to think of them as the factors which may determine the life or death of a nation; the names of towns and seas are more than names when he can be made to understand that men are dying there even while he studies his map. Narvik, Hamar, the Skagerrak, the Kattegat—we owe it to Hitler that these names are clearly and permanently identified in our mind, just as we owe Viborg and Lake Ladoga to Stalin, and Durazzo to Mussolini. We have no idea what next week's lesson will be, but before the course is over we doubt if there is going to be a corner of Europe we don't know a lot better than we know the State of Wisconsin.

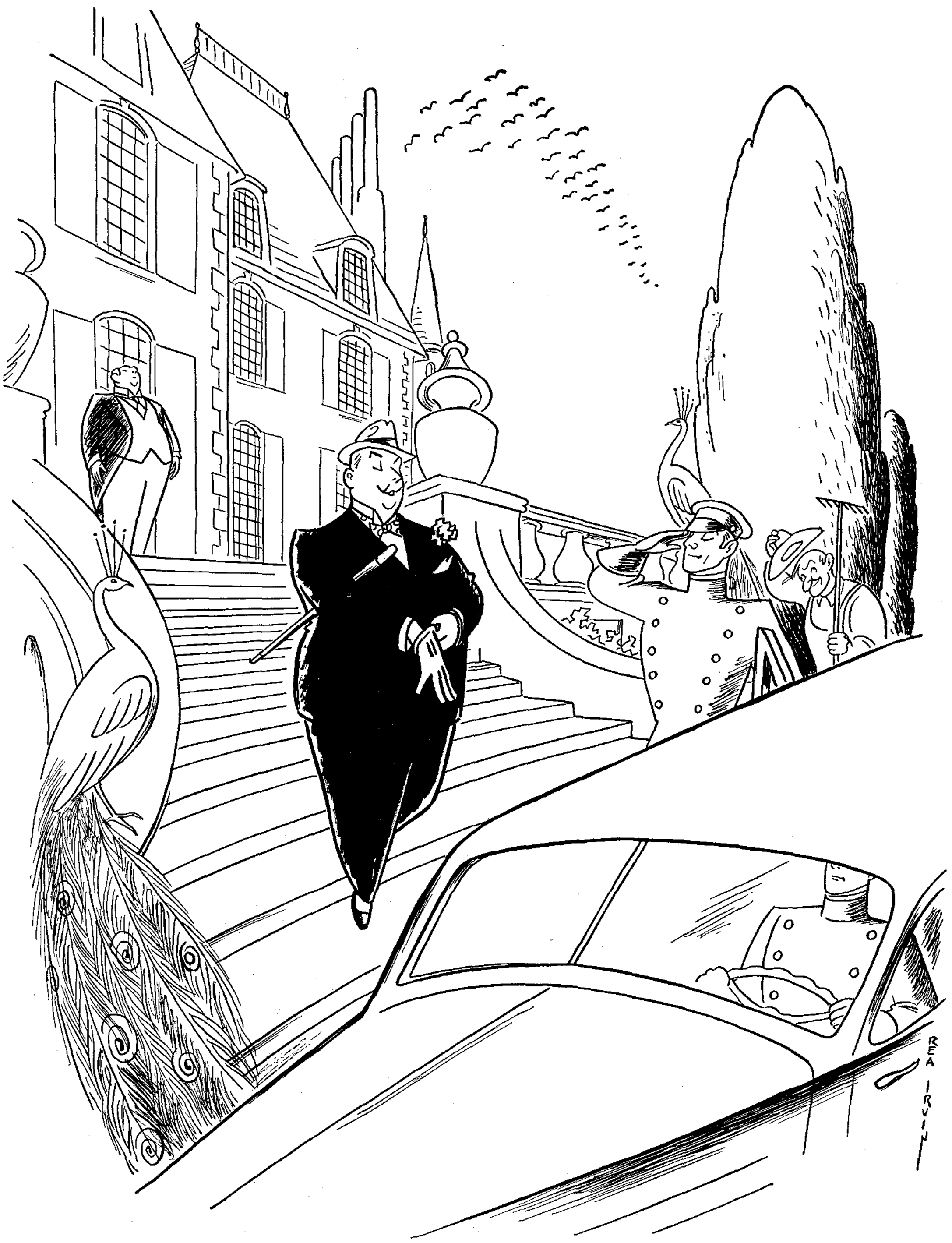


IT'S nice now and then to hear a man speak his mind, and we are therefore grateful to Mr. Jules Bache, the banker and director of the Bache Collection. According to a United Press dispatch, Mr. Bache, who is seventy-eight and sonless, in a recent address at the annual meeting of a Canadian mining company of which he is president, denounced "professional isolationists" in this country for being "simply after the votes of parents who do not want their sons to go to war," and stated that we should back the Allies "if for no other reason than that of good business." This is a forthright remark, and should be widely broadcast. Mothers reluctant to take a chance on having their sons killed or maimed for some remote ideological or spiritual reason will surely change their tune when they realize that the boys are really fighting for the Ann Arbor Railroad Company, the American Indemnity Company, the Cuba Distilling Company, the Empire Trust Company, the New Amsterdam Casualty Company, the New River Collieries Company, the U. S. Industrial Alcohol Company, the Tennessee Corporation, the Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company, the Chrysler Corporation, the Dome Mines Company, the Motor Products Corporation, Julius Kayser & Co., the Tennessee Copper & Chemical Corporation, and the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, of all of which Mr. Bache is a director or trustee. If this doesn't bring the obstructionist parents of America to their senses, and their boys to attention, they might bear in mind that in the absence of "good business" it may prove difficult for Mr. Bache to keep up his dues in the New York, Lotos, Bankers, Century Country, Pilgrims, Economic, City Midday, Hudson River Country, Oakland Golf, Sands Point, Bath and Tennis, and Seminole Golf Clubs in this state and Florida. It will be an ugly day for the peacemongers when Mr. Bache gets posted at Sands Point.

WHEN Evelyn Mittelman, the "Kiss of Death Girl" of the Brooklyn Murder Ring, was seventeen, she was insulted by her beloved, one Hymie Miller, and Hymie was shot dead by a rival. Later, Evelyn was insulted by another beloved, Robert Furer, and Robert was shot dead by Solomon Goldstein, who was himself a beloved until *he* insulted Evelyn and was beaten up by Pittsburgh Phil Strauss and taken on a one-way ride to Sullivan County. Now Evelyn is in jail as a material witness, and as far as we are concerned, she can stay there. Love, we have found out from experience, is almost inseparable from insult, and it must have been nervous work going around with Evelyn, dangerous and tedious to talk to her. She was far too touchy to be the ideal companion; we are glad she never came into our life. Try as we might, we feel sure that the time would have come when we'd say the fatal thing, the chance, jocose remark that Evelyn and her friends would take to mean we thought her pregnable, and we'd be lying in the dust. We admire Miss Mittelman for her insistence on the proprieties, but we can't help feeling that she has set a dangerous example. Let standards as high as hers infect the fashionable world, and even the Stork Club won't be safe.

SCIENCE, our best girl, has figured out a way to make twelve pounds of grass the equivalent in nourishment of three hundred and forty pounds of fruit and vegetables, which is what most of us eat in a year. She recommends grass bread, grass pancakes, and grass candy for those who want to get their vitamins cheap and easy. It doesn't have to be any special kind of grass, either, she says—just the stuff that comes out of the lawn mower, bugs, clover, and all—and it will prevent pellagra, scurvy, and pa-





"Good morning, Higgins. Fine day, if I do say it myself."

ralysis, clear up the skin, steady the nerves, make for fertility, and keep the hair from turning gray. Somehow or other we are inclined to take all this with a grain of fertilizer. Our cat has been eating grass for years and he is in terrible shape—hard of hearing, toothless, half blind, nervous as a witch. King Nebuchadnezzar ate grass and it was not regarded as a symptom of intelligence. Furthermore, we doubt if we'd enjoy thinking of a lovely lawn in this cold and nutritive light; it would make us uncomfortable to think that we were lying around in tomorrow's breakfast, playing croquet on what would soon be soup. Please, the little signs would seem to say, keep off the pancakes.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: One of the organ-grinders operating on the East Side is a strict adherent of the American neutrality program. His repertoire includes the "Marseillaise," immediately followed by "Die Wacht am Rhein."

Sign on the window of the List Food Shop, 202 East Forty-second Street: "WHEN HUNGRY WE DELIVER SANDWICHES."

The Manufacturers Trust Company has no guards in its Fifty-fifth Street branch—just a couple of hardy, flat-footed men with the word "Receptionist" on their coats, right over their shoulder holsters.

Transients

THE census enumeration of transients in New York City took place on one appointed day last week. In the uptown hotels, the guests were given special blanks, which they could fill out privately, seal in an envelope, and return to the room clerk. Downtown, in the cheap hotels and missions along the Bowery, the procedure was necessarily different. None of the homeless men knows in the morning whether his address will be a flophouse, an all-night mission, or a snug doorway. Accordingly, the census enumerators waited until evening to cover the Bowery. In each of the hotels—the Sunshine, Uncle Sam House, the Plaza, and the rest—were two enumerators, who got the statistics on each guest before he was allowed to register and go to his bed. We hung around for a while in the bare, tiled public room of one of these places, which had an indescribable smell of desolation. The enumerators were two brisk young boys of Italian descent, who were established at a table. They told us that their instructions were to enumerate the first hundred and fifty men who registered; after that they could go home. "What if somebody checks in late, after you've gone?" we asked. "Then he ain't in the 1940 census," one of the boys said. In a corner sat a large, dozing cop, a symbol of the municipal mistrust of poor people. "Need the cop?" we asked. "Not once," they told us. "These fellows are gentle as lambs. Surprised at anybody being interested in them, that's all." A tall young man in shabby clothes came over and stood by the table. "Name?" Mumble, mumble. "Were you working last week?" Mumble, mumble. "How many weeks did you work in 1939?" Mumble, mumble.

The Bowery was freshened by a

spring rain as we walked down it toward the All-Night Mission. There seemed to be a larger number of cops around than usual, standing up big and bold in their rain capes, chatting in pairs at corners. Two unshaven men were lying comfortably in a doorway, and we heard one of them saying, "Smoke, now, that'll rot your guts. This here's *good* whiskey." We judged that the enumeration would not reach them. At the All-Night Mission, 8 Bowery, we found eighty-odd men sitting up quietly on benches in the narrow, steamy room, quietly starting to spend the night sitting up. A single enumerator was sitting at a table near a potbellied stove, inking in the trivial information an old man was giving him. The citizen had been born in New York City sixty-seven years ago and had gone through the first seven years of parochial school. No wife, no children. He had last worked four years ago, in a grocery store. No, he wasn't looking for work; he was on relief. His home? Well, the Mission. "That's all," the enumerator said. Grinning shyly, the old man went over and sat on one of the benches. A Mission attendant gave him a cup of coffee. None of the men on the Bowery seemed to think the census was an invasion of privacy.

Fraud

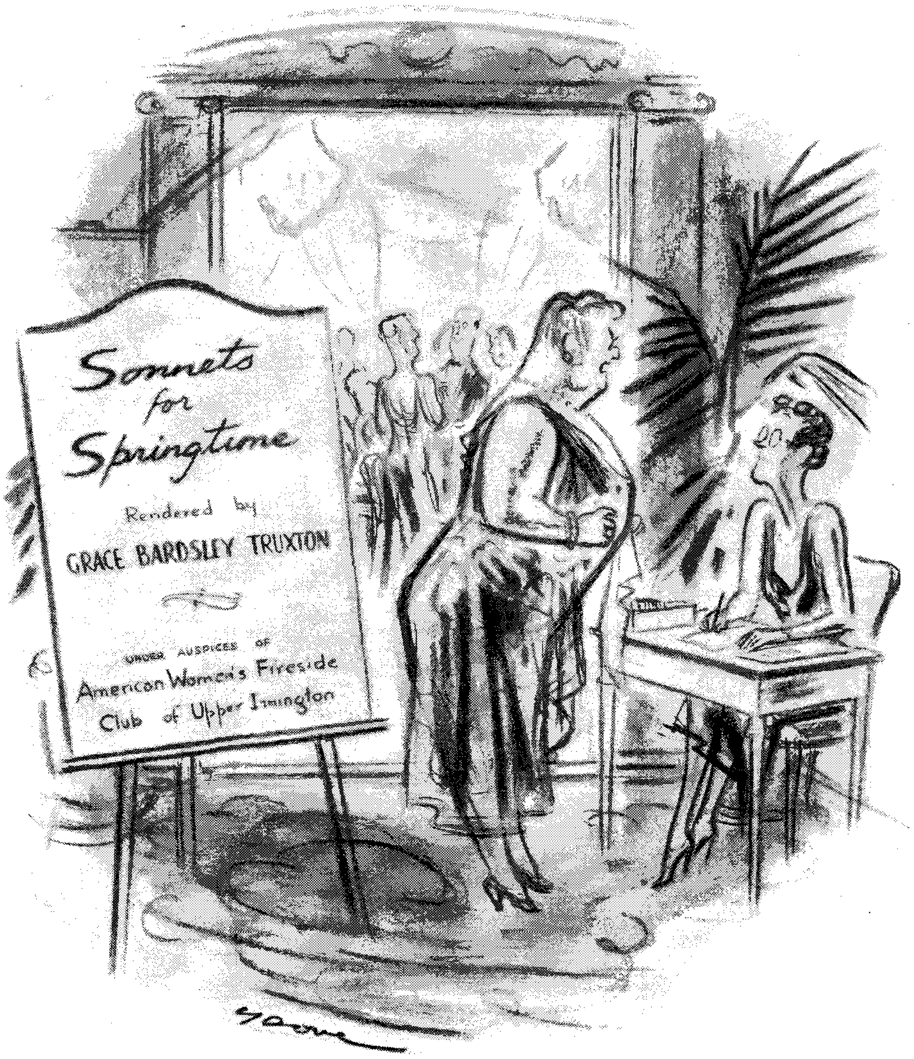
BLOOMINGDALE'S book department got a sharply worded note from one of its charge customers last week. "Will you please call for a book?" it said. "Among the books purchased from an ad in the Sunday paper, I bought 'A Thousand Ways to Please a Husband.' You in *no* way indicated this to be a cookbook. Please credit my account."

Above the Centre Ring . . .

THE three aerial acts that go on simultaneously in the third-from-closing spot at the circus are not competitive; they're a monopoly. Art Concello, who swoops and twists over the centre ring with his wife, Antoinette, controls the two other flying acts, the Flying Randdolls and the Flying Comets; as head of the Concello School for Aerialists, in Bloomington, Illinois, he taught them their tricks, and as their manager, he collects a percentage of their pay. Art and Antoinette appear in the centre because they are, beyond any possibility of dispute, the world's greatest aerialists, male and female. They'll both tell you that Alfredo Codona, who left the circus in 1933 and committed suicide four years later, was the greatest aerialist who ever lived. "He was absolutely the last word," Art Concello told us, during a backstage interview. When Art feels good, he can do a full twisting triple somersault, which is the hardest trapeze feat yet thought up. Occasionally, two or three times a week, he does a full twisting two-and-a-half somersault, and at every performance he does a single full twisting somersault. Antoinette can do this last trick, but her standby at every performance is a two-and-a-half somersault, in which she is caught by the legs. This is the climax of the act, in spite of the fact that Art is aerially more accomplished than his wife. "Audiences go harder for girl stuff," he told us, indulgently.

Neither of the Connubial Concellos comes from a circus family. Art—Arthur Marshall Vasconcello—was born in Bloomington, the son of a railroad superintendent. Antoinette, whose maiden name was Cameau, is the daughter of a Buffalo grocer. Until he was thirteen, Art thought no more about trapeze work than any other kid around Bloomington. Then a medium-sized circus played the town, and when Art saw the flying act, he realized that it was to be his lifework. He rigged up a net and two trapezes in a corner of the local Y.M.C.A. gymnasium, persuaded a friend to hang by his knees and act as "catcher," and devoted two hours an evening to practice. Three years later Art had become skillful enough to join a professional circus troupe, the Flying Wards. A year later—we are now in 1928, and Art is seventeen—he first saw his bride-to-be, when the circus was playing Springfield, Illinois. She was in a convent school in Vermont then, and had come on to visit her sister, who did a swinging-ladder act in the circus. It was love at first sight; Antoinette deserted the convent, stayed with the Flying Wards, learned aerial work, and, in 1930, married Art. This story seems to us to compare favorably with much fiction we have read.

The Concellos are a handsome couple. He's twenty-nine, stands five feet



"Be sure to keep your eye open for gate-crashers."

six inches, and weighs one-forty. Antoinette is twenty-seven, is five feet even, and weighs one-ten. Both have great calluses on their palms, from catching the bar. Their catcher, Joseph Remillet, is a husky hundred and eighty, and has calluses on the backs of his knees. The Concellos don't drink, as a rule, though they're not teetotallers. Art smokes cigars, Antoinette cigarettes. Whenever they read that their work requires "split-second timing," an uncanny sense of rhythm, and so forth, they smile tolerantly. "You have to know when," Art says, mildly. If they miss, there's no particular harm done, except to their pride; falling into the net involves no danger, if you can manage to land on your back. They've both fallen dozens of times. Several years ago, an energetic cameraman on the Chicago *Tribune* fixed it up with Art to fake a fall. He obligingly missed the bar, fell into the net, and bounced from the net to the ground. He sat down so hard on the tanbark that he ached for days. Made him feel silly, he says, and he wouldn't do anything like that again. We thought that the silence which falls over the Garden when Antoinette's two-and-a-half is announced might give her stage fright, but she says no. "It's soothing," she told us.

The Underground Muse

THERE'S a notice posted in the B.-M.T. trains which is, to our way of thinking, an infectious bit of near verse:

Spitting Prohibited
Smoking Forbidden;
$500 Fine, or
A Year in Prison

Unplanting

THE planting of trees along Sixth Avenue got off to a false start this spring, when six American plane trees that had been set up in the block between West Fifty-eighth Street and Central Park South had to be dug up, after an incumbency of only a month. Trouble was, as you may have seen in your newspaper, that the trees were American planes (*Platanus occidentalis*) instead of Oriental (*Platanus orientalis*). American planes are sensitive to carbon-monoxide gas, severe weather, and the general rigors of city life, and are peculiarly susceptible to a disease known as anthracnose, or *Gnomonia veneta*, which in early summer causes the leaves to turn brown and drop off. The Parks Department said that the permit issued for the trees had specified Oriental planes, and the Americans had to go.

The group of distinguished citizens who, on March 11th, assisted at the ceremonial planting included two men who knew at the time that something had gone wrong. They were A. M. van den Hoek, the Rockefeller Center arboriculturist, and Anthony V. Grande, of the Parks Department. Neither raised the issue then, Mr. van den Hoek probably feeling that it wasn't his pigeon and Mr. Grande being, he has since said, "too stunned." Anyway, the trees had already been planted the day before, practically speaking. The March 11th planting was merely formal, with Stanley Howe, the Mayor's secretary, wielding a silver-plated shovel and tossing a few symbolical clumps of earth at the foot of each tree. S. Gregory Taylor, president of the St. Moritz, which paid for these particular trees, didn't see anything wrong; he invited all those present to come over to the St. Moritz for lunch. They all went, and everybody but the Messrs. van den Hoek and Grande had a fine time. Some days later, after a formal inspection, the Parks Department notified the contractors, Horticulture, Inc., that the American planes were planted in violation of the terms of the permit. Horticulture's Mr. Anderson pointed out that no tree grown in this country could be anything but American, that the difference was merely one of terminology, and on this quibble the matter rested.

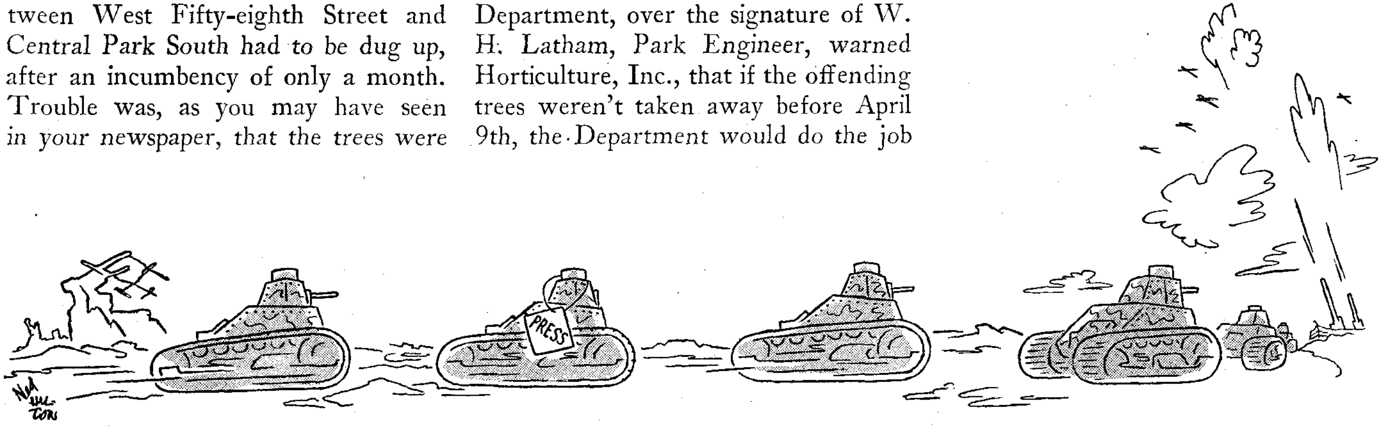
A couple of weeks ago, the Parks Department, over the signature of W. H. Latham, Park Engineer, warned Horticulture, Inc., that if the offending trees weren't taken away before April 9th, the Department would do the job and assess Horticulture, Inc., for the costs. The St. Moritz remained strictly neutral in the matter; Mr. Taylor said that the American planes suited him fine, but he didn't see how anybody could buck the Parks Department. Accordingly, at the last moment (8 P.M., April 9th) a Horticulture crew of thirteen men and a foreman arrived with a winch and pulled up the questionable trees. The blow to the contractor's bankroll was softened a bit when Mr. Taylor bought the rejected trees for his summer place. A delegation, including David Schweizer, chief forester of Manhattan parks, has selected six indubitable Oriental planes for replacements. We progress slowly, but we progress.

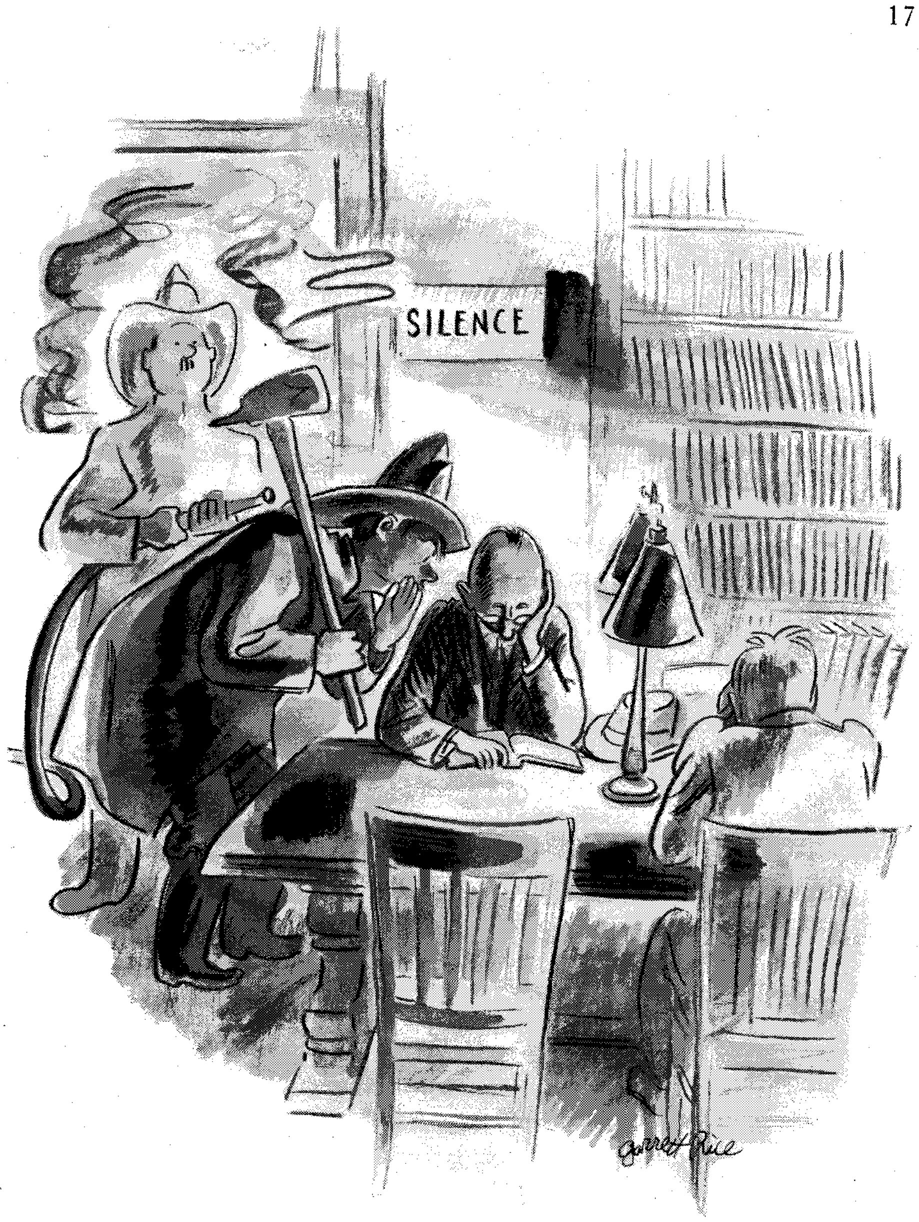
Definition

IN these days, when so many political allegiances seem to have been built on shifting sands, it is comforting to know that even one man has found himself politically. We heard of such a one from a lady sitting in back of us in the theatre. "Arnold used to be a Communist," she was telling another lady, "but now he's a progressive—he doesn't care what he is, or what becomes of him."

Mr. Shakespeare

WE hadn't been to a séance for some time, so we accepted an invitation to one at Dr. Edward Lester Thorne's United Spiritualist Church the other evening, the more readily because it was announced that William Shakespeare was to attend. Dr. Thorne, who turned out to be a stout, earnest medium, had promised to produce Shakespeare in spirit and knee breeches, hoping thus to collect the $10,000 which the Universal Council for Psychic Research offers to the first medium who can produce anything in the ghost





"P-s-s-st."

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line that can't be duplicated by natural means. Joseph Dunninger, the illusionist, is head of this organization and he was present, along with the press and a number of friends of Dr. Thorne, of both sexes. The church is a room on the second floor of a building at 257 Columbus Avenue, over a drugstore, and there all assembled before a black-curtained cabinet. Dr. Thorne began by telling the gathering that Shakespeare had already visited him on four occasions, that he had popped in first without warning and said casually, "I am William Shakespeare." The room was filled with a heavy, sweet perfume. "That's Bacon," said a man from the *Sun*. Along with others, we inspected the inside of the cabinet and found no sign of Shakespeare's spirit, or anything else. Poking around behind it, we came upon a pulpit, which, we gathered, was for use on more solemn occasions, and in it we saw such natural phenomena as a can of Alka-Seltzer, a bugle under a glass bell, and a sign reading, "Doctor Out. Will Return at Six." Everyone sat down facing the cabinet and Dr. Thorne went into it, closed the curtains, took off all his clothes, and threw them out. Dunninger thereupon went in, carrying a black robe, to inspect him. He came out a moment later. "The gentleman is quite nude," he said with dignity.

While Dr. Thorne was going into a trance, a group of his friends in the back of the room struck up some hymns. These included "Abide with Me," "There's a Land Fairer Than Day," and "Where He Leads, I Will Follow." The room was dark except for several dim blue lights, the largest of which flickered over a portrait of Dr. Thorne with a halo. Presently eager little moans were heard from the cabinet, followed by a high, girlish voice. "Hello," it said. "Hello," called back one of Dr. Thorne's friends. "That's his spirit control, Sunbeam," explained a lady next to us. "My momma's here, my poppa's here," squeaked Sunbeam, "and Mr. Shakespeare is right beside me." At this point your correspondent was hit in the face by a rose which sailed out of the cabinet. We put it in our buttonhole. "I will count to three," continued Sunbeam, "and the cameramen will take pictures of ectoplasm." Sunbeam counted to three, and what appeared to be a face towel waved across the opening. The cameramen didn't get organized quickly enough and missed the picture. The ectoplasm obligingly returned and waved again. There was a slight pause, more moaning, and finally a deep bass voice. "Thou hast asked for me and here I am," it said. "I am Mr. William Shakespeare." Shakespeare went on to say that he and Bacon were one and the same person. "I want you to get that clear," he told us, and he seemed to mean it. Suddenly a thin, white face, with a white goatee, appeared at the opening, staying long enough to have its picture taken. Mr. Dunninger seemed unimpressed. "Come out, Shakespeare," said Dunninger. "Come in, Dunninger," said Shakespeare. Along with Dunninger and a Mr. O'Neill of the *Herald Tribune*, we went into the cabinet. No Bard. No Sunbeam. Only Dr. Thorne in a black robe and a cold sweat. "Give me air!" cried Dr. Thorne, coming out of a trance that seemed genuine to us. He staggered from the cabinet and drank a Coca-Cola.

Dunninger said that he had seen a face but that he wasn't a bit mystified. "I can produce an elephant from that cabinet," he announced, "or three girls and Julius Caesar." No one disputed him. Dr. Thorne looked disappointed when Dunninger told him that he wouldn't get the money. One of the women in the back said that Shakespeare had red eyes and looked tired. "Excuse me," said Dr. Thorne suddenly, rushing across the room, "but you are stepping on my drawers."

Force of Environment

An out-of-town alumnus who stops at the Harvard Club occasionally has taken a fancy to the club's popovers. Lunching alone there the other day, he told his waiter to be sure to bring him a couple with his soup. A moment later the waiter turned up at his left elbow and breathed, "Much to my amazement, I find that there is but one left."

THE WILSONS

A MATTER OF PRIDE

ON the eighth of April, Joe Wilson realized that the next Monday was the fifteenth. He called up Eddie Frissell and made the date with him; they had fished together on the first day of the season for eight consecutive years—in fact, ever since Joe Wilson had become an officer in the bank and could take a day off now and then. During the two-hours-for-lunch period, he studied the map of Rhode Island rivers and ponds that the Fish and Game Club got out annually. It annoyed him to see that this year even more of Deer River was marked in the blue that indicated posted water. That damn syndicate had got hold of more river, he thought. But there was still the state land, even though the syndicate owned and stocked the river above and below the state's short strip. What was more, he and Eddie had always fished the whole of Deer River and they'd go right on doing so.

He was happy when he got home, and he went straight upstairs to the big bedroom and found his wife there, busy at her desk.

"Hi-yo," he said. She pushed her glasses up onto her forehead as he kissed her. "Listen, Fairlie, I don't want to get our wires crossed. I've made a date with Eddie to go fishing next Monday. It's the opening, so put that down in your book, will you?"

She looked at her engagement pad. "Oh, Joe! But that's the night we dine with the Medfords, darling."

"Damn!" he said. "I knew there'd be a snag. Have you accepted already?"

"Yes," she said, "of course."

"What do you mean 'of course'?" he said. "Why the devil can't you ask me about it, eh? Then I'd have told you to keep the fifteenth clear."

"You mean you'd have refused the Medfords' invitation?"

"Sure I'd have refused. I've fished with Eddie Frissell on the opening for nearly ten years. You know that."

"And for how many years, sweet, have the Medfords invited us to dine?"

He shrugged his shoulders and walked over to the chaise longue, threw off five of the lace-covered cushions, and sat down. "What the hell?" he said. "Call them up and say I can't make it, have to be in New York or something."

"Darling!" she said. "You're not serious?"

"Sure I am." His voice lacked conviction.

"But they might not ask us a second time. We can't refuse! It would be criminal," she said, "if only for yourself and the bank. The biggest people in Providence, the greatest power in—"

"Oh, hell," he said, "you don't have to tell me about the Medfords."

"And for Hilda next summer, with their Ellen at Matunuck. For Chester, with their Frank at day camp, and he's just ten, too. And I'm not saying a word about myself."

"All right!" he said. "When do they eat?"

"At eight-thirty."

"Suppose I'll have to dress, too," he said.

"Naturally," she said. "Black tie."

"Where do you get this 'black tie' stuff?" he asked. "It's been a tuxedo to me ever since I owned one."

"A tuxedo, then," she said, and smiled. "You look *so* well in one, Joe."

"Nuts," he said. "Eight-thirty? I suppose we can fish and get back, though it'll mean quitting early."

"That's a dear," she said. "And don't fish Deer River, darling."

"For God's sake!" he said, jumping to his feet. "Are you to tell me where to fish as well as where to eat and what to wear?"

"Ah, darling!" she said, and came over to him. "Don't be so touchy. Here you are, young, good-looking, successful—we have some money now. Everyone envies you. Don't be cross with me when I try to help you."

"But what is all this about Deer River?"

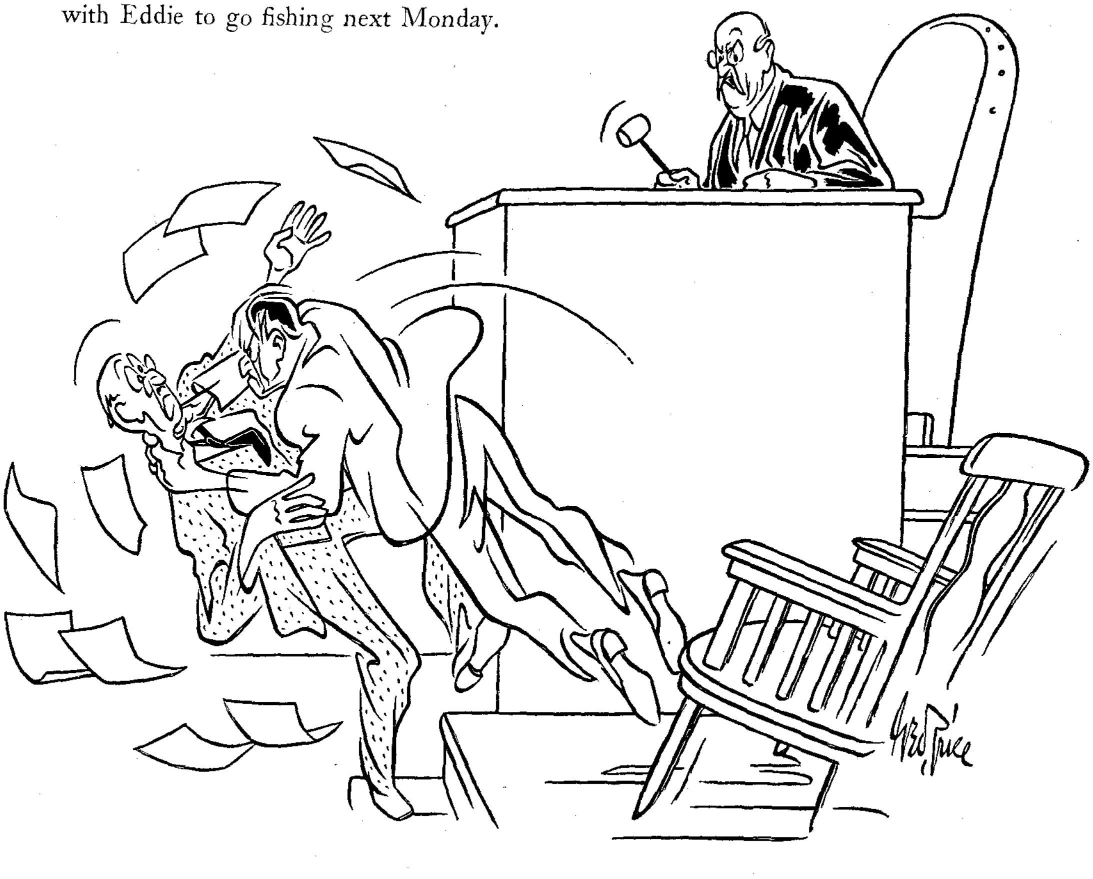
"Why, sweet, it's because Mr. Medford—I just heard it at that lunch the other day—is head of the syndicate that owns the water, and I know if you'll be willing to wait and talk to him about fishing, he'll ask you to fish there."

"I don't suck up to anyone for anything!" For a moment he felt fighting mad, but that passed, and he thought, She's a clever woman, she is. He laughed and said, "I'll be here on Monday night at eight-fifteen, dressed like a waiter, and ready to go out."

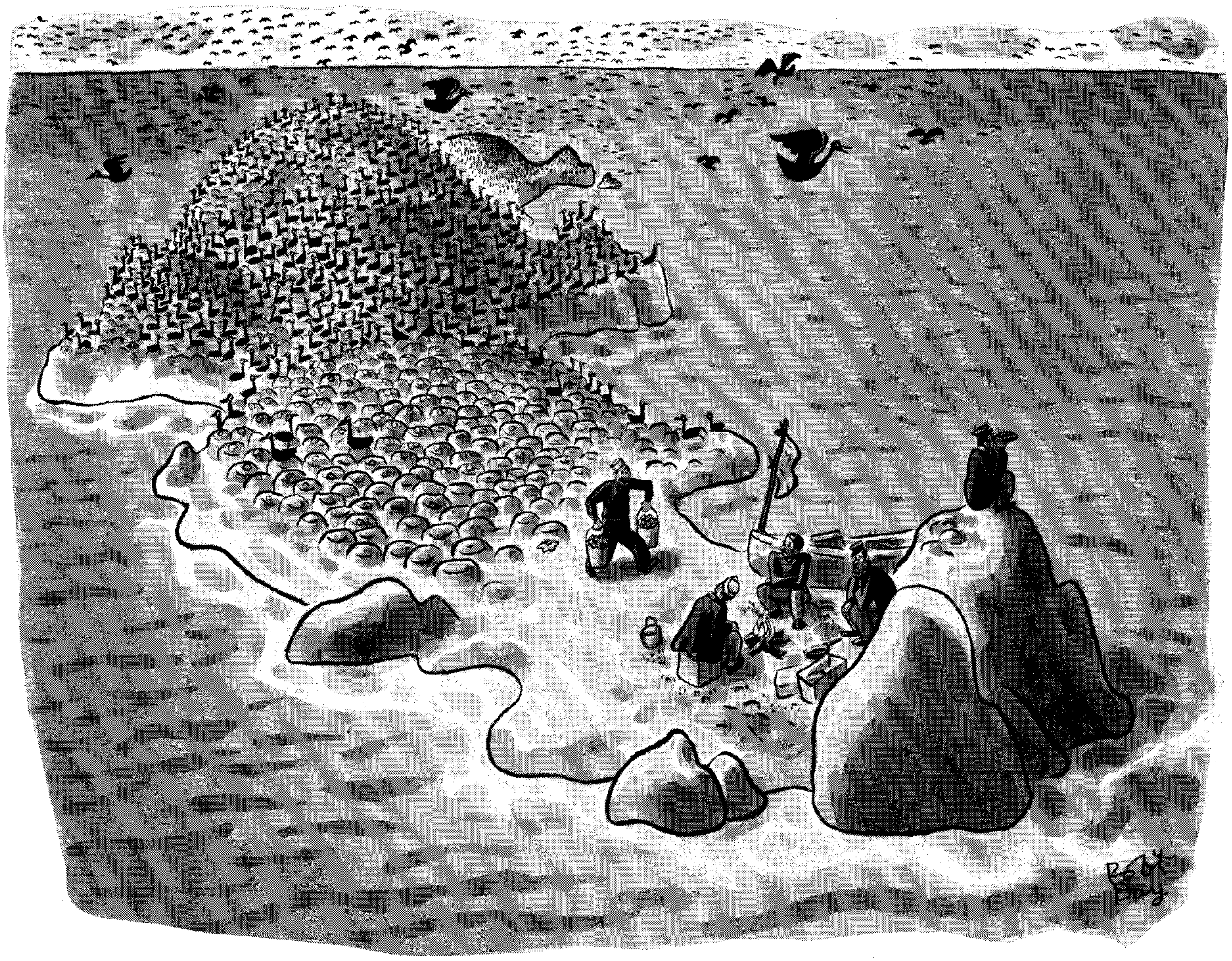
"But not Deer River, Joe?"

"I've never got into trouble yet, have I?" he said. "I'll fish where I please."

HE picked up Eddie Frissell at six-thirty, and they had breakfast in Cot-



"*The witness will please confine himself to the question.*"



"And how does everybody want their eggs this morning?"

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trellton. Then they drove out the West Highway to the Carpenter farm and turned north on the dirt road. While he drove, Joe told Eddie about his dinner date with the Medfords. He wasn't bragging, just telling of it. When they got past the State Experimental Fields, they turned into the laurels and parked the car in a place they knew. It was a fine place, hidden from anyone but a most careful searcher. They were pretty quiet then, and talked in whispers. Both of them felt the undercurrent of their excitement.

Joe got rigged first. He slung his creel over his shoulder, hung his bait box to the strap of it, and watched Eddie.

"What you using, Ed," he said, "flies?"

"Yeah, I thought I'd try them."

"You're going fancy on me," said Joe. "You'll catch nothing but trees."

"Oh, I don't know," said Eddie. "I can always change back to good old ground hackle if I don't do so good." He had a bait box too, and he fastened it to a loop on his jacket.

"Let's begin in the maples," Joe said. "Then we can see if there's anyone moving."

Eddie nodded and they walked away from the car, following a narrow trail that wound down through the laurels. They came out suddenly on a maple swamp with the river beyond.

"What makes me sore," said Eddie softly, "is that did you ever notice they don't clear a path at all opposite this state land?"

"Yes," Joe said. They made slow progress through the heavy undergrowth of the swamp and stood to breathe on the bank of the stream. The water was high, Joe saw, and browner than he'd expected. "Let's go," he said. "You won't do good with flies in this water." He put a worm on his hook, added a tiny split-shot sinker to the gut, and stepped into the water. It was flowing deep and strong and cold. The feel of it against his legs through the boots made him happy.

They had begun at the upper end of the state's maple swamp, and they fished to the lower end. Joe caught two trout, and though one of them was only six inches, he couldn't put it back, it was so deeply hooked. He cached it in moss by the bank and broke a twig near it: no use asking for trouble. Eddie caught nothing. They stood at the edge of the swamp and surveyed the still reach beyond, shining under the sun. On each of the last two maples that overhung the stream was a large, new white poster. They could see no one and hear nothing but the rush of the water.

"Well?" said Joe.

"Let's go," said Eddie. He had changed his fly to a bait hook and on it wriggled a pink worm.

They fished silently down the reach. At the pool in the bend, where the river widened before turning east, they both got fast two fine, fat trout, and after a short fight landed them. Both Joe and Eddie were so engrossed that they didn't see the man who was standing on the bank watching them until he said, "Good morning. Worm-fishing?"

"Hello," said Joe. Eddie said nothing.

"I'll have to see your licences," the man said.

"Who are you?" said Joe.

"The guardian here," said the man. "I'm deputy warden, too." He showed his badge on his waistcoat. "This land is posted." He pointed to a large sign that was nailed to a rail just at the bend.

"Oh," said Joe. "Well, I'll be damned! I certainly never noticed the poster. Thought we were on state land."

"Is that so?" said the man. "Two posters on the maples where you came from, two on this reach above you, one here. I'll see your licences, please."

They produced the licences. The man took a pencil and a black notebook from his hip pocket and copied from the licences, industriously.

At last he handed them back. "I'll take the fish now."

"What happens from all this?" asked Eddie.

"Summons," said the man. "Be about Friday, at Chog's Cove Courthouse. Five dollars and costs, usually."

"Suppose we paid you the costs and fine now?" said Eddie. "Say twenty dollars. Save us all a lot of headache."

The man smiled. "Mr. Medford, he pays me all I get," he said. "Let's have them fish, please."

Eddie nudged Joe. "Tell him," he said. Joe shook his head. They handed their fish over. "This one I caught in the maples," said Joe.

"O.K.," said the man, and he handed it back to him. Joe returned it to his creel.

"I suppose you got to tell Medford about this?" asked Joe.

"Oh, surely," said the man. "Upstream, please. One hundred feet north of the two posted maples is the stone marker for the state land. Quarter mile north of that is the north bound, where an oak has fell across into them two willows on the west bank. The oak has a poster onto it. You can't miss it. Good day." He stepped back into the blueberries and disappeared. They stood silent for a minute or two.

"Well," said Eddie. "Why in hell didn't you tell him you knew Medford?"

"Nix," said Joe. He turned and waded noisily upstream. The day was ruined. They fished the state water, but

got nothing. They left and fished the open water of Otter River, but they got nothing there. There were five other men fishing it, too. By the time they started back to Providence at four o'clock, Joe remembered he'd left the undersized fish by the bank. Well, he thought, it was lucky I didn't have it on me.

WHEN they got into town, he stayed on drinking rye at Eddie's house till eight and then rushed home and dressed in a hurry, giving Fairlie hardly a chance to say more than "Hello" to him. On the way to the Medfords he maintained a silence that defeated her. The excellent dinner, all the good wines to drink, were a nightmare to him. His neck felt hot and he couldn't think what to do. God, what Fairlie would say when she heard! After dinner was worse, for the eight men of the party forgathered for hours in the library and smoked and drank there. All the talk was of fishing, and mostly of Deer River. When Mr. Medford got up to join the ladies, Joe rose too, and as he did so came to an immediate decision. He went over to Mr. Medford and touched his arm.

"Well, Mr. Wilson?" said Medford, smiling.

"Look here," Joe said. "I ought to have done this sooner. I want to ask you a great favor."

"Why, surely," said Medford. "What can I do?"

"It's about Deer River and fishing." Joe could see his host's face freeze up.

"Of which, of course, I'm only a part owner," said Medford.

"Yes," Joe said. "It's not what you think. I fished on your water today and I got caught."

"Oh!" Medford looked Joe up and down. Then he smiled and patted Joe on the shoulder. "Cranston's a smart guardian," he said. "But don't worry, Wilson. We all make mistakes. I'll stop the summons."

"No, that's not what I meant. I did it on purpose. The favor I want of you is just not to do anything about it."

"I'll telephone Cranston tomorrow," Medford said.

"I don't want the summons stopped," Joe said. "I'll feel better that way. I don't want it to be called off just because your wife asked my wife to dinner. Do you see?"

"Nonsense," said Medford. "Fish any time you want to. Of course I'll stop Cranston. Fellow-banker and all that sort of rubbish."

"Please," Joe said. "Let it ride as it is."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow. We're keeping the ladies on pins and needles for our brilliant society. Come along, gentlemen." Medford led the way into the long drawing room.

"Jesus!" said Joe to himself, and his neck burned hotter than ever. It seemed to him as if the party would never break up.

On the way home in the car, Fairlie turned to Joe and said, "Oh, you *are* wonderful! You kick and you kick and you go out to dinner and then you shine there!"

"What do you mean, shine?"

"You know what Mr. Medford said to me about you?"

"No," said Joe.

"He said, 'That's an unusual husband you have, Mrs. Wilson. I like him. I hope he'll come and fish with me soon.' What did I tell you, darling?"

"The old bastard."

"Why, *Joe!*" she cried. "How can you say that?"

"He doesn't give a god damn for the other fellow," said Joe, "that's why."

"What are you talking about?" said Fairlie.

"Nothing," he said. "It's O.K. Medford is O.K. Deer River is O.K. Trout are double O.K. But little Joe is hot in the neck." He patted her knee. "Forget it. It's just a matter of pride, it don't mean a damn thing."

—CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

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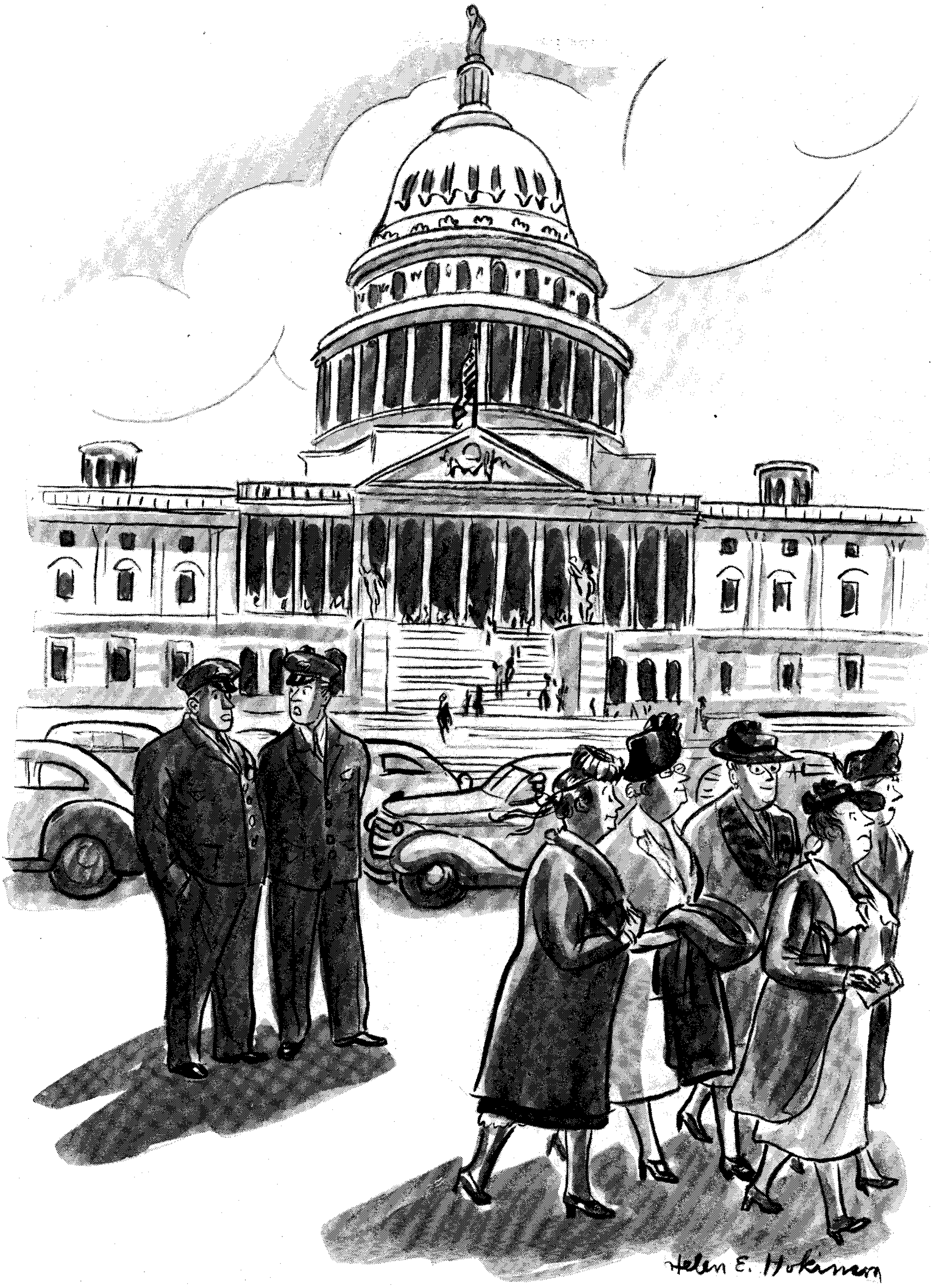
If you are going to a dance, spray your ankles with perfume before you put on your sheer hose. The perfume will give a very subtle scent from the hemline of your dress. This may be more effective than perfume on your hair.—*Boston Post.*

Especially if you can find somebody to kiss the hem of your garment.


Helen E. Hokinson

"D.A.R.'s?"
"No, cherry blossoms."

RUBY

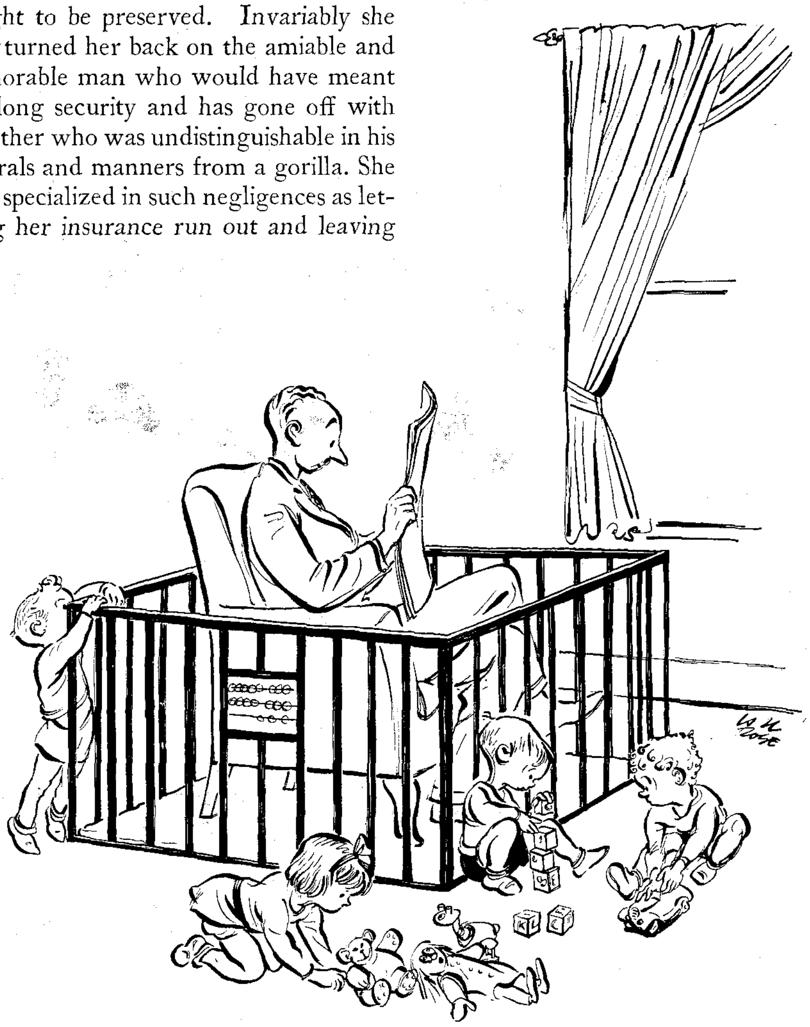
USUALLY I am repelled by those of my sex who have been often and greatly loved. My complaint against them is that they are so extremely disagreeable. So far as I can see, when a man wants a rose-wreathed companion for his hours of ease he chooses a female plainly embittered by disappointment because she was not born an alligator or one of those medieval harpies who used to haunt battlefields and rob the dead or dying, jobs in which she could have exercised her really distinctive qualities.

I know of only one exception: Ruby.

Some might wonder at my choice, for Ruby, though once beautiful, now weighs two hundred and fifty pounds. Her hair, which used to be golden and wreathed by night with diamonds, now grows thin and white from a pink scalp. During the last thirty years she has dropped through destiny like a stone. Her first marriage was celebrated in the Chapel Royal in London, with Queen Alexandra signing the register. Her last husband held a minor position in connection with the Six-Day Bicycle Race. All her life she has lost and wasted what ought to be preserved. Invariably she has turned her back on the amiable and honorable man who would have meant lifelong security and has gone off with another who was undistinguishable in his morals and manners from a gorilla. She has specialized in such negligences as letting her insurance run out and leaving all her jewels in a taxi the next day. Once she managed to get mixed up in a narcotics case, and frequently, after a certain hour, she has to speak through a bubble of alcohol. Even so, she is a remarkable woman. She has been given the power of miraculous healing, and she deserves it.

I SAW her use that power not long after I first met her. I knew her through a friend of mine whom she refused to marry, since he was solvent and would not have beaten her. One night in Paris I returned to my hotel after the theatre, and when I went to claim my key I found her standing beside me. We greeted each other, but soon her eye slid past me to the night clerk, a fat and sallow Frenchman.

"You're in pain," she said, and when he had told her that he was suffering from a gastric ulcer, she went on, "I can always tell a hundred yards off if somebody's in pain, even if I've got my back to them. And if you let me touch you, I'll take away the pain. I can always do that. I can always stop people feeling pain." It sounded as credible as a chorus girl's boast that in a previous incarnation she had been an Egyptian princess.



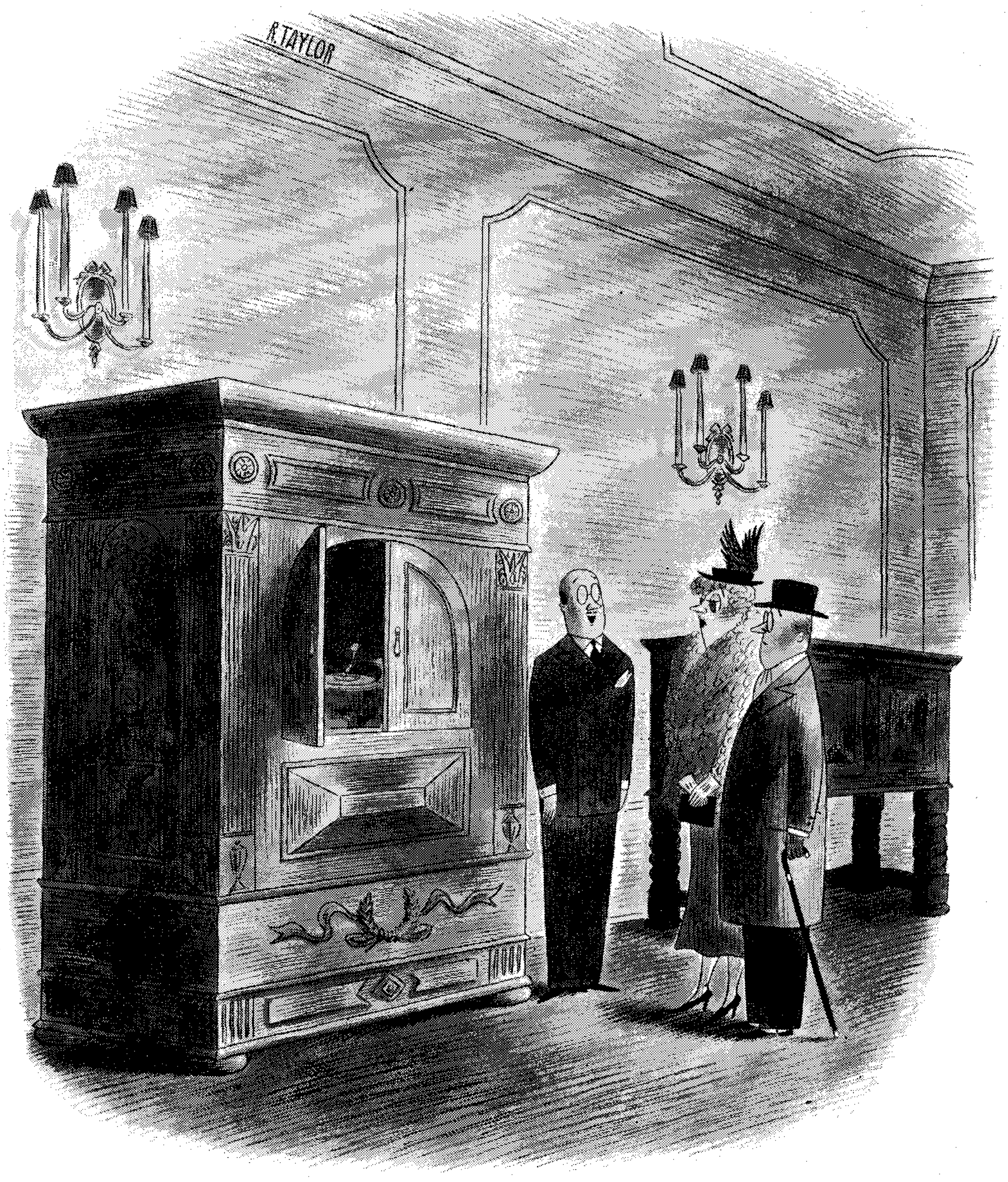
We retired to a kind of pantry, where, with some sleepy waiters staring at us, Ruby slid her hands six times down the stripes of his old-fashioned French shirt and the pain left him. In no time his face changed from tallow to flesh and hers became lined and gray. When he put on his coat he was laughing with relief.

SOMETIMES I nearly detest Ruby. She seems to me that stock figure of bad fiction, the golden-hearted courtesan. Then she reminds me of a candle softening and bending in the heat, of grease that cannot keep itself to itself. But sooner or later I see that she is uniquely good, that she performs an act of charity which others cannot achieve.

Quite a lot of people will bestow on us wise, prudent, long-term kindness. Very few have a quick, instinctive, assuaging reaction to our first cry of pain. Most people hold back; they do not know what to say, they tell us that we are exaggerating or that it is our own fault—which may be true but does nothing to salve the first, worst prick of agony. That is where Ruby showed genius. She rushed at the sufferer, not to criticize but to give pity, pity compounded to the perfect formula for each individual case. For proof of this I would bring forward the Hindu fortune-teller at Brighton. We had both gone there to convalesce after influenza, and one day we lunched and went to a cinema and afterward had tea in a department store.

We were on our way to an elevator when she stopped in front of a little booth that had been run up in a corner and said, in a voice suddenly girlish with hope, "Oh, a fortune-teller!" A minute later I, too, had become interested in Mr. Chandra Bil Bose, the Eastern mystic, who, as a notice announced, was willing to draw aside the veil of fate for all who would pay him two shillings and sixpence.

The front of his booth was plastered with letters and telegrams which the casual passer-by might have taken for testimonials to his psychic powers, but which were not. There wasn't one word pinned up on the boards which could have been interpreted as a recommendation of Mr. Bose, except a letter in which a lady tersely declared that in consequence of what he had told her she had decided to return to her husband;



"Now, this model not only plays fifty records but it changes them, turns them over, and gives you a brief comment on each by Deems Taylor."

even that might have been an incident in Mr. Bose's love life. Most of the telegrams were bare requests for appointments. One was definitely irrelevant to all psychic matters, being a promise to reserve him a third-floor bedroom at the usual terms. Another was openly hostile, saying, "PLEASE DO NOT COME DO NOT WANT YOU ON ANY ACCOUNT."

The letters were not more satisfactory as tributes. The Aga Khan, the Duke of Kent, and several other public figures acknowledged good wishes, and some showed ill feeling under their reiteration. His Highness the Maharajah of Indore had been maddened into a final letter that thanked Mr. Bose but regretted that he could not imagine any manner in which Mr. Bose's services could be of the slightest use to him and begged that the correspondence might be closed. We both burst out laughing.

"You go first," said Ruby, "I'm laughing so." Once I got inside the booth there was no more laughter. Mr. Bose was one of the most pathetic creatures I have ever seen. He was a very ugly, small, thin Hindu, no longer young, and his teeth were stained red with betel nut. He wore a grubby white turban and a worn summer suit of a gray that made a displeasing contrast with his brown skin. He was shivering from cold, and perhaps a touch of fever, and certainly some recent personal humiliation and sorrow. He was clammy with failure. I am sure the telegrams and letters on the board outside gave an accurate account of how the world had treated him.

"Me, I am an Indian," he said, quite unnecessarily. "I know all the wisdom of the East. Put out your hands on the table, please." He stared past me as if he saw a picture of his troubles painted on the wall, and then compelled himself back to his palmistry.

"Your husband—your husband—your husband is a big, fair clergyman," he pronounced, and when I made a dissenting murmur he cried desperately, "What, is he not a big, fair clergyman?" I saw that he believed, in the face of all experience, that he had psychic gifts, and so I agreed that it was all as he said and accepted a bogus and very dreary destiny from his hands. While he jabbered, shaking and shuddering, I wrote it all down in my notebook. "And these are your lucky days: fourthmarchthirdaprilseventhmay*donothing*junejulyaugustandseptemberseventhoctobereleventhnovemberseventeenthdecember*rest*januaryandfebruary—and please go, lady, please go at once, and I will see your friend." As a St. Bernard I was a failure. I couldn't think what to do to comfort the little man.

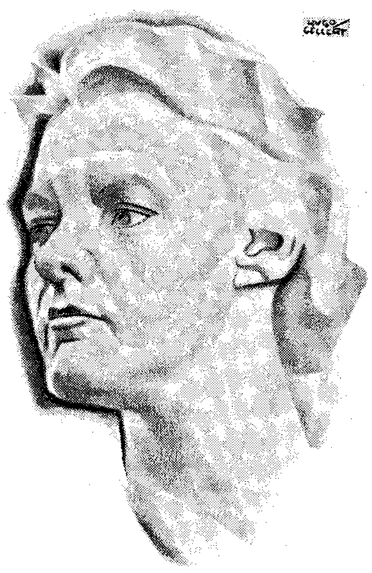
Ruby, however, knew what was needed. When I put my eye to the curtain to see why she was so long, it was the Hindu's hands that lay palm upward on the table, his eyes that swam in cozy, hypnotized credulity, while Ruby's forefinger hovered and indicated, and her voice spoke out of a cloud of mystical assurance. "Now, that's a lucky line, a very lucky line, and you see it makes a turn just here. That's not just yet. Not for a day or two. You said you were leaving Brighton on Monday, didn't you? I'm glad of that. It isn't a good place for you, doesn't fit in with your stars. But once you get out of here, there's luck waiting for you, a lot of luck."

Nobody in the world but Ruby would have thought of that.

—REBECCA WEST

PROFILES

THE IT GIRL—I



Dorothy Thompson

ONE of the seven and a half million readers of Dorothy Thompson's column, which is syndicated in some hundred and fifty newspapers in America, had a dream about her the other night. She appeared in this dream as a trained nurse, starched, crisp, and tender, hovering beside a bed in which a sick world lay. The sick world was depicted by the familiar cartoonist's symbol of a frail figure with a bandaged globe for a head, and Miss Thompson was ministering to it by taking its temperature with one hand while she deftly gave it the hotfoot with the other. The chart that hung at the foot of the patient's bed was labelled simply "On the Record."

The dreamer interpreted this vision next day as symbolic of Miss Thompson's double talent for brooding in print over the welfare of mankind and at the same time inflaming it to further disasters. This quality in Miss Thompson affects people in various ways. Her admirers say that hers is the dilemma of the voice crying in the wilderness, of every farseeing patriot who must holler to be heard and must create panic in some places in order to bring peace to all. Other people, alarmed by her belligerence in print, see her as a dangerous warmonger and incendiary. They point to statistics which show that almost every second column she has written in the last two years has contained an incitement to war—first addressed to England and Mr. Chamberlain, and more recently to the government and the people of the United States, of whom she speaks freely as "ostriches," as "muddle-headed," and as "afraid to wake up and live."

Whatever events may prove concerning Miss Thompson's philosophies and predictions, certain biographical facts about her suggest that her curiously split personality—half mother and half firebrand—was apparent at an early age. When she was ten, she fell out of a tree in her family's back yard in Hamburg, New York, skinning her elbow and knocking over her little sister. The record has it that Dorothy first rushed to comfort her sister and then, after a brief inspection of her own injured arm, lunged at the tree and almost broke a toe trying to kick hell out of the trunk. Anger at inexplicable happenings is still a part of Miss Thompson, and it is never far from the surface, although she is physically built to look as placid as Mother Ceres walking the abundant fields.

She is imposing rather than large, and she has an unexpected blond prettiness, which she is inclined to disclaim. "I don't like my looks," she will say—a remark which necessarily invites discussion. Bergdorf Goodman dresses her expensively, but the lines of her body are comfortable rather than smart, and she wears her clothes without getting any visible pleasure out of them. Her manner is usually calm, but often it breaks into irritability when people turn out to be as stupid as she expects them to be, and her conversation is on the whole impatient. Words like "Pah!" and "Pooh!" come easily to her, and she has a habit of answering remarks she considers wrong-headed with short objections like "That's absurd!" and "Don't be ridiculous!" Occasionally this fretfulness explodes into wrath when the target is important enough or when some social injustice is under discussion. One night last winter, Miss Thompson went to a dinner party at a friend's apartment; the talk, led by Miss Thompson, turned to world affairs, and someone made a careless, semi-humorous remark about Jews. Miss Thompson put down her knife and fork, and stood up. "I will not remain in the same house with traitors to the United States," she announced, rather obscurely, and left the table. After a white-lipped pause in the bedroom to get her wraps, she strode out of the apartment. She is sometimes a difficult guest because of such proclamations, and because scarcely any talk that is not concerned with the international situation interests her. Her husband, Sinclair Lewis, has a name for the international situation as it relates to Dorothy; he calls it "it." Lewis and Miss Thompson have lived apart ever since he set off two years ago on a stagestruck tour, to play the leading rôles in Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" and in his own play, "Angela is Twenty-two." Lewis lives in a hotel when he is in New York, but he and Miss Thompson are not legally separated and he is an occasional, happy caller at his wife's apartment on Central Park West. Sometimes, dropping in for a friendly visit, he waits alertly in the hall, listening to the buzz of voices from the living room, where Miss Thompson is talking to Vincent Sheean, Raymond Gram Swing, John Gunther, or other cronies. When one of these friends wanders into the hall, Lewis corners him. "What's she talking about—*it?*" he asks. If the friend nods, Mr. Lewis tiptoes away.

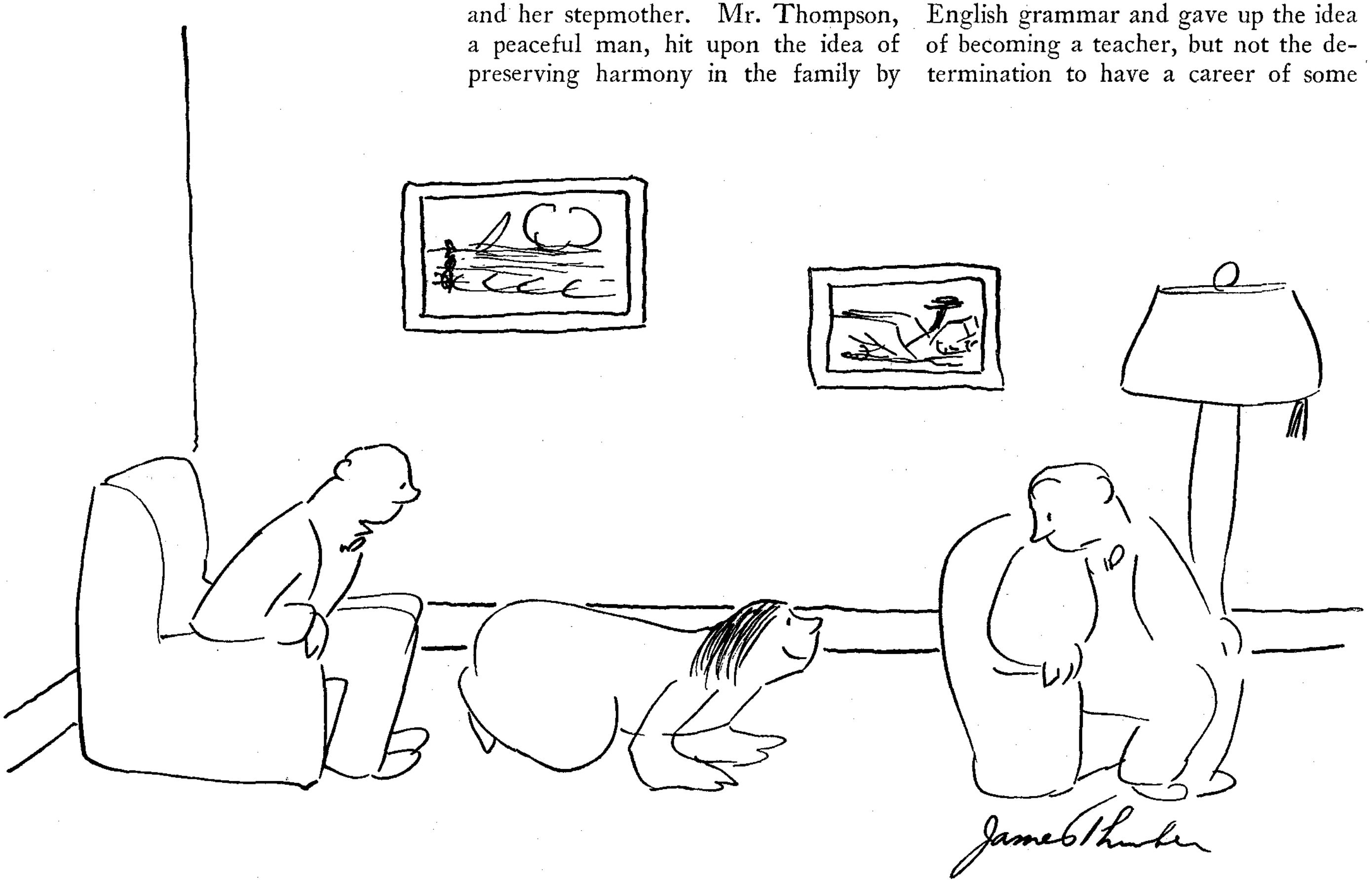
Accused of overpreoccupation with world affairs, Miss Thompson is apt to remind hecklers, rather defiantly, that she has her lighter side. One example of this is her annual column on St. Valentine's Day, suggesting appropriate books to send to certain prominent people, and this is a joke she enjoys hugely, year after year. Last year she proposed, among others, the following valentines: to President Roosevelt, "All This, and Heaven Too;" to Harold Ickes, "Ferdinand the Bull;" to Joseph Goebbels, "Young Man with a Horn;" and to Mae West, "Man's Hope" and "Man's Fate." Another lark she likes to recall is her broadcast, a year and a half ago, on the absurdity of women's hats. "Tonight I have a really serious matter to discuss," she began, with mock gravity, and she went on to say, "I read a poem once about a tree that could in summer wear a nest of robins in its hair, but I am not that tree. Are you?"

Miss Thompson's charm is as industrious as her humor, and her friends are able to cite more than one instance when she has pulled herself out of a fit of thinking into a flurry of graciousness for purely sociable reasons. Sometimes the result is odd, because her mind is so full of a number of things. One night last summer, the Vincent Sheeans, who had rented a house not far from Miss Thompson's summer place near Barnard, Vermont, asked her to dine. Their other guest was Otis Skinner, who is also a friend of Miss Thompson's. Twenty minutes after dinner was announced, Miss Thompson had not yet arrived, and the other three went in without her. When they were halfway through the soup, conversing gently, sounds of arrival in the hall were followed by the entrance of Miss Thompson, who stood dramatically in the dining-room doorway. "The Russians are in Poland!" she cried, without preamble. The startled silence that met this announcement reminded her of her manners, and she moved at once, flowingly, to Otis Skinner's side. "Oh, hello, Owen dear," she said.

LIKE a good many highly complicated people, Dorothy Thompson was born into a simple family in a small town. Her father was Peter Thompson, a Methodist minister who was often transferred from one parsonage to another in upper New York State, depositing his family successively in such towns as Lancaster, Tonawanda, Gowanda, and Hamburg. Dorothy was born in Lancaster in 1894, the eldest of three children; the others were Willard and Margaret, whom the family called Peggy. Mrs. Thompson died when Dorothy was seven, and when Mr. Thompson remarried three years later, Dorothy took a dislike to her stepmother which expressed itself in fairly flamboyant ways. When the Thompson children were summoned to the parlor to speak pieces for the ladies of the parish who came to call, Willard and Peggy trotted in demurely and performed with grace; Dorothy generally kept the ladies waiting a while and then made a contrived entrance in a series of cartwheels. She was fond of Willard, who is now a salesman for the General Refractories Company and lives in White Plains, but her talent for protectiveness flourished more tenderly in defence of Peggy, who was four years younger than she was. Once, when Dorothy was about twelve, she heard that a teacher in the Gowanda school was punishing Peggy for some misdemeanor. Dorothy bounded into her sister's classroom and confronted the teacher violently. "Shoot, if you must, this old gray head, but spare my little sister!" she said. Peggy, who is now the wife of Howard Wilson, an industrial engineer in Chicago, tells this story proudly. Mrs. Wilson is a small, quiet woman, dark and fragile.

Dorothy was deeply devoted to her father, and this attachment seems to have sharpened the friction between her and her stepmother. Mr. Thompson, a peaceful man, hit upon the idea of preserving harmony in the family by sending Dorothy, when she was fourteen, to live with an aunt in Chicago. Dorothy went to high school, and later to Lewis Institute, in Chicago. She was not a brilliant scholar, and she says now that it was because she was always bored by the hard procession of facts with never a breathing spell for conjecture or interpretation. "You will think I am making that up, in the light of later events," she said to an interviewer not long ago, "but it's *true*." When Miss Thompson pronounces words which have a long vowel, like "true," "youth," "beauty," "futile," "fool," and "doom," her voice, ordinarily moderated, echoes ringingly.

She was popular in school as captain of the basketball team and as a leader in school affairs. By the time she entered Syracuse University in 1910, she had a reputation as a joiner and organizer with a rapidly developing taste for embracing causes. The most prominent underdog of the period was Woman, embodied in the suffragette, and Dorothy soon became remarkable at Syracuse as the university's most vigorous campaigner for votes for women. She had intended to make teaching her profession and, after her graduation in 1914, came to New York to take her teacher's examinations. She failed in English grammar and gave up the idea of becoming a teacher, but not the determination to have a career of some



"Sober, Mrs. Tomkins is the personification of virtue."

DON'T GUESS, LET ME TELL YOU

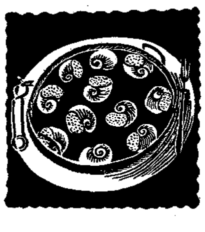
Personally, I don't care whether a detective-story writer was educated in night school or day school
So long as he doesn't belong to the H.I.B.K. school,
The H.I.B.K. being a device to which too many detective-story writers are prone;
Namely, the Had I But Known.
Sometimes it is the Had I But Known what grim secret lurked behind that smiling exterior, I would never have set foot within the door;
Sometimes the Had I But Known then what I know now, I could have saved at least three lives by revealing to the Inspector the conversation I heard through that fortuitous hole in the floor.
Had I But Known narrators are the ones who hear a stealthy creak at midnight in the tower where the body lies and, instead of locking their door or arousing the drowsy policeman posted outside their room, sneak off by themselves to the tower and suddenly they hear a breath exhaled behind them,
And they have no time to scream, they know nothing else till the men from the D.A.'s office come in next morning and find them.
Had I But Known-ers are quick to assume the prerogatives of the Deity,
For they will suppress evidence that doesn't suit their theories with appalling spontaneity,
And when the killer is finally trapped into a confession by some elaborate device of the Had I But Known-ers some hundred pages later than if they hadn't held their knowledge aloof,
Why, they say, Why, Inspector, I knew all along it was he, but I couldn't tell you, you would have laughed at me unless I had absolute proof.
Would you like for your library a nice detective story which I am sorry to say I didn't rent but owns?
I wouldn't have bought it had I but known it was impregnated with Had I But Knowns.

—Ogden Nash

• •

kind. After several futile attempts to find a job in New York, she finally got work addressing envelopes at the women's suffrage headquarters in Buffalo and became so eloquent about the cause that she was presently sent to tour the state, making speeches at county fairs or from trucks parked on the main streets of various towns. In one town her funds gave out, and she was unable to hire a booth at a fair where the anti-suffragists were already well established; she stood vibrantly in front of the anti-suffragist headquarters and loudly intoned, over and over, "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." When people stopped to stare at her, she hastily slipped them a couple of votes-for-women pamphlets. Another time, addressing the townspeople from a parked truck, she saw them begin to wander away toward the municipal band, which had struck up a tune at the next corner. Competition from a brass band was like a saving shot in the arm to Miss Thompson. She climbed down from the truck, went into a stationer's store, and bought a slate and some chalk. Hopping on the truck again, she drew a rowdy picture of the bandmaster and held it up to the crowd, and when a few people wandered back to the truck to see what she was doing, she erased the bandmaster and wrote on the slate, "Is this the treatment a lone gal gets?" The appeal to chivalry won her an audience. They surged around her and she triumphantly finished her speech.

The suffrage campaign was a fine outlet for Miss Thompson's combined gifts of showmanship and compassion, but soon her attention was diverted by the first World War. Characteristically, she wanted to be where the excitement and the suffering were greatest. Every branch of overseas service turned her down, however, because of her lack of specific training, and she spent the war years in New York, in small towns upstate, and in Cincinnati, supporting herself by jobs she hated—paid social work and copywriting in an advertising agency. In New York she lived in furnished rooms on West Sixteenth Street with two other girls and, out of the small amount of money she earned, managed to send some regularly to her father to help pay her sister Peggy's tuition in college. In 1920, Peggy married Mr. Wilson, and Dorothy saved up $150 and sailed for Europe. Before the ship was two days at sea she had fallen into spirited talk with a group of Zionists who were bound for a conference in London. The Zionists knew a born crusader when they saw one, and through the influence of their leaders the International News Service agreed to let Miss Thompson try her hand at covering the conference. She had written only advertising copy and a few unsuccessful poems, but she proved to have the knack of passionate reporting. International News printed the Zionist stories, and after the conference ended, Miss Thompson set out—somewhat like that other Dorothy who wandered through the Land of Oz—to travel through Europe, writing free-lance pieces and selling them at space rates to the A.P., the International News Service, the London *Star*, the *Westminster Gazette*, and the Manchester *Guardian.*



The Europe of 1920, recovering from four years of war and shaken by riots and revolution, was exciting material for any reporter, and an extraordinary kind of reporter's luck seemed to march with Miss Thompson. She arrived in Dublin the day Hamar Greenwood became Chief Secretary for Ireland and three days before Archbishop Mannix was kidnapped by the Sinn Fein. She got to Cork the day Terence MacSwiney, its mayor, went to jail to die of his celebrated hunger strike, and persuaded him to give her the interview which was to be his last. When she went to Italy, the taxi that took her from the station in Milan to her hotel plunged her into the middle of a riot staged in the city streets by some ten thousand striking metalworkers. Soon her name came to figure largely in the conversation of other, older foreign correspondents in the twilight of some bar. "Dorothy Thompson got into town at noon," one would say. "Good God," another would reply, "what happened at one o'clock?"

In the summer of 1920, Miss Thompson arrived in Paris in the midst of a provoking lull. She had developed a fine instinct for news and a valuable determination to meet everybody who might be important to her; she was still free-lancing at space rates, however, and peaceful times meant bankruptcy. She got a job with the American Red Cross,

GARDEN IMPLEMENTS
OIL STOVES
SEEDS
SPRAY
SPRAY
Garrett Price

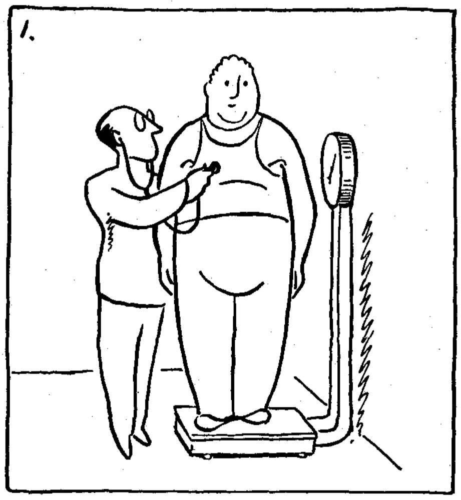
"But why am I showing you? You probably know as much about using it as I do."

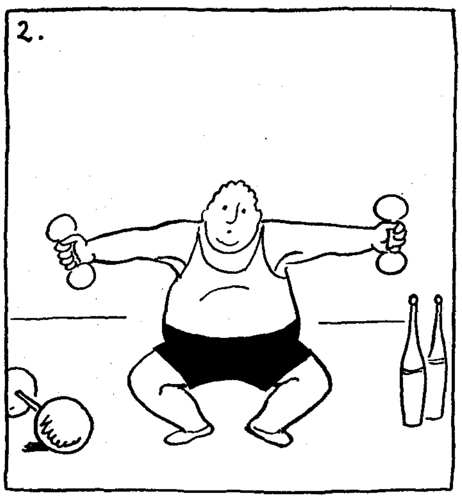
writing publicity at a cent a line, and soon learned to make her margins so wide that her employers noticed it with irritation. In her spare time she wrote a story about the White Russians who had become taxi-drivers and doormen in Paris, and sold it for twenty dollars to Wythe Williams, who was then head of the European Service of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. That was the beginning of an association that was to last for almost eight years.

The *Ledger* was owned by Cyrus H. K. Curtis, and maintained news bureaus in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. Through members of her large coffeehouse-and-café acquaintance with American newspapermen in Europe, Miss Thompson had learned that the post of Vienna correspondent for the *Ledger* was vacant. At the same time, chained to a desk in the Paris Red Cross headquarters, she heard fascinating talk around the office about the work, in Budapest, of Captain James Pedlow, Red Cross Commissioner for Hungary. She persuaded the Red Cross officials to let her go to Budapest to write publicity about Pedlow, without salary, and next applied herself to Wythe Williams, who finally agreed to give her a chance as Vienna correspondent, at space rates. "People will always give you a job if there is no risk involved," Miss Thompson says.

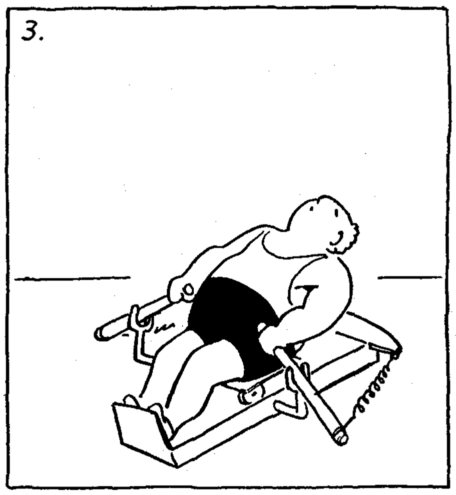
She arrived in Vienna on the day of the first Karlist *Putsch*—the attempt of Emperor Karl to regain the Hapsburg throne for himself and his Empress, Zita. When the Emperor was defeated after a second *Putsch*, about a year later, his failure brought about Miss Thompson's greatest triumph. Karl and Zita took refuge from the loyalists in the castle of Count Johann Esterházy at Tata Város, outside Budapest. Miss Thompson went to Budapest to get the story for the *Ledger* and at once approached Captain Pedlow, whom she had not met before, with the demand that he get her inside the Esterházy castle. "Who do you think I am?" Pedlow inquired, and Miss Thompson replied with simplicity, "I think you are an Irishman with a sense of adventure." Pedlow's official position did actually make it possible for him to enter the castle, and two days later troops stationed on the Esterházy grounds came to attention as he strolled through the castle door accompanied by Miss Thompson. Inside the castle, the Empress, happy at seeing another woman, chattered willingly to Miss Thompson and begged her to see that a note, which the Empress then wrote, was delivered to her son, Crown Prince Otto, who had been sent to London for safety. Other correspondents, fretting outside the gates, consoled themselves by laying bets that Miss Thompson would never get any interview past the censors, but she had arranged that detail before she left Vienna. She sent her story and the Empress's note by a *wagon-lit* attendant to Vienna, where M. W. Fodor, a correspondent for the Manchester *Guardian*, had agreed to meet all incoming trains from Budapest until he found the one with the right attendant. Fodor cabled the interview to the *Ledger's* Paris office and got the note delivered to Otto through the Austrian Embassy in London, but he is perhaps more notable for being one of the first people to fall under Miss Thompson's persuasive spell, and probably the only man on the Manchester *Guardian* who ever went to such trouble to get a story for another paper.

The *Ledger* put Miss Thompson on a straight salary basis soon afterward—partly as a reward, but mainly, she thinks, because her output was so big that she was making more money at space rates than her employers thought suitable. Although she knew no foreign language well, her interpretation of what people in Europe were saying was uncannily right. Once, when she was interviewing the head of a German youth movement through an English acquaintance who had offered to interpret, she shook her head impatiently at the interpreter's translation. "That isn't what he means," she said. "Look at him while he's talking." The Englishman stared at the German, listened to him once more, and again submitted the same translation. Miss Thompson sighed, strode off to her typewriter, and wrote an account of the youth movement which proved to be accurate and perceptive, and which was based to a large extent on what she gathered from the inflections of the German's voice and the gestures of his hands and shoulders. She speaks German easily now, but her French is still uncertain, and she employs a French-born secretary (she has three secretaries altogether), whose chief task is condensing important articles from French newspapers and magazines into English synopses for the boss to ponder.

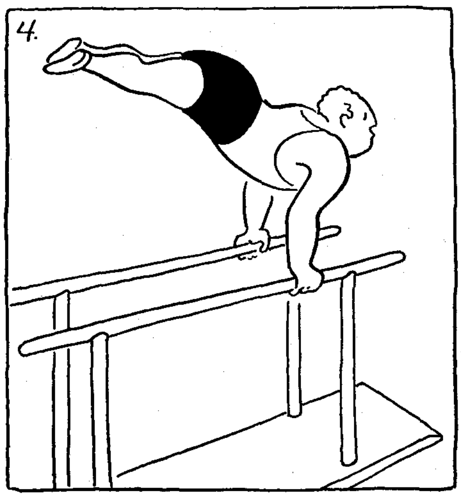


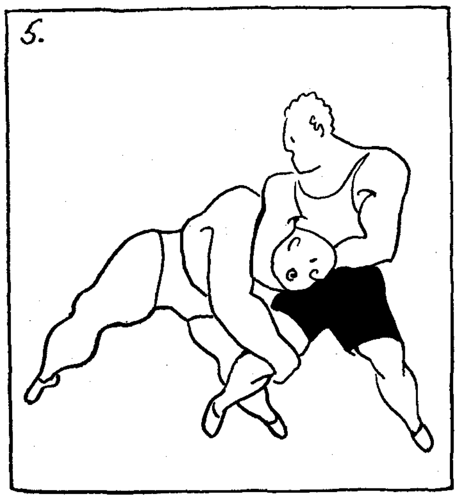


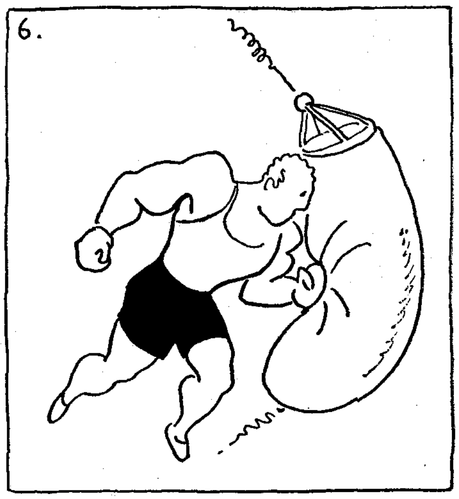
VIENNA suited Dorothy Thompson. It was a city, then, that was becoming to her, as Paris might be becoming to another type of woman, New York to still another. She looked Viennese in a blond, blooming kind of way, and in that warm, delusive, postwar atmosphere the feminine side of her character blossomed haltingly, like a tune from a Viennese music box. She had plenty of Austrian beaux, and she encouraged them expertly in her spare time. "Yes, dear," she would say gently to some swain who was trying to snatch a kiss, "but right this minute I've simply *got to get to the bottom of this Bulgarian* business." Sometimes the electric quality of even her leisure hours frightened her suitors. One Christmas Dorothy shot two thousand feet down a dangerous mountainside on a toboggan before her escort, a small Austrian, had nerved himself to get onto his own toboggan. Another time, at a dinner party, Miss Thompson took advantage of a slight lull in the conversation to recite the Bill of Rights from beginning to end. She had made an early and forceful impression on Vienna's diplomatic colony when she was invited to lunch one day with Phyllis Bottome, the English writer, who was in Vienna to consult Dr. Alfred Adler about one of her psycho-neurological novels. Miss Bottome's luncheon party was formal and included the British Ambassador, his wife, and several other foreign diplomats and their wives, and the conversation was a polite murmur until the main course was brought in. Miss Thompson then startled the other guests into silence by pounding joyfully on the table with her knife and fork. "Meat, meat, *raw* meat!" she chanted, in a happy singsong. Miss Bottome thinks that this was probably part of a poem Dorothy had picked up somewhere, but Miss Thompson now says, rather coldly, that she does not remember where it came from. Such lively social appearances and the continued brilliance of her work as a correspondent soon made her a leader in Vienna's group of English and American writers, which included—besides Phyllis Bottome and her husband, Captain A. E. Forbes Dennis—Clarence Streit, John Gunther, and Edna St. Vincent Millay. Miss Millay was not a correspondent, but, as an acquaintance of hers once observed, she is a poet who likes to get around. When they were not working, these friends would gather at Sacher's to argue about world affairs, or occasionally about more frivolous matters. Once they spent a long session deciding whose brains, among all those assembled there, would, if removed and pickled, make the best paperweight. As most of them remember it, Dorothy Thompson's brains were ranked first.



With the doomed contrariness of strong-minded women, Miss Thompson married, in 1923, a man whom she could eventually neither dominate nor control. He was Josef Bard, a Hungarian who was romantic-looking,



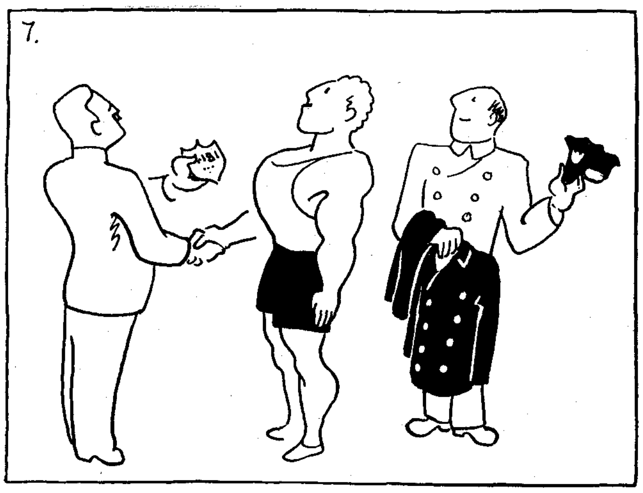


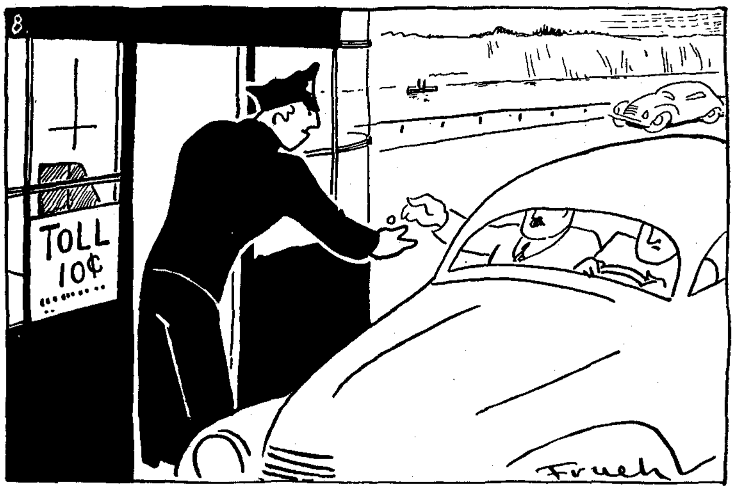


popular with women, brilliant in conversation, and—as a husband—elusive. He had written several books about philosophy and one novel which was translated into English, but he talked better than he wrote, and his professional reputation was rapidly eclipsed by that of his wife. The Bards' domestic crises soon echoed as far as the first World Economic Conference of the League of Nations, at Geneva. American correspondents who had assembled there to cover the Conference remember how Miss Thompson turned up alone one day, although she had no assignment, and spent most of a week sitting darkly in the International Bar while old friends, in shifts, sought to comfort and advise her. Her marriage ended in divorce in 1927. Bard went to live in London, where he subsequently married a well-to-do Englishwoman. In 1928, Miss Thompson married Sinclair Lewis, and when the couple visited London on their honeymoon, Lewis cordially invited Bard to breakfast with them at their hotel. Bard accepted and the meal went off graciously.

DURING the middle twenties, Dorothy Thompson breezed through Central Europe in a blaze of newspaper reporting that moved John Gunther later to describe her in print as "a blue-eyed tornado." Even her most masculine exploits were colored by a pure, unconquerable femininity. Once, when she had flown to Czecho-Slovakia to interview Eduard Beneš, then Foreign Minister, the plane in which she was returning to Vienna was grounded by a storm near a small Czech town. She hurried to the post office to wire her story and, finding that she had not enough cash to pay for it, told the clerk to send it collect. He refused, unless she could show him a Czech press card. Miss Thompson had no Czech press card, but she instantly wrote out a message in German and shoved it under the grille. It was addressed to Beneš, and it read, "Beloved. Will you bring pressure to bear to have all the officials working in this post office fired? Sweetie." After Miss Thompson had agreed to withdraw the message to Beneš, the startled clerk sent the interview collect. Another time, on her way home from the opera in Vienna one night, she stopped at the Central Telegraph Bureau to get the late news, and learned that Marshal Josef Pilsudski and his army had begun their march on Warsaw to take over the Polish government. Other correspondents were running for the railroad station where the Warsaw train stood puffing on the tracks, and Miss Thompson, wearing a gleaming evening gown and satin slippers, scurried along after them, stopping only to make two telephone calls. One was a message to her hotel to send her typewriter and some daytime clothes to the station; the other was an appeal to Sigmund Freud, her most prosperous Viennese acquaintance, to lend her some money. Freud sent a messenger racing to her with the equivalent of three hundred dollars. The messenger arrived in time, and so did the typewriter and suitcase, but before Miss Thompson could change her clothes on the train, the tracks ahead were blown up by mines and the train stopped ninety kilometres from Warsaw. The reporters spilled out into a cold, wet darkness to look for other transportation, and gallantly handed Miss Thompson into the first car they found—a Daimler, which instantly, at her command to the chauffeur, shot ahead and left them. When the driver of the Daimler demanded sixty dollars to drive to Warsaw, however, she changed to a Ford which she picked up at the next town. Five kilometres outside of Warsaw, the driver of the Ford, frightened by the sound of guns, refused to go any farther. Meanwhile, the empty Daimler, on its return trip, was fired on by the revolutionists, and Floyd Gibbons, somewhere on the road in his own hired car, saw it whiz past him, spattered with bullet holes. He recognized the car and when he met the other correspondents at the Hotel Europa in Warsaw, broke the news to them that Dorothy Thompson was undoubtedly dead. Miss Thompson at about that moment was plodding into Warsaw in her satin slippers, lugging her bag and her typewriter, and swearing monotonously.

IN her flat in Vienna, Dorothy Thompson gave parties at which the food and wine were superb and the guests, according to John Gunther's published memoir about Miss Thompson, "A Blue-Eyed Tornado," included "prime ministers, psychoanalysts, *agents provocateurs*, Balkan refugees, proletarian novelists, withered aristocrats, spies, and musicians." Women who went to the parties are inclined to remember them as uncomfortable and Miss Thompson as a detached hostess with little interest in anyone who had no unusual information to give her. "The parties had no *fragrance*," one sensitive feminine guest has since observed. Miss Bottome, the student of Adler, describes Miss Thompson's remoteness more thoughtfully. "Dorothy had no *foliage*," she says. "She was like a tree rooted in the earth and reaching in a straight line to the sky." Men had a good time at Miss Thompson's soirées, however; newspapermen in particular admired her single-mindedness, even when it kept them feeling rather tense, and they speak respectfully of her now. Raymond Gram Swing will tell you that she is one of the





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"Take a telegram to the Museum of Natural History."

• •

few newspaperwomen he has known who were not a hellish nuisance to work with. "Dorothy never asked favors of the boys because she was a woman," Mr. Swing says staunchly. He adds that she nearly always had a bigger expense account than any other foreign correspondent, and that raised her standing in two ways. A reporter with a big expense account is generally a reporter with initiative, loved and trusted by the home office; in Miss Thompson's case it also meant that she could buy her own railway tickets, hire cars, and charter planes. Not only was she no trouble to newspapermen but she could even give the boys a lift occasionally.

IN 1923, Curtis bought the New York *Evening Post*, and in 1925, Miss Thompson was appointed head of the Berlin office, which was the headquarters of the European news service of the *Ledger* and the *Post*. Two years later, at a tea given for the press by Gustav Stresemann, she met Sinclair Lewis. A few days after the tea, H. R. Knickerbocker, who was then assistant Berlin correspondent for the Curtis papers, took Lewis to a party at Miss Thompson's flat off the Tiergarten. The party, marking her thirty-third birthday, happened to fall on the day she received her final decree of divorce from Josef Bard, and when Lewis heard that, he asked her at once to marry him. She turned him down lightly, and the next night Lewis traced her to a banquet and repeated his proposal formally before a dozen people at the speakers' table. Two days later, when Miss Thompson flew to Vienna to cover a Red riot, Lewis was still proposing, and she took him along with her, with Mrs. John Gunther as chaperon. In the plane, Lewis sat and looked worshipfully at Miss Thompson, with now and then a nervous glance at the rocking earth beneath them; although his published works included a story about aviators called "The Trail of the Hawk," he had never been in an airplane before. When they got to Vienna, his romantic daze had attained such epic proportions that he agreed happily to Miss Thompson's suggestion that he while away the time by writing a few signed stories about the riots for the *Ledger* at space rates. She was not always, however, so practical an opportunist with Lewis; when he took to following her everywhere she was amused and flattered by his devotion, and presently began to display a certain coquetry. Once, taking off from Berlin for Russia, she beat him to the airport by five minutes, and Lewis arrived in time to see only the white hand of his love waving from the plane in a mocking farewell. He followed her again doggedly and was met in Moscow by reporters eager to interview him as the distinguished author of "Main Street." What, they asked him, did he find most interesting in the European situation? "Dorothy," replied Lewis. The reporters tried again and asked him what had brought him to Russia. "Dorothy," Lewis said patiently. "What will be your business in Moscow?" one man inquired. Lewis looked at him thoughtfully. "Dorothy," he said.

Lewis and Miss Thompson were married in London in May, 1928, a month after Lewis's divorce from his first wife, Grace Hegger Lewis. They returned to America in the same year, and in 1930 their son, Michael, was born. Michael is in school in Arizona now, and his mother travels out there by plane to spend a weekend with him whenever she can. Her ideal of motherhood is intact and glowing, although, like her other ideals, it is not always easily realized. As a mother, Miss Thompson combines, perhaps more than most women, the qualities of tenderness and fierceness. Recently she remarked that she had enjoyed the act of childbirth. "I felt it was something I could grit my teeth and go into battle about," she said.

—MARGARET CASE HARRIMAN

(This is the first of two articles on Miss Thompson. The second will appear next week.)

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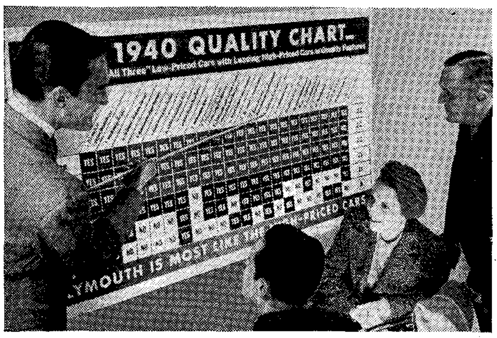
NON SEQUITUR DEPARTMENT

[*From the World-Telegram*]

Magistrate Rothenberg decided that maybe the prisoner would feel better if he had a little sheep, so he held him in $10 bail.

SEE HOW MUCH MORE CAR LOW PRICE NOW BUYS!

MAKE THIS REVEALING "TWO-WAY" COMPARISON OF THE LUXURY AND QUALITY YOU GET IN "ALL THREE" LOW-PRICED CARS!


1940 QUALITY CHART
PLYMOUTH IS MOST LIKE THE … PRICED CARS

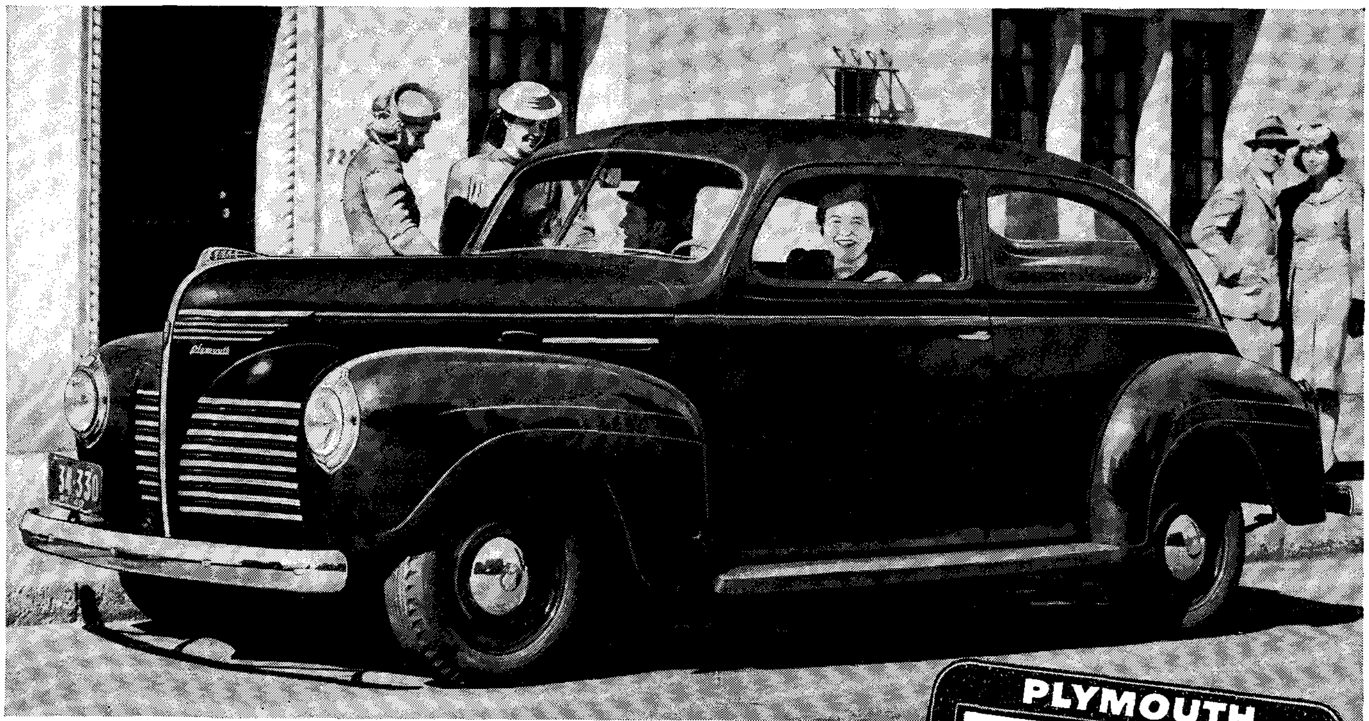
1. SEE THE QUALITY CHART FOR FACTS

2. TAKE THE LUXURY RIDE FOR PROOF

1 See the 1940 Quality Chart...you get a clear picture of the size, comfort, and all-around value in "All 3." Of 22 big features found in high-priced cars:

Plymouth has 21... Car "2" has 11... Car "3" has 8

2 To satisfy yourself still further—take the 1940 Plymouth out on the road and discover the sheer enjoyment of its great Luxury Ride.



LOOK beyond Plymouth's brilliant styling—realize its size, comfort, and engineering. You'll find it's the only one of "All Three" *low-priced* cars that gives you a majority of the 22 important features found in *high-priced* cars!

See the 1940 Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's. And for further confirmation of Plymouth's finer quality, take the delightful Luxury Ride. Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

Major Bowes, C.B.S., Thurs., 9-10 p.m., E.S.T.
SEE THE NEW LOW-PRICED
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COUPES START AT **$645** | SEDANS START AT **$699**

DELIVERED IN DETROIT, MICHIGAN, including all standard equipment. Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included.

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THE THEATRE

NIGHTMARE WITH FIGURES

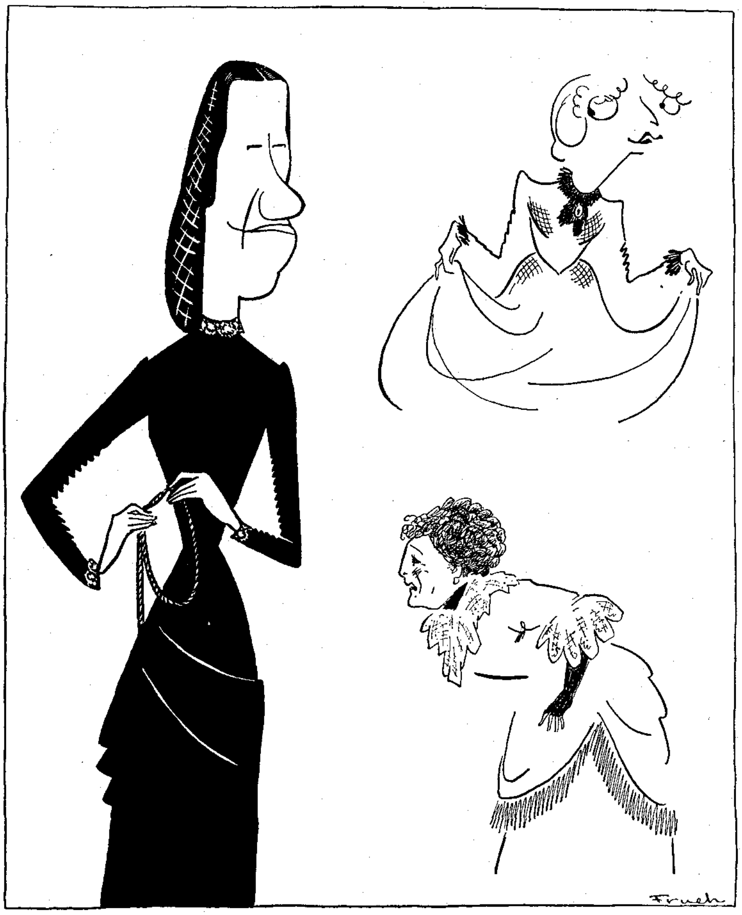
THE message you will get from "Medicine Show," at the New Yorker Theatre, is not especially cheerful. A quarter of a million people, most of them poor, die from preventable diseases every year in the United States; the prevalence of untreated pellagra, tuberculosis, and syphilis is a national disgrace; and the status of free medicine in the richest country in the world is something that drives the authors, Oscar Saul and H. R. Hays, crazy with indignation, though by no means rendering them speechless. For only eight hundred and fifty million dollars, they say, enough clinics and other services could be established to save a majority of the lives now lost for lack of treatment. The villain responsible for all this is the American Medical Association, which, if you can believe Mr. Saul and Mr. Hays, is composed entirely of mercenary sawbones who would rather see half the population flat on its back than allow the government to get its hands on a scalpel.

It is hard for the layman to make a very accurate judgment in a controversy of this sort, especially when the case for the defence is presented about as enthusiastically as the case for the water moccasin. I suspect that some of the statistics produced by Martin Gabel, who has probably memorized more figures for this occasion than any other actor in the history of the theatre, may be weighted down a little in the interests of propaganda (if I'm not mistaken, the incidence of syphilis which he gives is at least three times greater than that actually revealed by surveys), and I can't believe that the American Medical Association is really *quite* as vicious as the Ku Klux Klan. However, even allowing for a certain amount of overstatement, it is an impressive indictment, and one that seems to call for an authoritative answer from somebody.

The production, using the Living Newspaper technique, has, of course, the advantage of being able to crowd an almost unlimited number of episodes onto the stage in a very brief time, which is a great help when you are trying to present all the aspects of a large and intricate problem; it has the disadvantages of jumping around almost too rapidly for mortal eyes and even of having an occasional air of absurdity. Greenish faces materialize high on the walls, rapidly delivering the Hippocratic oath; actors appear and disappear through enormous gates of doubtful symbolism; Mr. Gabel's factual comments on the situation are delivered in somewhat the manner of a train announcer; and there is an "Alice in Wonderland" fantasy, complete with Rabbit and Mad Hatter, that is merely infantile. Altogether, I should say that "Medicine Show" should be approached with the understanding that it is more of an illustrated lecture than a play. Granting that, you ought to have a valuable and instructive evening, if not a gay one.

THE producers of "Suspect," at the Playhouse, have announced that its heroine contains traces of two ladies well known to the police—Lizzie Borden and Madeline Smith. They are faint. The resemblance to Miss Smith (aside from the name) is almost entirely geographical: *Mrs.* Smith also comes from Scotland, where she, too, received that verdict of "not proven" which offers jurors such a convenient way of expressing their opinion of a lady's behavior without putting them to the embarrassment of hanging her up by her pretty neck. The resemblance to the energetic Miss Borden is only a matter of technique; like the girl from Fall River, Mrs. Smith is most effective with an axe.

Although Mr. Edward Percy and Mr. Reginald Denham, who also wrote that really superlative melodrama called "Ladies in Retirement," obviously thought they were again turning out something pretty sinister, I'm afraid it cannot be said that they've been successful. They haven't got much of a murderess, and they haven't got any murder at all, only the memory of one that happened many years before the opening of the play. This is discussed at great length by everybody for the best part of three acts, but nothing in particular comes of it, either as a study in morbid psychology or as a play. The end finds Pauline Lord briskly and reminiscently chopping away with her little axe, a climax that many seemed to find bloodcurdling and others only rather comic. Mary Servoss, Frederic Worlock, and Grayce Hampton are among those who do their clever best to disguise the fact that very little is happening or ever seems likely to. —WOLCOTT GIBBS



"LADIES IN RETIREMENT"

Flora Robson is going to use that rope on Isobel Elsom, retiring her permanently. Estelle Winwood, with the big eyes, knows that something is up, but she isn't sure what. The Percy-Denham melodrama is at the Henry Miller.

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Adapted by Benjamin Glazer from the play by ERNEST HEMINGWAY with
FRANCHOT TONE
KATHERINE LOCKE · LENORE ULRIC · LEE J. COBB
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Our Greatest International Actress
Gertrude LAWRENCE
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with DONALD COOK—GLENN ANDERS
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs. & Sat.
MOROSCO THEATRE W. 45TH ST.

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FLORA ROBSON
in
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by Edward PERCY & Reginald DENHAM
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JOHN BARRYMORE
in
"MY DEAR CHILDREN"
by Catherine Turney & Jerry Horwin
BELASCO THEATRE—44th St. E. of B'way
Evenings at 8:30
Matinees WED. and SAT., at 2:30

OF ALL THINGS

THERE seems to be good reason for believing that Hitler's venture in Norway will finally fail. Meanwhile we can only admire the speed and efficiency with which he got himself out on a limb.

•

The conquest of Denmark may look like moral turpitude, but it must be admitted that the Reich never violates a non-aggression pact until the ink is practically dry.

•

We are earnestly requested to start worrying about Greenland. Who knows when Germany may decide that it needs an icebox?

•

It is said that the British are planning to flood the United States with whiskey to obtain credits for the purchase of airplanes. That would provide Americans with still another way to help the Allies by methods short of war.

•

Tom Dewey is doing all right, but of course he has not met a candidate's supreme test. We do not know how he will look in Indian garb.

•

Edward R. Stettinius declares that the owners of our steel mills are trying to eke out a miserable existence on a wage of three per cent. Nobody gives a thought to these ill-fed, ill-clad, ill-housed stockholders.

•

Iowa Republican delegates will support Hanford MacNider for the Presidential nomination. Nevertheless, we still vote for New York's Frank Gannett as the least likely to succeed.

•

For the first time, local horse-race bettors can have their money removed by machinery instead of by hand. The pari-mutuel is possibly the greatest invention since the vacuum cleaner.

•

The World's Fair is having a lot of labor trouble. At last we have conclusive evidence that the backbone of the winter is broken.

•

Before the summer is over, all New York subways will be under municipal operation. As if by magic, the surly guards will become civil servants.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

KERMIT BLOOMGARDEN presents
HEAVENLY EXPRESS
A New Play by Albert Bein
with JOHN GARFIELD · ALINE MacMAHON · HARRY CAREY
Russel COLLINS—Philip LOEB—Art SMITH
NATIONAL Thea., W. 41. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

GEORGE KONDOLF presents
MORNING STAR
A New Play by SYLVIA REGAN
with MOLLY PICON
JOSEPH BULOFF
LONGACRE THEATRE
48th St. W. of B'way
Mats. Wed. & Sat.

GERTRUDE MACY AND STANLEY GILKEY
present The New Hit Musical Revue
TWO FOR THE SHOW
by NANCY HAMILTON and MORGAN LEWIS
with EVE ARDEN · RICHARD HAYDN
BETTY HUTTON · BRENDA FORBES
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
BOOTH TH., 45th St. West of B'way. Cl. 6-5969
EVENINGS. 8:40 P. M. MATS. WED. & SAT. at 2:40 P. M.

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Gladys George
IN
LADY IN WAITING
with ALAN NAPIER
MARTIN BECK Theatre, 45th St., W. of 8th Ave.
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COLE PORTER SONGS
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Additional Theatre Advertising on page 58

The Drake

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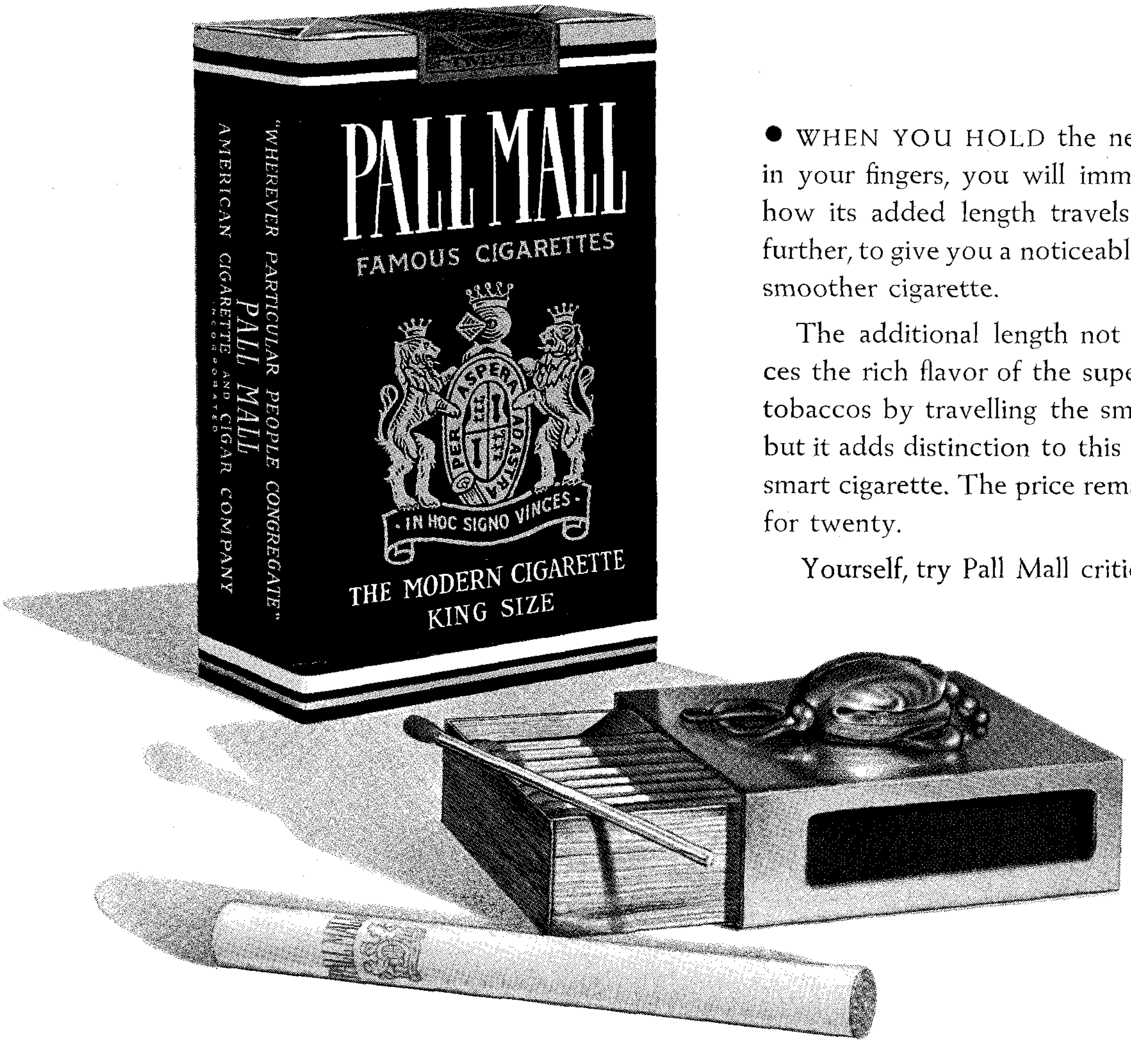
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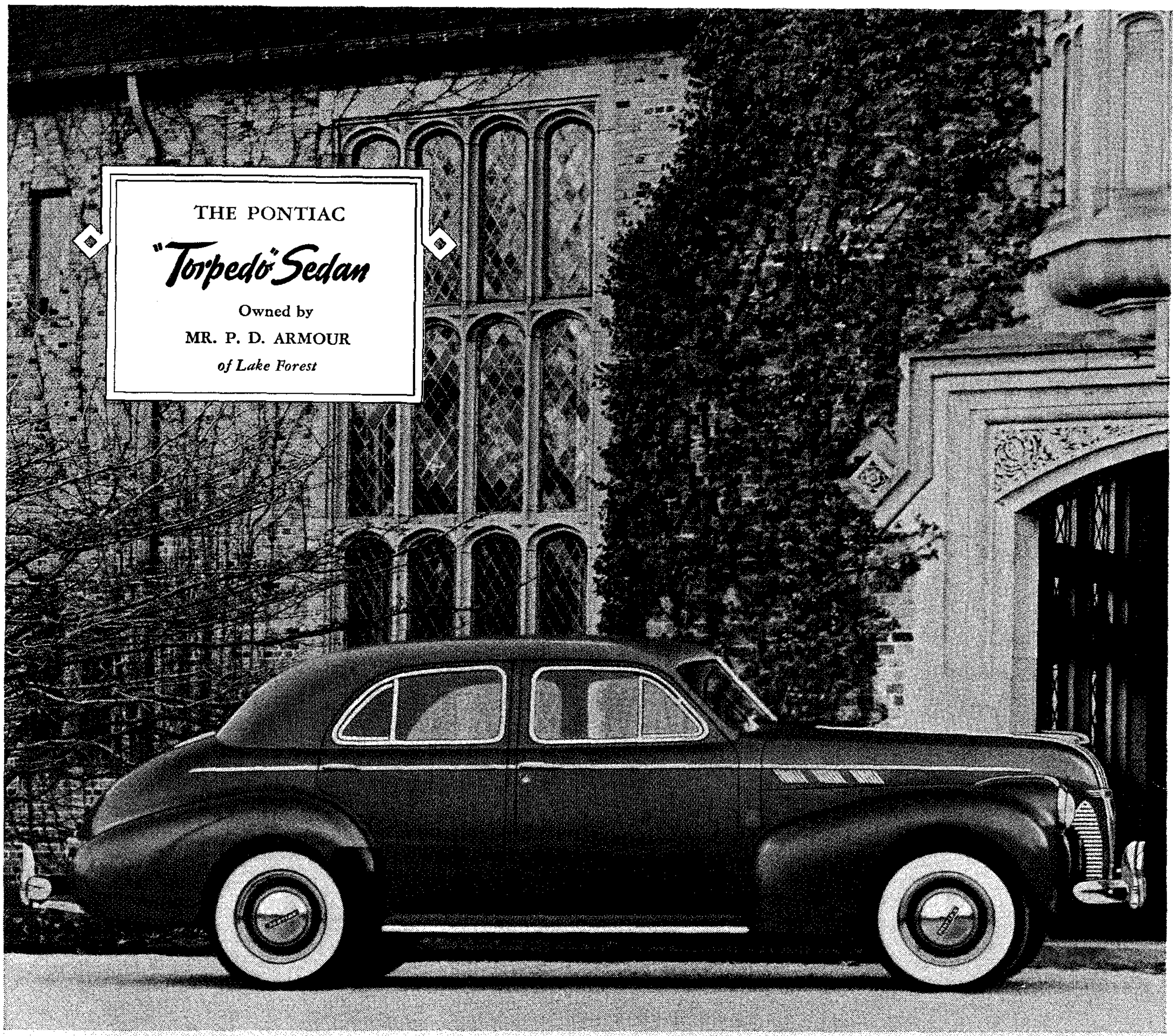

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

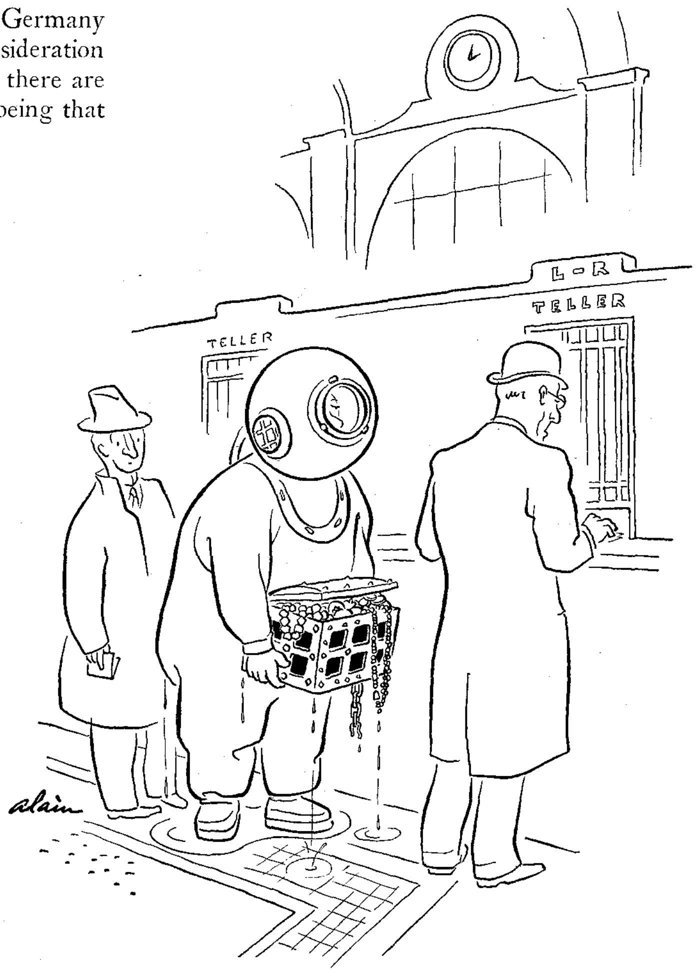
PRISONERS OF WAR

THE Staff Officer, who was to show me through a French prison camp a couple of weeks ago, seemed embarrassed because there were no large groups of prisoners to see, as there would have been in the last war. "Unfortunately," he said as we set out from Paris, "we have taken few prisoners—perhaps a couple of hundred, since the beginning of the war. It's the same with the Germans, of course. We have only the fellows that we bag on patrols between the lines and the aviators who are shot down in our territory. You can't get many aviators at a time, though—alive."

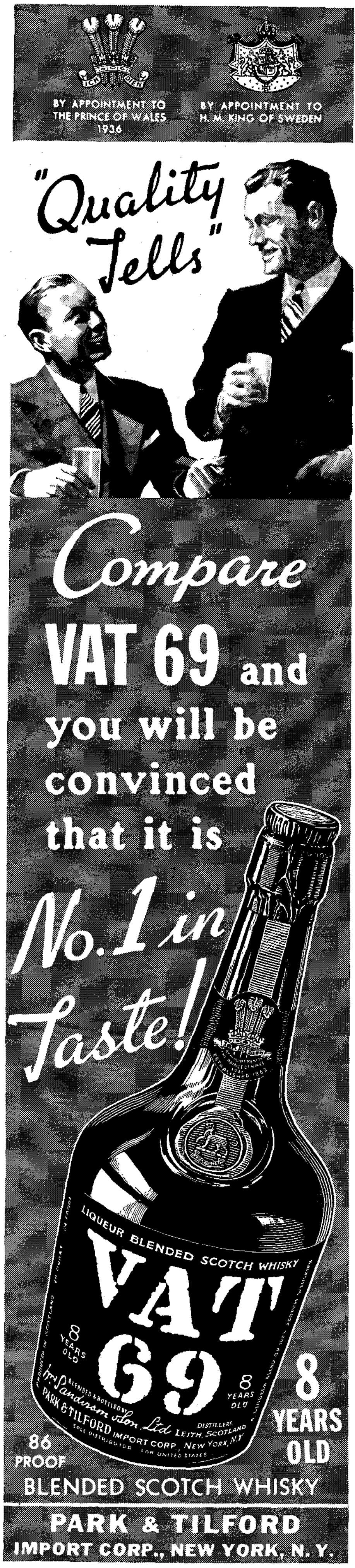
My guide had served as an artilleryman at the front from 1914 to 1918; now he has an office in the Ministry of War and spends much of his time journeying about to inspect his customers, as he calls the prisoners, and to prepare for the reception of more. The camp we were going to is in a small city some fifty miles on the French side of the Maginot Line. In our railroad compartment, as we journeyed, the Staff Officer told me a good deal about prisoners of war. They are supposed to be treated, he said, in accordance with an international agreement signed at Geneva ten years ago, and since prisoners are, in a way, hostages, the three belligerents on the Western Front respect its terms. Germany does not show the same consideration for Polish prisoners, of whom there are thousands, her official reason being that she does not recognize the Polish government in exile. The real reason, naturally, is that no Germans are being held prisoner by the Poles. German prisoners who feel they are being abused may appeal to the Reich's "protecting power," which, in the case of France, is the United States. France's protecting power in Germany is—or was at the time of my trip, at any rate—Sweden. Moreover, the International Red Cross inspects the camps of both sides, so all in all a reasonably close check is kept on the prison officials of the belligerents.

According to the Geneva agreement, prisoners of war are entitled to living conditions as good as those enjoyed by the garrison troops of the army that has captured them. The troops guarding the prison camps provide a practical measuring stick in this matter: prisoners have a right to the same rations and the same amount of space per man in their dormitories as their guards, and their beds must be as comfortable. They even receive from their captors the same pay as soldiers of equivalent rank in the army that has made prisoners of them. At the end of the war each side will be expected to reimburse the other for this pay. The scheme has worked out well enough so far between France and Germany, although there has been occasional grumbling among the prisoners themselves. The French at home are normally better fed than the Germans and the Germans are better housed than the French. The men are sensitive to these differences, and to others which similarly upset their habits. The German prisoners, for example, get a ration of wine they can't appreciate, French prisoners get beer they don't like, and neither French nor German can tolerate the other's smoking tobacco.

WHAT I thought of most going up on the train was that I was at last to see some Nazis. I have not been in Germany since 1927, and it had been hard for me to understand how the uncertain-looking people I remembered from that trip had become so formidable. I wondered if I would see anybody resembling the thick-legged, bull-necked Storm Troopers in the cartoons Left Wing magazines used to publish before last August 24th, or if there would be any of those German idealists you hear about who would say that Nazism is hollow and false. I asked the Staff Officer if he had heard of such a case of regeneration in any of the camps, and he looked at me as if he thought me remarkably silly. "No," he said. "Even if a prisoner were against Hitler, he wouldn't say so, because he is still under the orders of whatever German non-commissioned officers are also at the camp." Commissioned officers, I later discovered, are not quartered with the noncommissioned officers and the rank-and-file prisoners. "Anyway," my guide went on, "most prisoners have families in Germany. None of them argue about politics among themselves, except for some Austrians we have in another camp. They seem to think they would not be in this trouble if it were not for the other Germans, and a while back there was a bit of a row about that. Those Austrians are quite a problem. On the other hand, you will find this lot of prisoners we are going to see a very well-disciplined troop. There is an unusually high ratio of noncommissioned officers to men in this camp—about two to five. That is because many of them are aviation prisoners, and only officers and noncommissioned officers fly." I asked what would happen to a German soldier if, regarding the war as over so far as he was concerned, he told one of his German superiors in prison where to get off. The Staff Officer looked shocked. "We'd put the soldier in the guardhouse," he said. "It would be insubordination."



AN army automobile was waiting when we arrived. It was only a five-minute drive out to the prison, a group of buildings which, I was told, had once been a factory. They were arranged in a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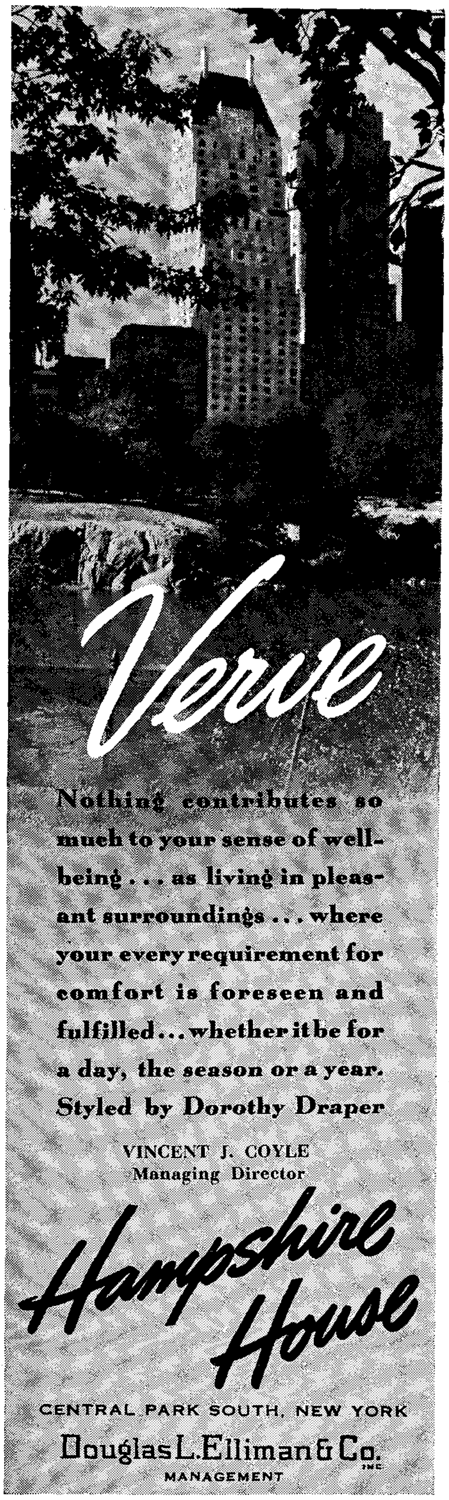
rectangle, with a yard in the centre and a gate at one end. Most of them had slanting glass roofs and were at least thirty feet high, with concrete floors and no upper stories. Halfway up on their walls were rows of enormous windows. The administration offices were near the gate, in what used to be the offices of the firm which occupied the factory. We found the Commanding Officer waiting for us; he had not yet had enough visitors to be bored by them, and he seemed glad of a break in routine. He was a paternal, red-faced captain who appeared capable of taking a sympathetic view of the plight of a prisoner. Beside him was a tall, kind-looking old major, with a pink, bald head and gold-rimmed spectacles, who was introduced to me as an interpreter. The Major said he had lived in Germany a long time and thought he understood the German mentality, although he did not approve of it.

The prisoners, it turned out, were in the section of the factory farthest from the gate, and on our way to see them, we—the Captain, the Staff Officer, the Major, and I—had a chance to look over much of the plant. As we went from one unit to another, we passed guards—men of forty or older, selected from a regiment of reserves. The Quartermaster Corps had fitted them out with antique uniforms of horizon blue, and for hats they had old Tank Corps helmets. Almost all looked like peasants, with long arms and hard muscles, and since all had fought in the last war, they handled their rifles with assurance. The guards saluted dutifully as we passed, and that reminded the Captain of something. "Wait till you see the Germans," he said, a trifle apologetically. "They *like* to salute." He showed me the guards' bunkhouse so that I could compare their quarters with those of the prisoners later on. The guards had two tiers of fairly wide bunks with metal frames and straw-filled mattresses; the only other furniture was a row of lockers. We walked on through a series of rooms which had been prepared for the reception of prisoners not yet captured. Barbed-wire fences had been rigged up inside all along the walls to keep prisoners away from the windows.

As we approached the occupied unit, I heard a man shouting, and by the time we got inside, the prisoners there had quickly formed a double rank in the centre of the room. A young German at the head of the platoon was bawling happily the Teutonic equivalents of "Eyes left! Eyes right! Right dress! Attention!" Spines snapped back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convulsively, chins jerked up as if each of the Germans in line had received an invisible uppercut. They seemed to enjoy this rigmarole. Their leader turned to the Captain with a magnificent salute, as if he had just performed a difficult trick and expected the Captain to throw him a bouquet. The Captain said hurriedly, "At ease," and looked flustered by so much attention. The German noncom turned on his men. "At ease," he said in a disappointed voice. The men relaxed, appearing depressed at not being asked to do more tricks. The Captain said to me, in the tone of a curator explaining an unusual exhibit, "You see? It is their particular mentality."

I walked around the room, an immense one with a concrete floor and brick walls. There was no barbed wire in this unit; the windows were smaller and placed higher than in most parts of the plant. The Germans evidently spent most of their time in the part of the room nearest the door, to be close to the coal stoves which heated the place. The men's cots were arranged head to head in two long rows; they were not double-deckers, like the bunks of the guards, but had the same sort of frames and mattresses. Beyond the cots were a row of rough tables and several long benches. There were books on some of the beds, on which the Germans had evidently been reclining, or reading, before we came in, and there were chess sets and playing cards on the tables. These little luxuries, I was told, had been sent to the men by their families, who are allowed to send letters and packages, but not newspapers, to the prison. A narrow shelf, with things on it like tooth powder and combs, ran along part of one wall. Each prisoner had a section of the shelf for his possessions and had written his name under it—Hoffmann, Betz, Keil, Müller E., Müller J. were some I noticed. I also noticed a portrait of Göring, torn out of a German magazine; above the portrait was a chunk of wood with a swastika burned into it. There was another picture, also from a magazine, showing tugboats and ice floes in the harbor of Bremen. Near it was a pencil drawing labelled "*Morgenstund*," which showed a snub-nosed prisoner, stripped to the waist, brushing his teeth in front of a troughlike sink, with a mustachioed sentry, helmeted and carrying a rifle with fixed bayonet, standing vigilantly in the background.

THE Germans, eighty or ninety of them, remained standing at ease. With few exceptions, they appeared to be between twenty and thirty years

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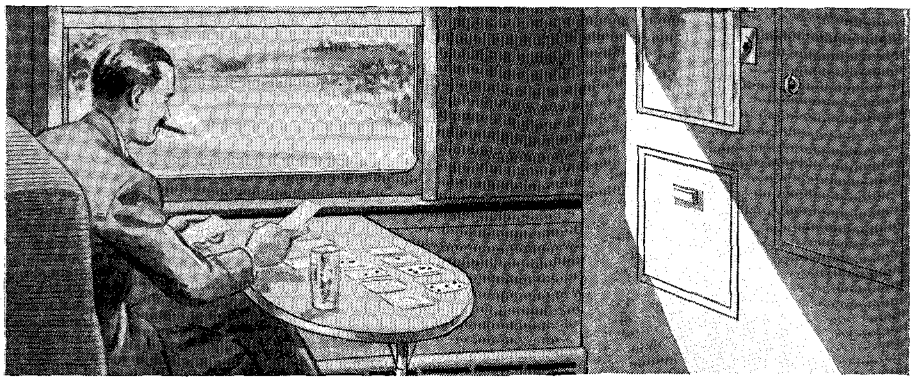
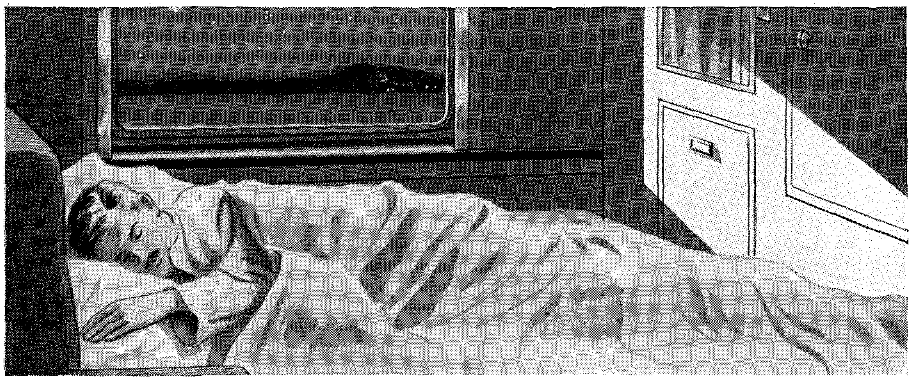


AN OVERNIGHT TRIP ahead? Here's a suggestion: reserve a "Roomette" on Pennsylvania Railroad's *Luxury Fleet*,* daily between East and West. Something new? Yes. But *so much* is new on these great trains! The lounges, designed for ease and elegance . . . the diners, so smart in modern styling . . . the Pullman accommodations, strikingly new, different—even a new riding comfort!



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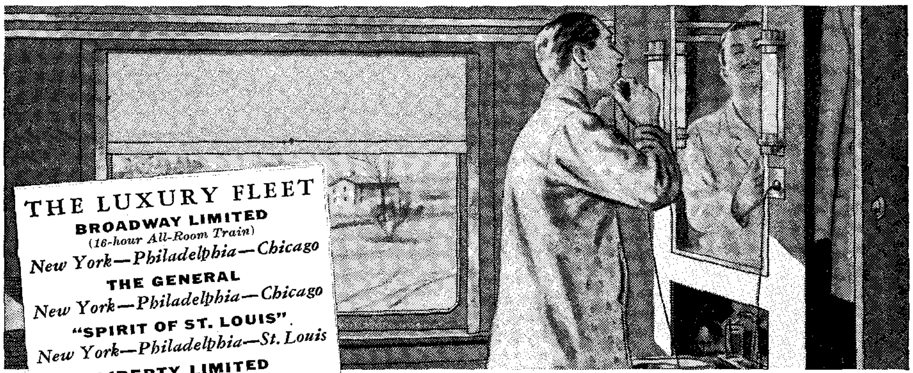

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INTERNATIONAL $12
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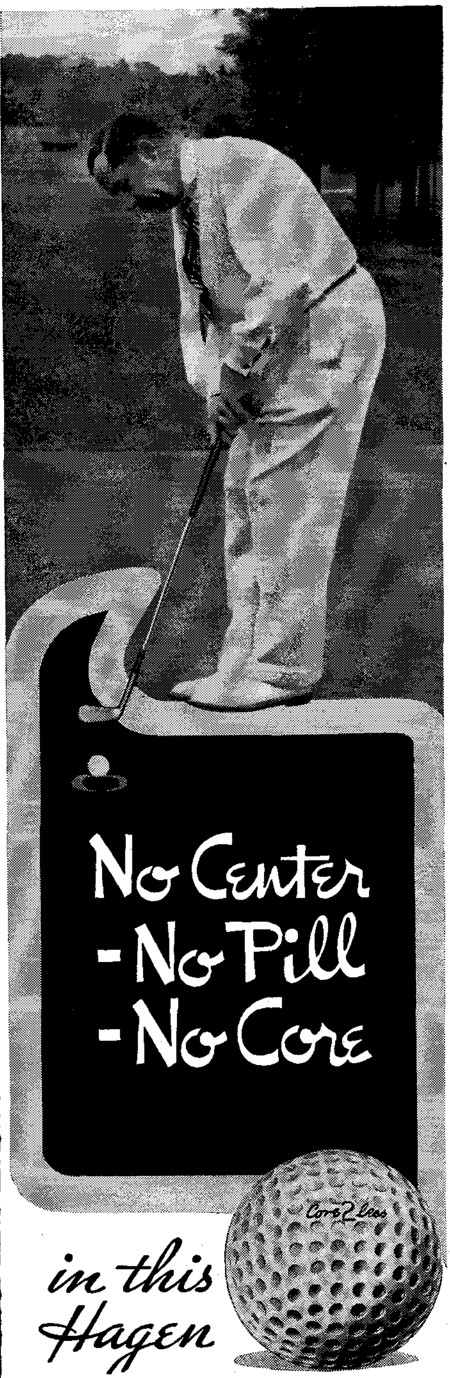
Another HAGEN YEAR

old. Most of them still wore the uniforms in which they had been captured, with the addition, in some cases, of a sweater. A couple of men whose clothes, I suppose, had been in particularly bad condition when they arrived were togged out in French tunics and trousers formerly of horizon blue and now dyed a sickly green. Many of the Germans wore smart-looking knee boots and their forage caps resembled those of the British Royal Air Force. Their uniforms, those that had survived, were decently tailored and made of good cloth; apparently the *ersatz* fabrics of which one hears so much in France are reserved for civilians.

I noted a variety of coloration and facial types among the men—more dark hair than blond, about as many round heads as long ones, sometimes slant Mongoloid eyes above a red Celtic beard. Regarded as crusaders for race purity, they seemed a mongrel lot. They were not big. There were a few tall ones, as you would expect in almost any group that size, but the average height of this band was not impressive and even the tall fellows were decidedly small-boned. The Staff Officer noticed this, too. "It's a curious thing," he said. "In the last war the prisoners we took at the beginning were almost all huskies. Perhaps Hitler's young, vigorous race is already running thin." I suspected that the underfeeding of German children during the last war and in the postwar years might have something to do with it, too.

The Major was chatting with the noncommissioned officer who had been giving orders, and I joined them. This German, a sergeant pilot, was of medium size but athletic-looking and well fed. He was a classic Saxon type—wavy, blond hair, blue eyes, and a complexion like boiled ham. He had been piloting a single-seater Messerschmitt pursuit plane when it was shot down with eight other machines in a big air battle last November, and upon arriving at the camp he had taken command because he was the senior noncommissioned officer. The pilot said he was twenty-eight years old, came from Leipzig, where he had been graduated from the Gymnasium, and had served in Spain and Poland. The Air Force obviously was his career, so there was no reason to ask how he felt about Hitler, who created the Air Force. It was a bore being a prisoner, he said; he found the lack of exercise hardest to bear and complained that there was no sports field for the prisoners. Unlike most of his comrades, he enjoyed wine, having acquired a taste for it in Spain;



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Thus in this Hagen Coreless, the causes of virtually all major golf ball troubles are removed.

The entire ball except the cover is formed of Para thread. And if, as you've always been told, it's winding that makes a golf ball, what can be better than a ball of all winding? That's exactly what you get in the Hagen Coreless.

With a cover that's plenty tough—a ball that comes to you round, and stays round, round after round—the Hagen Coreless is the ball to tie into in 1940!

The L.A. Young Golf Co.
GRAND RAPIDS • MICHIGAN

the food, he said, was all right, but there wasn't enough of it. He certainly did not look thin after five months of prison rations. The Major said he thought the pilot only imagined he was hungry because the food was strange; Germans, he explained, are used to dark bread, boiled potatoes, cabbage, and fat, overcooked meats, but in French prisons they get white bread, fried potatoes, leeks, and lean red beef. The pilot did not seem convinced by the explanation.

We started back to the office, where, the Captain said, I would find it easier to talk at some length to a couple of the prisoners. On the return trip we stopped off at the prison kitchen, where no distinction is made between food for the guards and food for the captives. The head cook, an Alsatian, was preparing lunch, assisted by two prisoners. Beefsteaks and fried potatoes were to be the main course; the steaks, already cut, were considerably larger than those the law permits in Paris restaurants. The cook showed me thirty-six-ounce loaves of bread stacked in bins; each man gets half a loaf a day, he said.

A FEW minutes after we reached the office, the first prisoner chosen for an interview was brought in. "The pilot was a good example of a reliable Nazi," the Major said. "Now take a look at this fellow." The prisoner, who came from Berlin, was one of the bloodless industrial-worker type which the postwar years have produced in Central Europe. He was an ugly man with a rueful, conciliatory grin and he looked middle-aged, although he said he was only thirty. He had worked in a hat factory until he was mobilized on the twenty-eighth of last August. He had previously served eight weeks in the army back in 1935, when compulsory service was revived in Germany, and that was all the military training he had had before the war. He had been undramatically captured in the Saarland early in September, when he and some other soldiers were sent out on bicycles to lay small mines. He had had more to carry than the others and, on the return trip, had fallen behind. Taking a wrong turn, he had run smack into a French patrol. That was all. Looking at him, I felt sure he had had just such luck all his life.

The Major asked the man what he thought the war was about, and he immediately became voluble. As long as there was capitalism, he said, there would be wars. Capitalist states had to make ammunition to cure unemployment and then they had to use the ammunition. It was inevitable. I asked him

FROM THE WELSH

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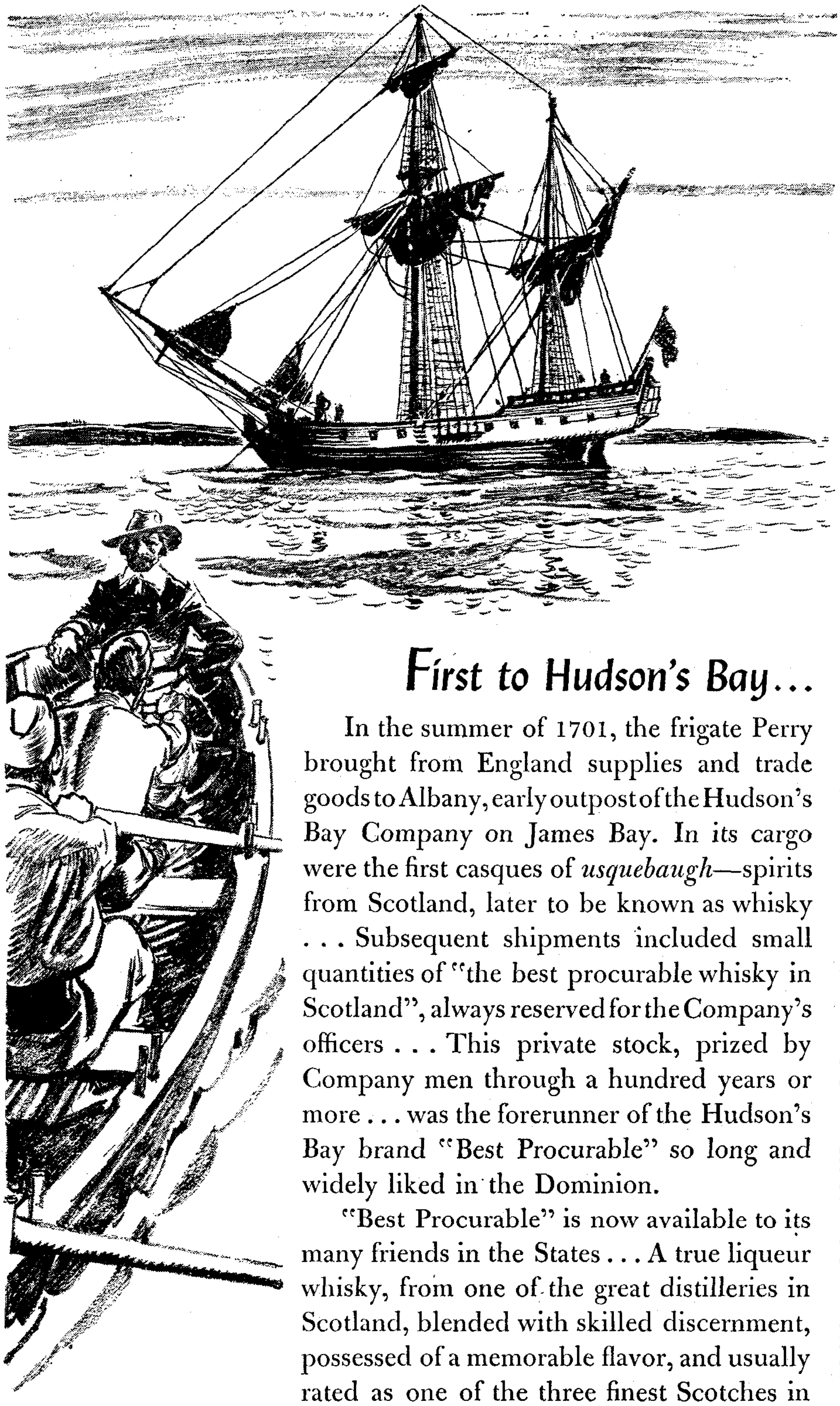

First to Hudson's Bay...

In the summer of 1701, the frigate Perry brought from England supplies and trade goods to Albany, early outpost of the Hudson's Bay Company on James Bay. In its cargo were the first casques of *usquebaugh*—spirits from Scotland, later to be known as whisky . . . Subsequent shipments included small quantities of "the best procurable whisky in Scotland", always reserved for the Company's officers . . . This private stock, prized by Company men through a hundred years or more . . . was the forerunner of the Hudson's Bay brand "Best Procurable" so long and widely liked in the Dominion.

"Best Procurable" is now available to its many friends in the States . . . A true liqueur whisky, from one of the great distilleries in Scotland, blended with skilled discernment, possessed of a memorable flavor, and usually rated as one of the three finest Scotches in the world . . . "Best Procurable" does not belie its name . . . Stock in the United States is the same as that in Canada . . . The better dealers have it . . .

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what he thought of Hitler's Germany, and he said emphatically that he considered it a capitalist state the same as all the others. Russia, he said, was only another dictatorship; she had made the alliance with Germany so that Germany would feel she could safely fight England; Russia hoped that both England and Germany would become exhausted, and then she would rule the world.

The Major asked the prisoner what he thought of the showing the Finnish army had made against the Russian troops. The man said he didn't believe the Finns had won any battles at all. "In Berlin we used to hear also about the big Red victories in Spain," he said, "but it wasn't true. It wasn't true about Finland, either." We asked him whether he knew that British planes had flown over Berlin, and he grinned incredulously, telling us that the German Air Force was the strongest in the world. "One thing I must say," he went on, as if he believed it. "The English have too many colonies. If they would give some to Germany, maybe even with Hitler I could make a living for my family." After he had left, the Major said, "He is a Communist." I wondered what he really was.

The next prisoner to enter was another Berliner, who, like so many of his townsmen, had a Polish name. He was a well-set-up youth, thin but with good shoulders, and he still looked smart in his cap and uniform. He had high cheekbones, an aquiline nose, a thin mouth, which he kept drawn tight in an effort at self-control, and baffled green eyes. He was twenty-seven. Once, he said, he had been a tanner's apprentice, more recently he had become a white-collar worker, and just before the mobilization he had been working as an adding-machine operator. He had been captured while doing patrol duty between the lines. I was astonished to hear that he, too, had had only eight weeks of military training—in 1935. "It's nothing unusual," the Major said. "At the beginning of this war the Germans had four eight-week classes in their army—all the men from twenty-seven and thirty—and they had no trained reserves at all between the ages of thirty and forty. It is apparently a very spotty army, with all its strength concentrated in certain *corps d'élite* like the motorized divisions and the aviation. They have worked hard in the last seven months, of course, but so have we."

While we talked in French, the prisoner, tense and frightened, stood watching. He was not a Nazi Party member, he told us when we asked him;

he had never bothered with politics. He had once belonged to Workman's Sport, an affiliate of the old Socialist Party, but that was just for the swimming and water-polo privileges of the organization; he had never been a Marxist. The pact between Germany and Russia didn't bother him. He said it was just for business and anyway the Russians were all right. He had been in Moscow for four weeks in 1928 with a workmen's swimming team. The Major asked him why Germany had gone to war. "Because of poverty," the former adding-machine operator almost shouted. "Germany has been poor all my life because we lost the last war." The Major looked at him over his gold-rimmed glasses, like a blasé probation officer questioning an incorrigible. "You think war will cure poverty?" he asked. "What else?" said the puzzled soldier. "If we lose this war, it is the end of Germany. We will be Bolsheviks unless the English give us colonies. Colonies we must have or we will be Bolsheviks." The Major interrupted him. "Don't you think," he asked, "that wars always bring poverty, even when you win?" Either this was beyond the prisoner's understanding or he was afraid to consider the question; at any rate, he just shrugged. Perhaps he didn't want to have his last hope destroyed until the slogan-makers had time to offer him another.

I WOULD have liked to listen to more political thought from these men, but the Staff Officer, who had organized our trip as carefully as an offensive, told me that we had forty-two minutes before the next train back to Paris and that consequently we had thirty-seven minutes left in which to visit the German commissioned officers. I wasn't as interested in them, because aviation lieutenants and infantry subalterns at the beginning of a war are almost certain to be overenthusiastic no matter what army they belong to. If the officer comes from a rich family, he considers the war a lark; if from a poor one, he thinks being an officer is a fine job. The German officers I saw lived up to this rule. They were lodged in what, before the war, had been the city jail. The cell doors were solid, not made of bars like those in an American jail, and the cells were about as large as bedrooms in an average modern apartment house. I don't know what kind of prisoners they had been designed for, but they even had wallpaper.

The pleasantest of the officers I met was a Rhinelander, a tall, blond subaltern who reminded me of the young

RAIN WITHOUT TEARS

Author: **DU PONT**

Hero: **"ZELAN"**

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Synopsis: For the first time America can buy raincoats that still give real protection after many dry cleanings. Du Pont chemistry does the trick with "Zelan" finish—the durable repellent that goes into the very fiber of the cloth—is not coated on. The weave is not sealed. Actually, "Zelan" makes the fabric soft and handsome—preserves its natural porosity. The great contingent who like the cheer of light-colored raincoats on drab days are jubilant about "Zelan." It makes blonde fabrics easy to keep clean. Re-processing is not necessary after dry-cleaning.

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Identified by this tag on smart rainwear in the smart shops of the nation.

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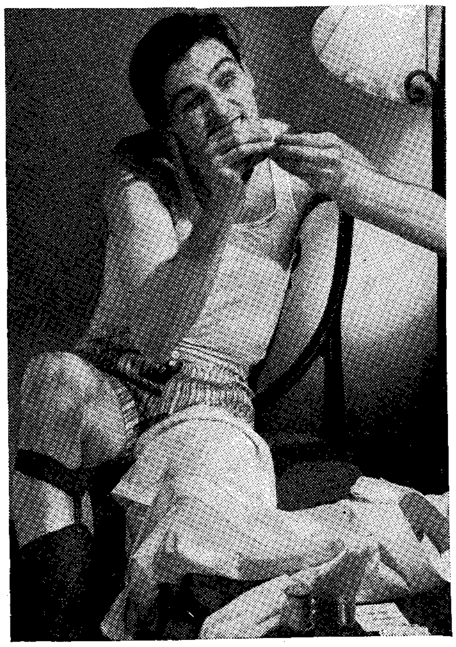

PET JOB #1: Sewing on shirt buttons, complete with needle-threading and finger-piercing . . . What? Arrow Shirts have buttons *anchored* by a patented button-stay? I'll take a dozen!

PET JOB #2: Lashing the laundryman for shirt-shrinking . . . You say it isn't his fault? Arrow Shirts won't shrink even 1%? Well, dish some Sanforized-Shrunk Arrows my way!

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YOU'LL LOOK SO GOOD in Arrows, warding off eligible ladies won't be easy. Arrows have the tops in tailoring, are *Mitoga-cut* for trim body fit. Try Arrow *Trump*, a fine broadcloth with a miracle soft collar. $2.

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

Germans who always used to play deck sports on liners, laughing loudly and trying with a grim will to win. This man was an artillerist who had had the unfortunate inspiration of going on patrol with the infantry. He was reading a book about golf when we came in. He receives a salary of seven hundred francs a month from the French government, which is the pay of a French second lieutenant "absent from duty." This is not as much as the same French officer would get in active service, but the Captain explained that his German wards deserved no more than absent-from-duty pay because "if they were present, they would not be here." The officers are charged three hundred francs a month for their food, so, even if they manage to buy a few incidentals from their guards, they probably save more than half their pay. The notion of getting rich in prison amused the Rhinelander. "I can't get out to spend it, you know," he said in English.

I next met four aviators, who shared a common living room during the day. All had shaved their skulls and grown long brown beards. When I asked one where he came from, he said, "Germany. There are no more Prussians or Bavarians or Saxons. We are all Germans." He said he was a German who happened to live in Berlin, and that was all I could get out of him. Of the others, one had been shot down by six Spitfires, another by seven Hurricanes, and a third by a dozen Curtisses. I had never heard such a concerted if unintended tribute to Allied superiority in the air; listening to them, I marvelled that a Messerschmitt could find its way through the traffic.

It was getting late and we had to hurry for our train. The four Germans stepped forward, one after another, and shook our hands with that effusive Teutonic cordiality which is disconcerting enough at any time and which could not have been more out of place than in this prison setting. I went away feeling sorry for those young aviators, who, probably for months and possibly for years, will live idly together in that jail, comparing the length of their beards and longing without reason to fly and fight and wear medals on their chests.

—A. J. Liebling

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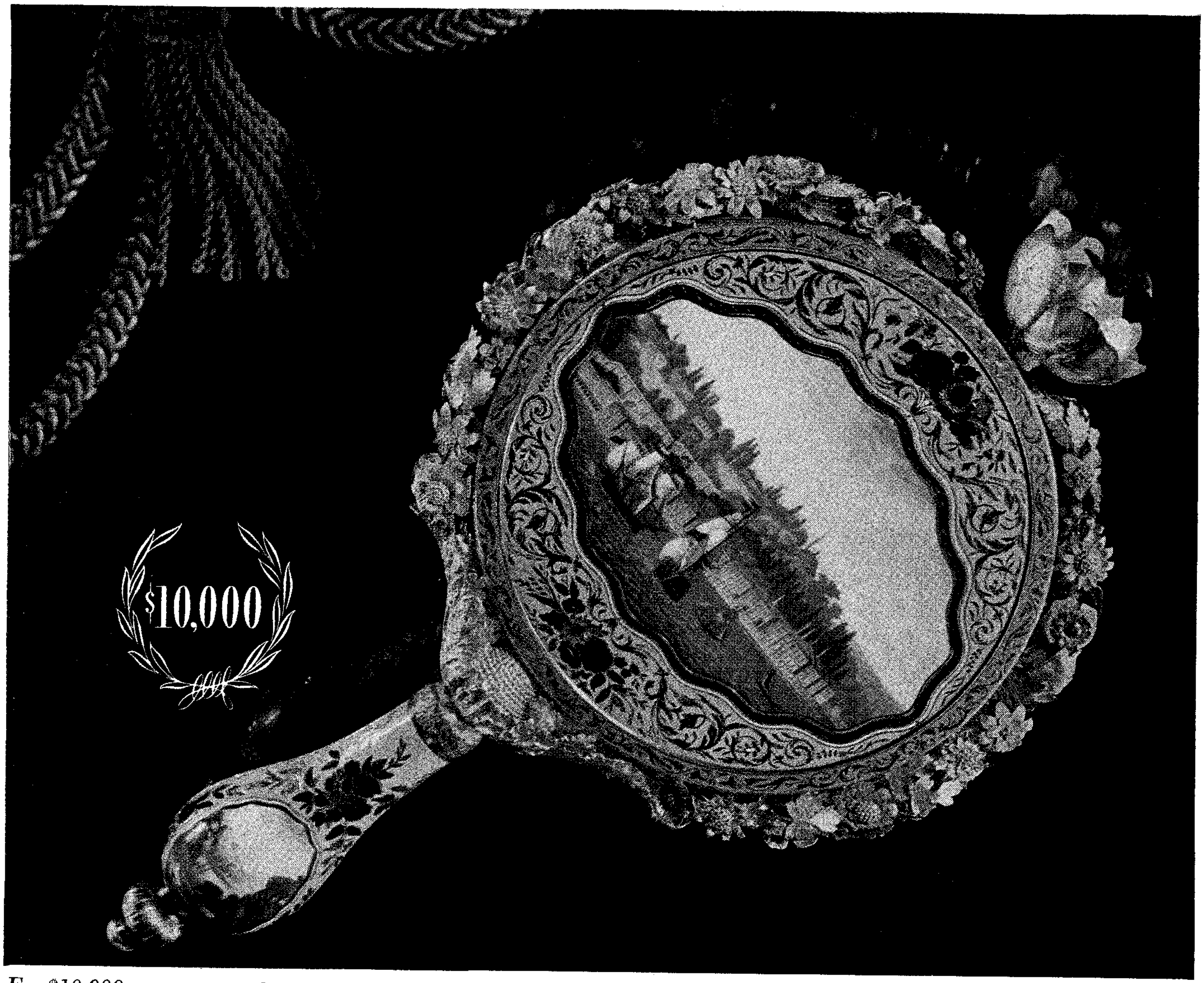
THE HUNGRY CRITICS

[*F. P. A. in the Post*]

It is also possible that Bishop Stires thinks that Representative Barton has a chance of election. But if that, as Bishop Stires hints, happens, we'll eat the House, without benefit of pepper, salt, or mustard.

WHEN MONEY DOESN'T COUNT...



For $10,000 you may own this exquisite "singing bird" mirror which Napoleon once gave the Countess Walewski. When a little hook in the handle is released, a tiny feathered humming bird rises and trills a delightful tune. Wrought by the Swiss masters, Rochat Frères, in 1810, it is now offered for sale by Hammer Galleries, Inc. Here is an example of the great art treasures which may be yours, if money doesn't count.

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WHEN MONEY DOESN'T COUNT

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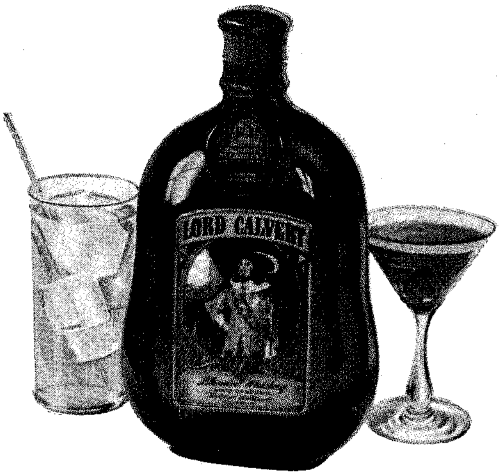

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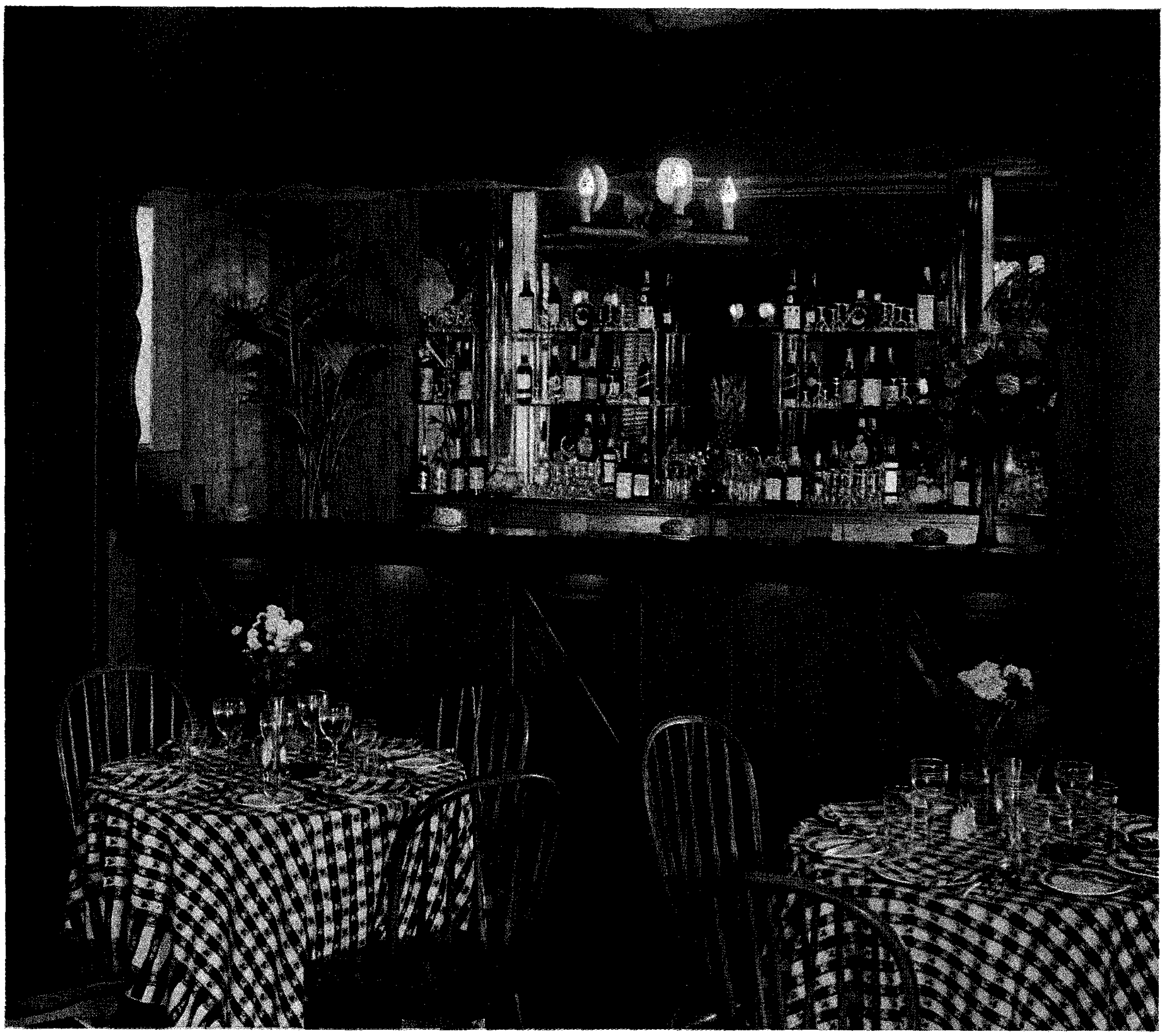

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LETTER FROM PARIS

APRIL 14 (BY CABLE)

THE most astonished persons in Paris right now are the old women who tend the newspaper kiosks. They have long ago calculated with a Gallic sense of probabilities how many *Intransigeants*, *Paris-Midis*, and *Daily Mails* they are likely to sell in a day, and there are seldom any leftovers. Last Tuesday, however, the papers disappeared from the stands as soon as they arrived. Each customer lucky enough to get a copy found himself instantly surrounded by a dozen strangers who helped him read it. "The war is beginning," a great number of people said as they read that Norway had been invaded, and even before they learned that the Nazi coup looked as if it might fail, most of them sounded relieved. The French can wait when necessary, but they don't enjoy it. As it was reported that the Norwegians were resisting, that they had probably sunk in a few hours more German warships than the British destroyed in the battle of Jutland, and that the British of this generation were making a holocaust of German transports and destroyers, Parisians became briskly optimistic. "He fell on his smeller this time," one policeman commented as he read the headlines over a young girl's shoulder. He was speaking, of course, about Hitler.

Nine ordinary Parisians out of ten think that Hitler, having made his first great military *gaffe*, will have to attack in France this spring in order to regain prestige, and that he will then be destroyed. This is not the vicarious bloodthirstiness of civilians in other wars; people here expect to be bombed when the "bad moment" comes, but they are confident that the moment will be a lot worse in Germany and that it will bring about the swift collapse of the Third Reich. "It is like a bullfight," a Basque lieutenant explained to a friend. "France is the matador. The English and Norwegians stick the bull with pikes. He loses blood, he loses strength, he loses his mind. He runs on the sword. *Et voilà!*"

THE morale of France during the past week has been the best since the beginning of the war. Two things happened that people have been wishing for ever since September: the Allied governments took an important initiative, and Hitler made what appears to be a glaring mistake. The Germans certainly had prepared their attack on Norway long before the Allies announced the laying of their mine fields off the Norwegian coast, but the fact that the Allies burst into print first had an excellent effect on civilians. It made it seem that Hitler had at last been caught flat-footed. People now are thinking about Sweden, Italy, and Russia. They believe that the determination of the Swedes to fight and of the Italians to refrain from fighting will mount in direct ratio to the Allies' success. As for Russia, nobody knows what to expect, except that it will be something sly, without danger for her, and unpleasant for at least one of the belligerents.

All Army leaves have been suspended, but the soldiers who write from the front are so cheerful that they have taken to referring to Hitler as Adolf, the simple chap who is at last doing what they want. Exultation over the situation in Norway is not based on over-optimistic headlines; the newspapers have been very conservative, repeatedly warning their readers against unofficial stories. However, the public does believe the reports of the British Admiralty on the two actions at Narvik and on the placing of the mine fields. It also quite naturally believes the admission, broadcast on the German radio, that the Blücher and Karlsruhe were lost at Oslo. It believes, too, the persistent claim of the Norwegians that they sank the Gneisenau and Emden. Such losses in themselves would be a large price for the Germans to pay for a Norway which, even if they manage to occupy most of it, will be cut off from the world. Seeing the difficulty the Germans had in getting two divisions to Norway, the Parisians wonder how the Reich will be able to sustain the troops there or get them back again. The capture of these divisions and of the scattered coast garrisons would be the greatest German humiliation since November, 1918.

THE occupation of Denmark caused little excitement. The French had grown accustomed to the idea, since the beginning of the war, that Denmark was at the mercy of Germany; the Germans were believed to have allowed her to remain technically free so that they could use her neutrality in their foreign trade and diplomacy. Denmark was the hostage for Scandinavia; it was at Copenhagen that the Swedes and Norwegians were dissuaded from aiding Finland. The German occupation will

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Ritz Carlton Hotel, Boston
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Charles of the Ritz
NEW YORK

merely simplify the diplomatic side of the Allied blockade, and probably the Allied governments were glad that the Danes didn't embarrass them by asking for aid which they would have been powerless to deliver.

The Germans themselves must be puzzled by this latest manifestation of the Führer's peculiar attitude toward the sea. In seven months of war, he has smashed three immemorial ambitions of the seaboard Germans. First, he has recalled the colonists of the Baltic settlements. Second, he has jeopardized in a frivolous expedition virtually all of the renascent German Navy, which symbolized the future for every Hamburg boy. Third, he has recklessly sacrificed transports, as well as ordered German ships scuttled, in what seems to be an effort to liquidate the merchant marine, which he never loved. An inlander who never crossed an ocean, he perhaps turns sick at the thought of rough water; certainly he appears incapable of understanding the North German "racial" urge which was so clear to the Jew Albert Ballin.

During these great military and naval events, all parliamentary attacks on the Reynaud government, as one might have expected, have been suspended. It may have been only a coincidence that the war entered its active phase after the accession of M. Reynaud here and the increase in the powers of Mr. Churchill in England, but you will never get the man in the street to believe it. Little M. Reynaud will turn out to be the man of victory after all, if the victory arrives soon enough. —A. J. Liebling

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JAMES JOYCE COVERS A TRAINING CAMP

[*From the Journal & American*]

St. Petersburg, Fla., March 19.—The Brooklyn brain, Loud Squawker MacPhail, has come up with many new wrinkles in Flatbush. Night baseball, the yellow bass, thack meets, fireworks and bingo have benen only a few of the quaint conthibutions the Gowanus genius has made to the noble national pastime.

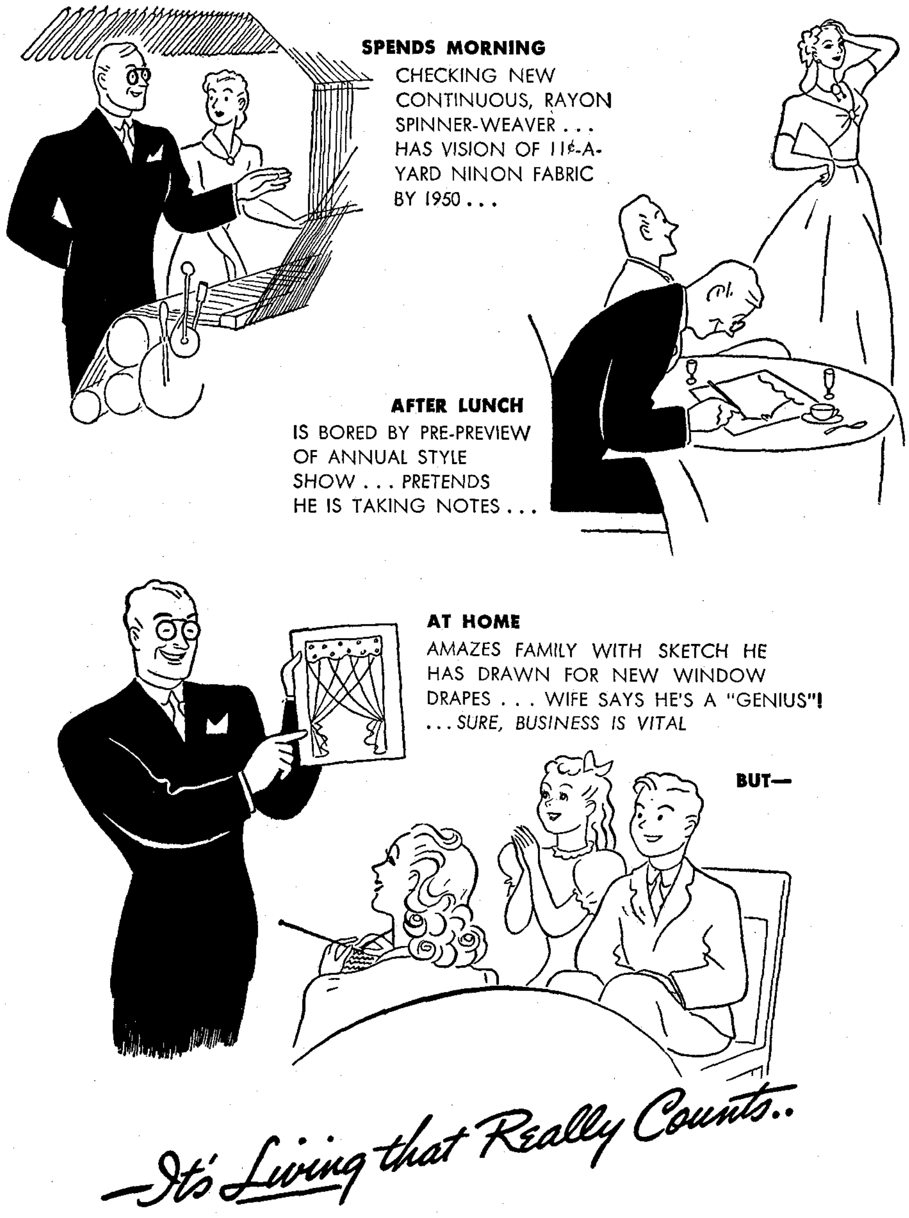
Speaking of wsinkles brings to mind the Bsooklyn pitching staff, which, a cussory check of the roster reveals, may not be the best urve orps in the majors, but it most ertainly must be the oldest. We haven't seen so many eliis sinie we visited the Metropolitan Museum.

TWO NEW OLD ONES.

Arquisition of Charley Gilbert and Pee Wee Reese has injented youth and vigor in the Dodger ootfield and infield respertively, bot the pitrhing staff, when gathered in one room, still resembles a meeting of the Townsend Clhb, Brooklyn chapter.

GREAT AMERICANS AT HOME

NO. 7—TEXTILE TYCOON


SPENDS MORNING
CHECKING NEW CONTINUOUS, RAYON SPINNER-WEAVER . . . HAS VISION OF 11¢-A-YARD NINON FABRIC BY 1950 . . .
AFTER LUNCH
IS BORED BY PRE-PREVIEW OF ANNUAL STYLE SHOW . . . PRETENDS HE IS TAKING NOTES . . .
AT HOME
AMAZES FAMILY WITH SKETCH HE HAS DRAWN FOR NEW WINDOW DRAPES . . . WIFE SAYS HE'S A "GENIUS"! . . . SURE, BUSINESS IS VITAL
BUT—
It's Living that Really Counts..

. . . and the **fun of living** is not confined to those who can afford to redecorate twice a year! Whether you are selling hosiery or auto tires, the market that really counts is made up of people with the desire and the wherewithal to buy. **The American Home** magazine—with its editorial pages and advertising devoted exclusively to *ideas on living*—today offers these people more usable ideas than any other magazine . . . has gained over a million and a half new readers since 1933.

. . . Seems like a **profitable market-place** in which to show and sell your wares . . .

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THE MARKET-PLACE FOR IDEAS ON LIVING

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Since Sherwood Rye done come to town!"
This whiskey is four years old
Sherwood Rye
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Sherwood Rye

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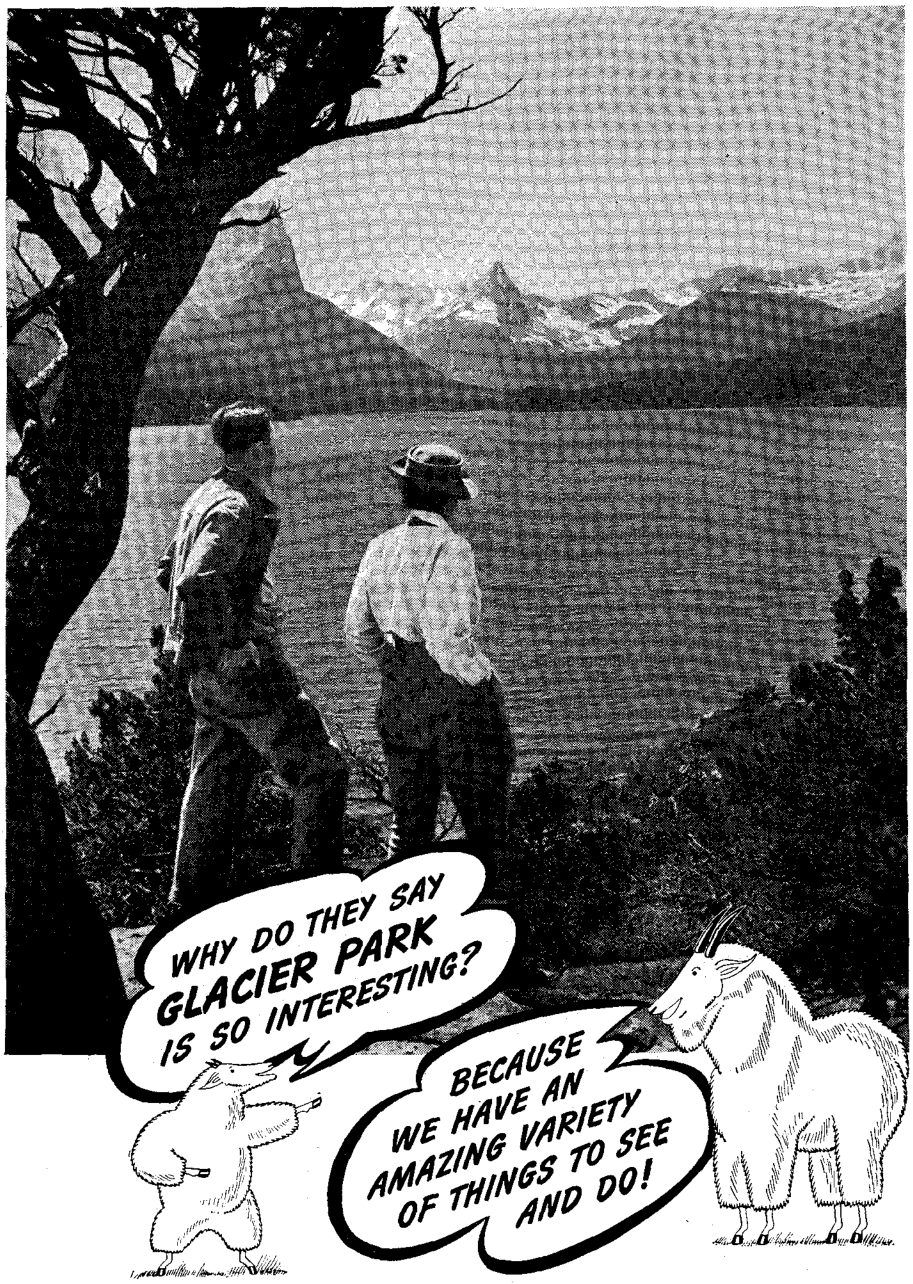
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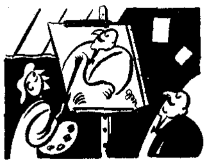
THE ART GALLERIES

News from All Over



YOU don't go to the annual American Artists Congress exhibitions to see "good painting" in the usual meaning of the term, or at least you shouldn't do so. What you go for, and what you see, is a kind of panoramic view of what the younger, more restive artists are doing, and how, and why. You see what influences are affecting them, what form their own experimentation is taking, what shape their expression has assumed. You see art in the raw, as compared with the more "finished" academic variety, and if a large part of it is immature, it must be remembered that an artistic philosophy is as difficult to perfect as any other, or even more so. If, as you usually do, you see some good painting too, that, I think, should be classed as just so much lagniappe and accepted with proper gratitude.

In this sense, every Congress show is interesting, and the one now on at 785 Fifth Avenue, up at Sixtieth Street, is no exception. It's a big affair, with just over two hundred works in various media, and though it contains, as always, some really howlingly bad pieces (even more this year, I believe, than heretofore), there's a generally live and lusty air about the collection as a whole that's stimulating. Rouault and Picasso remain, as in previous years, the most obvious influences: Rouault in his strong color and harsh outline—both qualities which a number of the younger men have found applicable; Picasso mainly in some directly imitative canvases. Social protest is there, of course, in quantity, but the tendency to try to shock people's pants off is less in evidence; subtler and more suggestive means are used, and in this field such pieces as Philip Evergood's unctuously satirical "Tea for Two" and, despite its blatant title, Mischa Richter's sternly stylized "Death of a Social Order" are excellent examples of effective statement.

Finally, you'll find a fair share of excellent painting, though this year it's confined largely to the older and more established artists in the group. I liked "Second Class," Doris Rosenthal's drowsy Mexican train interior; Earl Kerkam's wistful "Figures in Blue," and Herb Kruckman's bright, boldly handled "Sidewalk Scene." Among the

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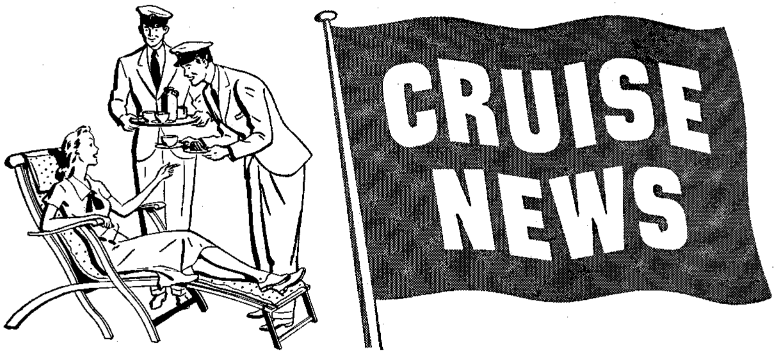

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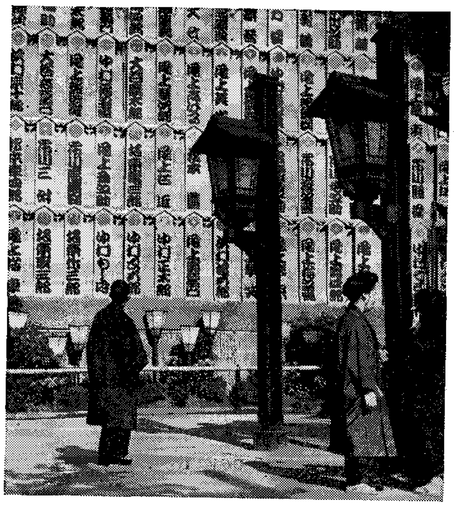

Theatre Street in Yokohama

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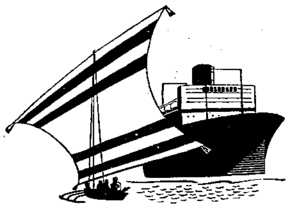

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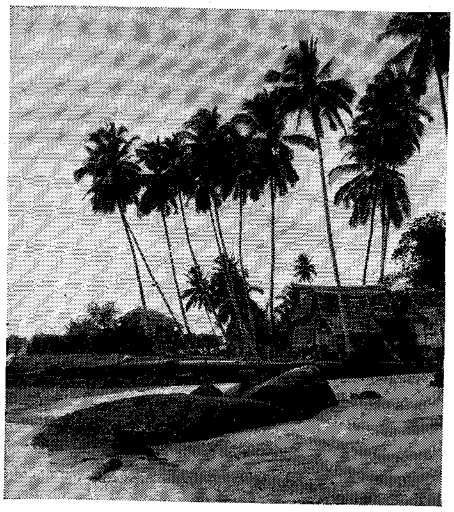

You see the Tropic Malay Coast

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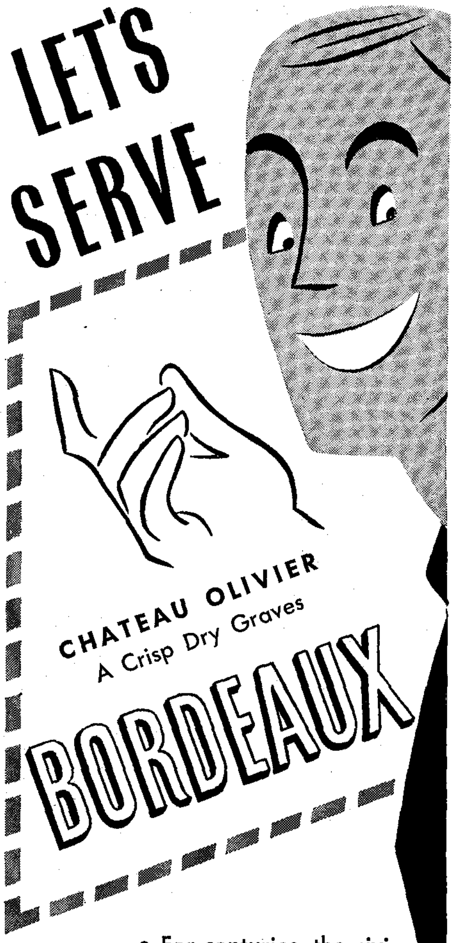
TO CALIFORNIA AND ROUND THE WORLD, FROM NEW YORK: *Pres. Adams May 17; Pres. Harrison June 14; Pres. Polk July 26; Pres. Garfield August 9; Pres. Adams September 6.* TO THE ORIENT, FROM SAN FRANCISCO: *Pres. Cleveland May 3; Pres. Pierce May 17; Pres. Coolidge May 31; Pres. Taft June 14; Pres. Cleveland June 28; Pres. Pierce July 12; Pres. Coolidge July 26; Pres. Taft August 9.* ROUND THE WORLD, FROM SAN FRANCISCO: *Pres. Garfield May 11; Pres. Adams June 8; Pres. Harrison July 6; Pres. Polk August 17; Pres. Garfield August 31.*

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES

Round-World Service



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GRAVES ESCHENAUER
CHATEAU OLIVIER

water colors and gouaches the beautifully sombre, gray "Slate Yard, Bangor, Pa.," by Louis Ribak, seems the standout. In the sculpture section, among a number of fine pieces, Robert Cronbach's ironic "Man Reading Newspaper" and Oronzio Maldarelli's adroitly simplified "Water Carrier" are especially notable.

THERE'S an intermediate zone between realistic and abstract art which contains, by and large, about the worst painting that can be discovered anywhere. Here you find what is ordinarily called "semi-abstract" work, and I suppose the main trouble with it lies in the fact that it is a hybrid, sharing all the faults and almost none of the virtues of its parents—the hard-and-fast quality of realism without its evocativeness, the rigidity of abstraction with none of the formal dignity. Arthur Dove is one of the few men I can think of who have invaded this field with success, and even he has gone astray at times. I can recall pictures of his in which the play of forms seemed hindered rather than helped by their relationship to reality, and others in which the abstract connotation lay merely in a rubberiness of outline and a wiping-out of minor detail. His new pieces, now on at An American Place, show few such failures. Perhaps because he has moved closer to "pure" abstraction, they have a tightness, a feeling of centralized impact and completely realized intention, that put them well above anything he has done before. Both water colors and oils are shown, and since the former aren't titled, I recommend that you look at them all. I do the same thing with the oils, with special emphasis on the harmoniously convoluted "A Few Shapes," the "Beach," with its curling configurations, and the marvellously suggestive "What Harbor."

NEVER one to do things by halves, the Modern Museum has five exhibitions: a collection of prints by the eighteenth-century Japanese artist Sharaku, and a set of four "travelling shows" selected from WPA art of the past four years, for exhibition throughout the country. The prints are charming, though I couldn't help feeling there are far too many, at least for our uninstructed Western eyes. Devoted entirely to scenes and personages of the Japanese theatre (Sharaku, it appears, was an actor himself), they no doubt contain all sorts of rich ritualistic meaning for the initiated. To most of us, however, they look very much the same, and there's a monotony about the

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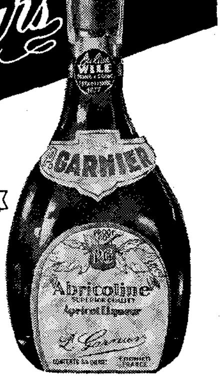

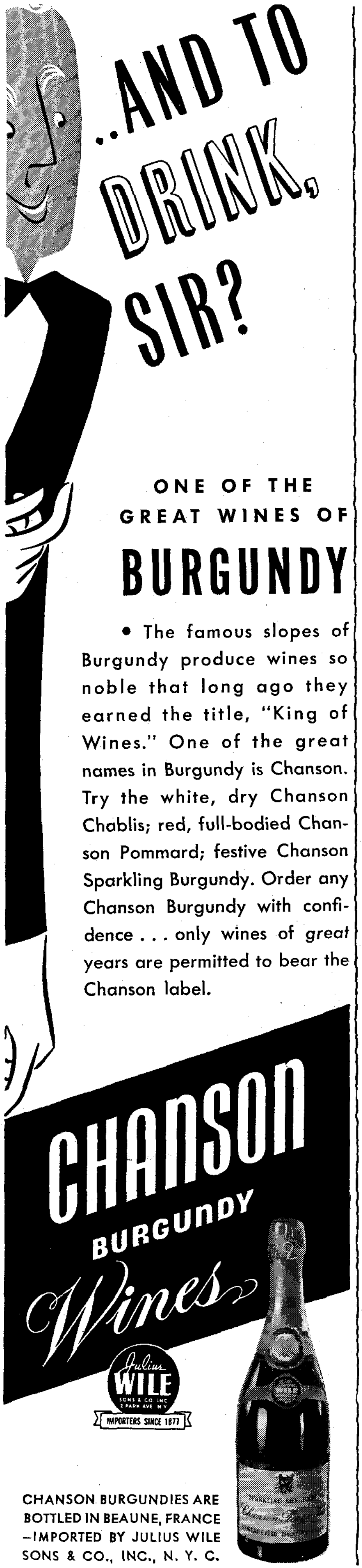

ONE OF THE GREAT WINES OF

BURGUNDY

• The famous slopes of Burgundy produce wines so noble that long ago they earned the title, "King of Wines." One of the great names in Burgundy is Chanson. Try the white, dry Chanson Chablis; red, full-bodied Chanson Pommard; festive Chanson Sparkling Burgundy. Order any Chanson Burgundy with confidence . . . only wines of *great* years are permitted to bear the Chanson label.

CHANSON BURGUNDIES ARE BOTTLED IN BEAUNE, FRANCE —IMPORTED BY JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N. Y. C.

roomful after roomful of them that can grow disconcerting. It's much better, I think, to confine oneself to a few—almost any will do—and study their purity of line and their intricate delicacy.

The WPA shows are hung together, so I guess I also can lump them. They seem well selected, and good pieces are about equally distributed among them. Good pieces abound, too—Aaron Bohrod's sepulchrally lighted "Junk Yard," Loren MacIver's glowing fantasy called "Yellow Season," Stuart Edie's bare, ominous "Interior," and the richly painted "Artificial Flowers" by Nicolai Ziroli. They're further, though belated, evidence of the enormous impetus the WPA gave to American art.

BIGNOU is showing, through Saturday, a group of Cézannes, and though it isn't a "great" collection in the sense of containing many important paintings, it is highly interesting, for it ranges from a "Nymphes et Faunes" of his early Italianate days to such fine examples of his later style as the "Matinée de Printemps à Saint Anthonin" and the calm, coolly economical "L'Orée du Bois." Note, too, his "La Fin du Banquet," with its odd, strongly accented triangular design. . . . Gris, I'd say, tops the exhibition of "Three Spanish Painters" at the Valentine. The other two are Miró and Picasso. Miró has a "Cirque—Fond Bleu" which reveals him at close to his whimsical best. Among the Picassos is an especially handsome, arabesqued "La Lecture Interrompue." The Grises, however—particularly the sparkling "Nature Morte au Violon" and the graver "Personnages"—have a finish that in this group, at least, gives them notable value. . . . The touch of *art nouveau* about the paintings of Wolfgang Paalen, a Paris surrealist who's having his first exhibition here at the Julien Levy, suggests that the lushly twining decorative style of the early nineteen-hundreds may be in for a revival—if only a semi-satirical, hypnagogic one. The style, however, appears as no more than a thin thread of embellishment in Mr. Paalen's canvases, and his work has an imaginativeness, mixed with true dramatic power, that I found completely engaging. The show closes Monday, and I'd say it was well worth seeing.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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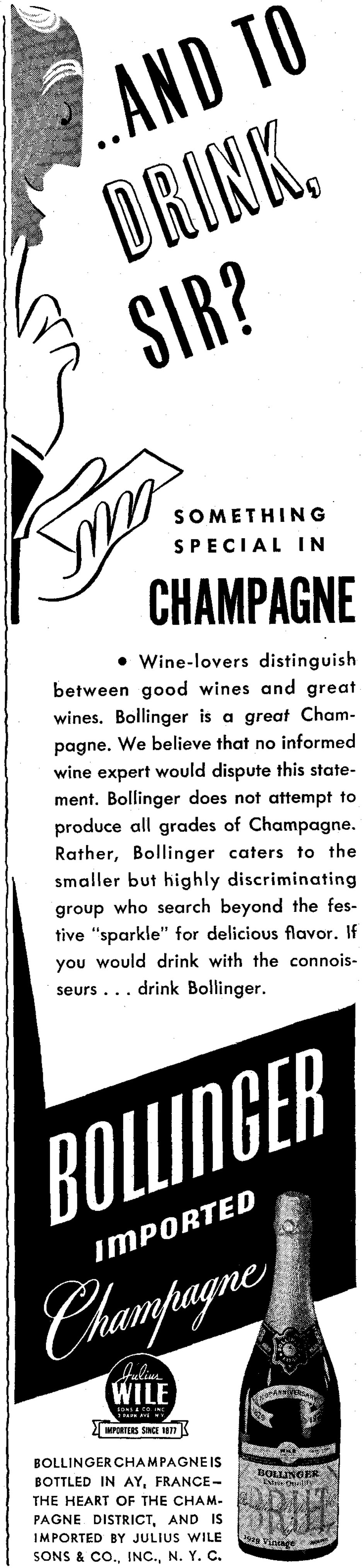
Magna est veritas et prevalebit is a magnificent saying, but it does not cut much ice so long as the truth is kept under a bushel.—*The Engineer* (*London*).

Could we have ours without ice?



SOMETHING SPECIAL IN

CHAMPAGNE

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

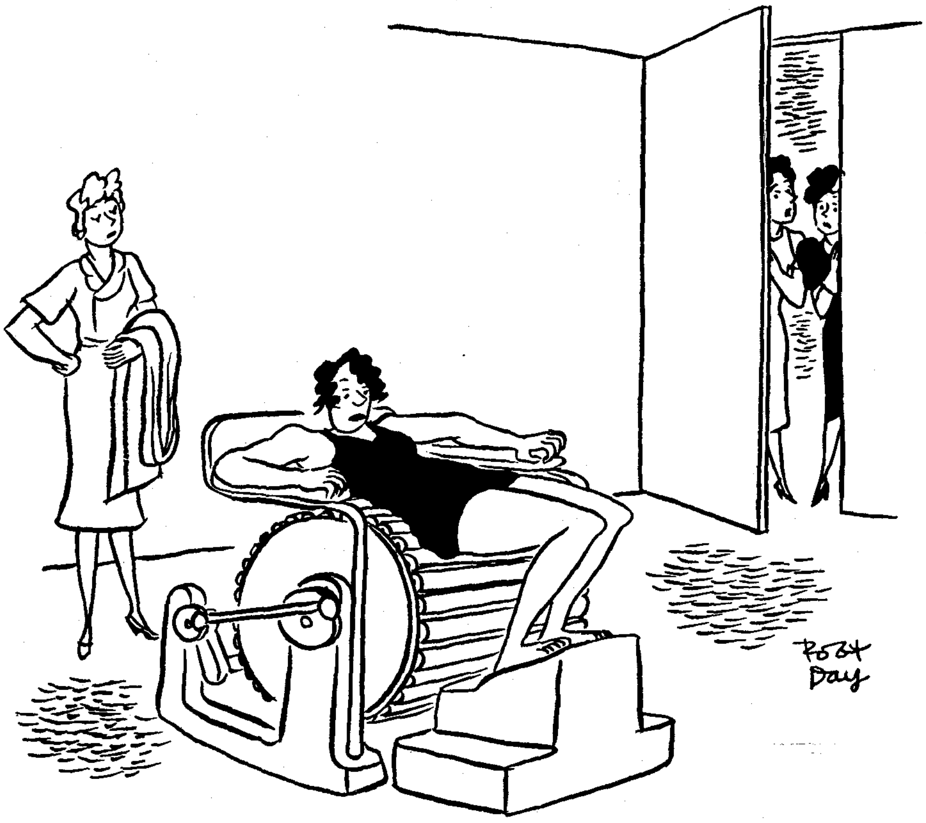
EVERY once in a while I chance upon one more bit of evidence that the smart American woman is by no means an impractical addlepate and that the future of the country is safe in her hands. This week the evidence is the discovery that she knows enough to keep warm all the time. She is either buying furs during August, as a provision against the long, hard winter, or during January, when the winter shows signs of being longer and harder than it has a right to. In fact, she's apt to buy them most anytime, because furs are always handy at every season, what with chilly evenings coming on top of the hottest summer days and all.

My oracle at this point is Jaeckel, at 10 East 57th Street, and certainly no firm is more competent to tell me what's what in furs. They report that the best short fur jacket they ever saw is their Molyneux waist-length triumph, with a collarless front and wide bands of fluffy fur down each side of it, into which you can stick your hands, pea-jacket fashion. The shoulders are natural and the elbow-length sleeves slightly puffed; like most successful jackets nowadays, it is built on a crêpe foundation, and there is no fur along the ribs to add bulk. It's been a success for over a year and the best people are still insisting on it—in the new sable-dyed mink (very dark brown and costing $500, which is less than the kolinsky it resembles), in a silvery blue fox at $325, or in Bessarisk, a Mexican entry in the looks-like-marten sweepstakes, for $300. If you want brand-new styles, there's a beautiful lumberjack coat by Molyneux, with a band of dark-brown crêpe around the hips and bands of fluffy blue fox or marten up and down the crêpe foundation. The most youthful model in silver fox has the lines of a bellhop jacket, with the narrowness through the middle emphasized by fat sleeves; a more dignified one is a hip-length jacket with fur pockets hanging below the waistline in front, to achieve a stole effect.

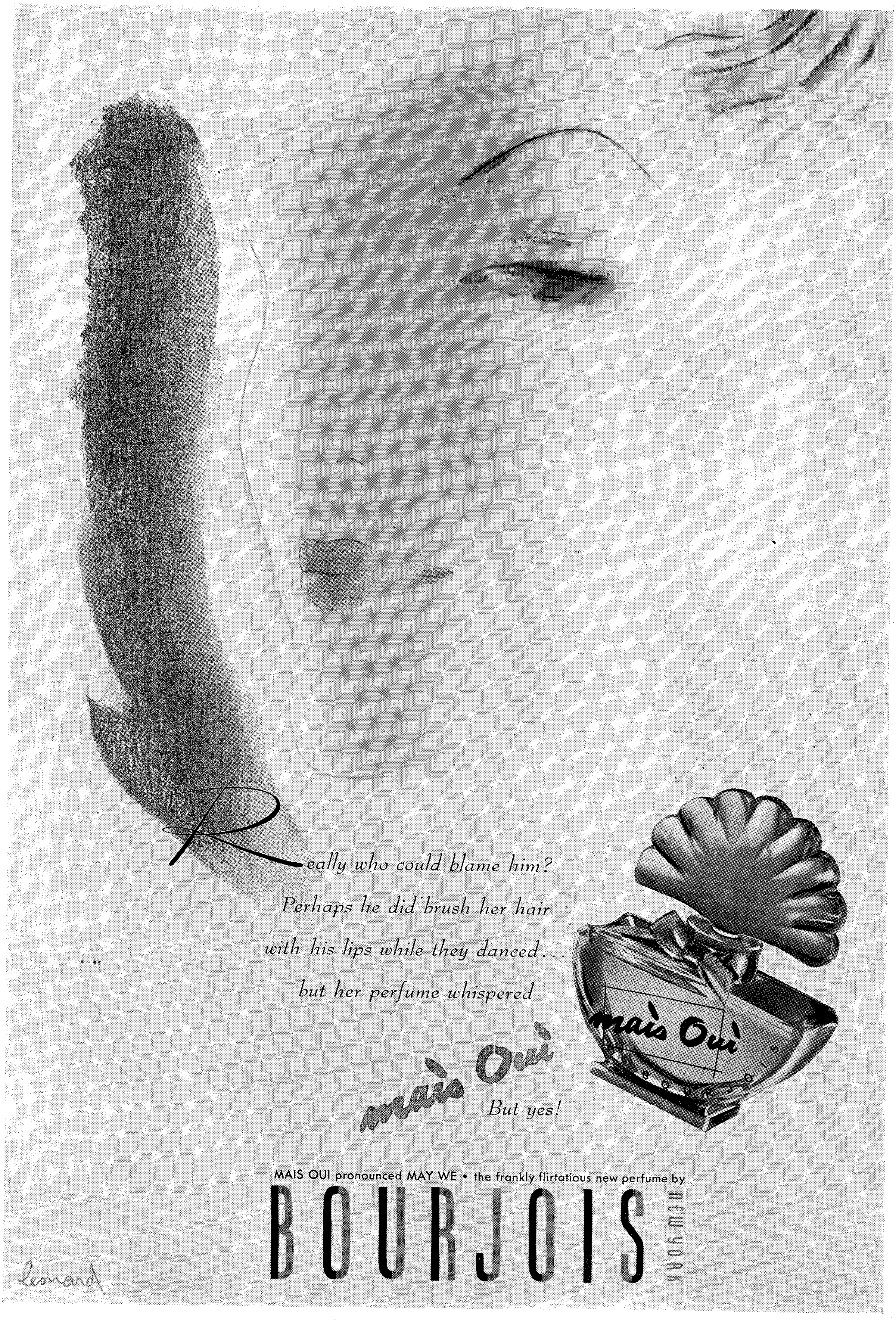
An increasing number of women dislike the hunky look of jackets made of fluffy fur and are now infatuated by severely tailored jackets of flat black caracal. Some of Jaeckel's tailored jackets are of the short box type. They're collarless and have as their only decoration a swirl of fur, suggesting a flower, on one shoulder. Others have slightly circular backs and extend to a point just above the knee. They couldn't be smarter for any occasion when the temperature is over twenty degrees. Women like perfectly straight mink jackets, too. In one beautiful model the fur is worked at the shoulders to give the effect of a yoke, and there is a pretzel swirl of fur at the wrists and at each side of the simple collar. For wear in summery places where pastels are the style but the weather can be cantankerous, there is a perfect jacket of Persian kit fox—blended stripes of gray, white, and faint yellow—that would go with any light color; $250. For travelling, there is always summer ermine, made up this season in a knee-length swagger coat with vast patch pockets.

A NEW shop, Mary Lewis's, on the third floor of 647 Fifth Avenue (52nd), specializes in women's and children's clothes that are romantic and utilitarian at the same time. For instance, there are all kinds of pajama suits for women which are practical and would be smart almost anywhere. Fishing suits made of poplin with a waterproof finish have dozens of roomy, zippered pockets, and drawstrings around the bottoms of the trousers to anchor them above the knees if you want to go wading. Then there are green overalls with hopsacking blouses for gardening; blue jeans for ranches, with trousers that taper to fit into riding boots; one-piece beige poplin suits, also lavish with pockets, for dude airplane pilots; mechanic's one-piece affairs of heavy striped cotton; and coveralls of natural poplin with knitted waistbands and collars. They all cost from $5.95 to around $15 and look so efficient that your man will be amused out of his wits.

Along the same lines, there are all kinds of rough-and-tumble play things for children, some made in a lightweight twill for hot summer days. A wonderful hillbilly cloth—heavy and untearable, in navy-and-white checks—has been made into overalls and shorts and the like for both children and adults. There are seersucker Rosy O'Grady play dresses, sizes two to sixteen, washable and exactly like those the Rockettes practice in, with sleeveless bodice tops, wildly flaring short skating skirts, and French panties to match. Here, too, you



"This is another one of our beauty treatments—which one, I don't quite remember."



Really who could blame him?
Perhaps he did brush her hair
with his lips while they danced…
but her perfume whispered

mais Oui
But yes!

MAIS OUI pronounced MAY WE • the frankly flirtatious new perfume by
BOURJOIS NEW YORK

will see traditional children's clothes in perfect taste, which are so hard to find nowadays. There are those simple little-girl dresses, for example, in sizes from two to twelve and adorned with fine smocking (many models are smocked delicately all the way from the tiny round collar to the waist, outlining the torso of the chubbiest child before her skirt bunches out like a penwiper). These are made of dimities, plain and striped chambrays, and such, and cost from $2.50 up, a very low price for this kind of work. There are also lots of pinafore-type dresses in all sizes, made of chambray, and dotted-swiss affairs, in tiny sizes, with baby pants underneath. The latter need no blouses, and are $1.95.

Chez Rosette, at 10 East 56th Street, currently has lots and lots of the simple navy-blue or black street dresses that will be as good right through the summer in town as they are now. Among these are navy-blue sheers with piqué collars and cuffs and white buttons like tiny doilies down the front, and crêpes whose main decorative interest is the fine tucking all over them. There are some with printed yokes and wide inserts to produce redingote effects, and there are navy-and-white checked tailored dresses with round, collarless necks and red and white carnations at one shoulder. Good, simple dinner clothes are always to be found here, too, such as tailored pastel crêpes with pleated collars, fitted bodices, and pocketed full skirts, or navy-and-white polka-dotted dinner-at-home things trimmed with white linen. Prices start around $17 and go only moderately high. This is also one of my pet places for inexpensive hats, both custom and ready-to-wear. At $5, there are quantities of things like small straw sailors with touches of piqué, flowers, and veils. In the custom department, where the prices begin at about $8 and run up to $18.50, you'll find small straw plaques laden with currants or grapes and velvet ribbon, and navy-blue bonnets with clusters of rosebuds over the brow and equally girlish streamers down the back.

Doodads: The Ogilvie Sisters have a new brush for your handbag—a fat little cylindrical one, with a rattail handle—which is handy for perking up your ringlets in short order. It's called the Curl Brush and costs a dollar. It is also meet to remind you of their Special Hair Preparation to rub into the scalp between shampoos and make you feel as capable as a professional, so clean and tractable are your tresses after one quick ministration. Good even for the oiliest hair. . . . Helena Rubinstein, delighted by the success of her Apple Blossom bath preparations, has come out with Apple Blossom perfume, which is just as springlike and charming as its name suggests. It's fresh and not oversweet. . . . The Tone products, which have always been favorites in this corner, include a powder foundation that is new to us. It's a dandy—a light, pouring cream that really makes powder adhere like anything, without leaving blobs or caking. At Bonwit Teller. . . . Another great favorite, Alexandra de Markoff, has done up seven cosmetic and makeup triumphs in a $5 Introduction to Beauty set. It would be a nice addition to a guest room, if you can trust your women friends to leave your house with their luggage weighing no more than it did on arrival. —L. L.

SPORTS, GAMES, ETC.

Streams, Courts, and Links

It appears that the men who work out original tricks in sporting equipment have spent a busy winter and that they've had some of their brightest inspirations while thinking about fishing, tennis, and golf. There are new golf clubs and balls on the market, to say nothing of a contrivance with which you can practice tennis at home all by yourself, and any number of ingenious lures to fool the sliest trout. Fishermen, I think, have been the most favored. To begin with, there's the new nylon fishing line, about which there's been so much talk in angling circles. It's still early to attempt any final report on this newcomer, but what information I have been able to pick up about it so far is encouraging. Nylon lines are lighter and stronger than silk ones; they come in a number of weights, tapered or level; they float without the customary dressing; and they are limber and easy to handle. The nylon leader, which came out last year, had the drawback of being difficult to tie securely, and more than one fish, I imagine, was lost because of a slipping knot. To date, however, I haven't heard any valid objections to the new lines. They cost just about what silk ones do and are to be found at almost any shop selling fishing gear. A little experimenting would seem to be in order.

Lures are as brightly colored as ever, and in some cases even more so. I also noted a number of structural improvements. There's an "over-and-under" fly, for instance, designed by John Alden Knight, one of our more thoughtful fishermen. The important point about this fly is that it has a small auxiliary hook placed behind the standard one, thus increasing its effectiveness. The Knight fly is being shown all around, in a variety of patterns. There is a sound idea, too, back of the Jennings Iris No. 1, a streamer fly for early-season fishing. Its filaments, when wet, take on the colors that are reflected by a minnow's side in swirling water. Sloan's, at 88 Chambers Street, sells this for thirty cents. The season's pride at vom Hofe, 92 Fulton Street, is the Maine spinner fly, one of the kind with a tiny whirligig in its head to attract attention. Macy's Cahill condor quill is a realistic fly wound with fuzzy stuff, suggesting the body hairs of some insects and providing a certain amount of buoyancy.

It goes without saying that for several weeks to come worms will continue to be highly popular among trout. There's no better place to pick up a supply than William Mills & Son, at 21 Park Place, where they're constantly receiving batches from the South. A can of five dozen costs but fifty cents; mailed, they're a dime extra.

I'd be the last to suggest that fly-casting will ever be supplanted by any strange foreign custom, but a technique called spinning, which originated abroad, does seem to have its advantages under certain circumstances and, I understand, is being taken up by sportsmen here. Spinning, if you're not already familiar with it, is a cross between fly-casting and bait-casting and comes in handy when thickets along the bank of a wide stream obstruct the backcast of a fly line. With the proper equipment, it's possible to make a cast of as much as a hundred feet simply by a flick of the wrist and no back motion of the arm whatsoever. The principal item in the equipment is the reel, an unusual arrangement with a spool which does not revolve during the cast and whose axis, instead of being at right angles to the rod, is parallel to it. When the cast is made, the line, a light one with a leader weighted by a couple of fine shot, slides right off one end of the spool, and is wound back by means of a level-winding device similar to those on many up-to-date reels. Live minnows and streamer flies are the usual lures employed in spinning. Abercrombie & Fitch have a proper pole for this sport, priced at $12.50; reels there and at the Angler's Roost, at 207 East 43rd Street, are $17. Spinning is something to think about, anyway.

MANY of the best domestic tennis racquets—Spalding, Wilson, and Abercrombie models among them—are now being shaped by a process called "cold bending," which has been familiar to the British for some time but has not, I believe, been previously tried here. Hitherto, in this country, the layers of wood used in the heads of racquets have been treated with steam to make them pliable, and because of this have been apt to warp. A cold-bent racquet, as the words imply, is shaped by sheer force, reducing the risk of their getting out of line. Cold-bent imported frames, which, despite the war, keep coming to us, have proved quite popular here recently. This spring, in many instances, thin strips of Malacca have been substituted for the bulkier woods that used to connect the grip of the racquet to the head. It's all in the interests of making the racquets lighter and giving them more whip. Abercrombie, Alex Taylor, at 22 East 42nd Street, and Spalding, at 518 Fifth Avenue (43rd), carry these foreign frames at prices around $12. Women who are thinking of buying a new racquet would do well to look at one that Andre, at 49 East 47th Street, has made. It is modelled on the lines of his Expert, which many of his men customers think so fine, but has a smaller grip and a lighter frame; $8.25 unstrung.

I suspect that not everybody takes tennis seriously enough to be interested in the Stowe Stroke Developer, but if you do, Abercrombie will be glad to demonstrate it for you, and there's no denying that it should help you to better your game. You can set it up indoors or out and whack away at it with all kinds of strokes. It consists of a horizontal crosspiece which you attach with screws to any solid support about ten feet high, and two captive balls—one for service and the other for ground strokes—tethered top and bottom by strips of elastic. You can vary the height of the balls, which the elastic always returns to the proper positions after you've hit them, and you have all the time you want between strokes for thinking out footwork and other tactics; $15.

As a result of the fuss the Messrs. Riggs and Cooke made at Seabright last year about tennis balls with too heavy a nap, Spalding has changed its Wright & Ditson ball to remedy that defect, if it was one. . . . For bounce and long life, Abercrombie recommends Monogram

WALK ON AIR . . . TRY Cool-ees*

Wel-l, not quite on air, but upon the felt and cork padded Cool-ee sole that is revolutionizing men's leisure footwear. Styled for casual clothing. Illustrated, the King Pin, four eyelet blucher with contrasting calf mudguard. In imported linen or bucko. At better stores everywhere.

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California Casuals
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LOS ANGELES

Here's a TIP

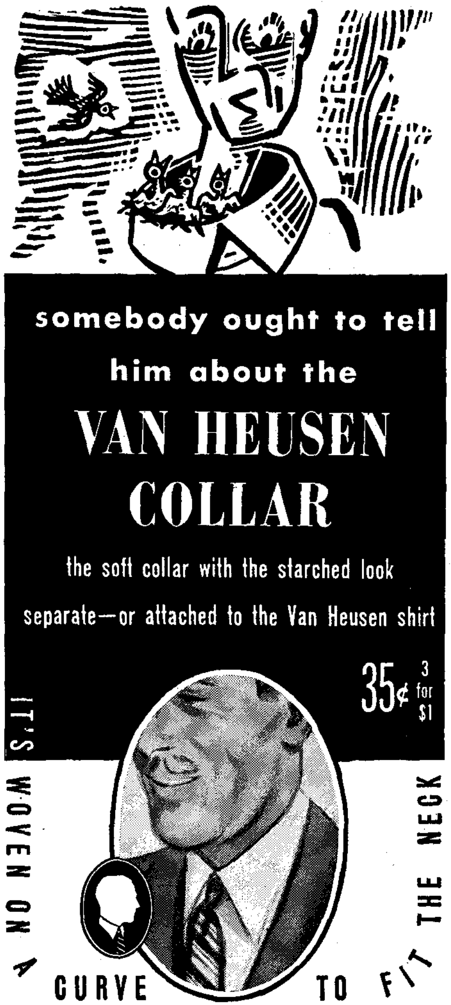
(IVORY TIPS PROTECT YOUR LIPS — also made with Plain Ends)

THIS LUXURY CIGARETTE COSTS ONLY A FEW CENTS MORE THAN ORDINARY BRANDS—

Infinitely finer tobaccos for a tiny difference in price. A product of Philip Morris.

MARLBORO
America's Luxury Cigarette

FOR THOSE WHO CAN AFFORD 20¢ FOR THE BEST


somebody ought to tell him about the

VAN HEUSEN COLLAR

the soft collar with the starched look

separate—or attached to the Van Heusen shirt

35¢ 3 for $1

IT'S WOVEN ON A CURVE TO FIT THE NECK

Coming to Philadelphia?

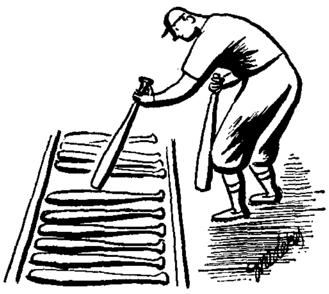
Next time, enjoy the extra comfort, luxury and convenience that awaits you at the city's newest and most distinguished hotel. You'll understand then why we never have to issue a second invitation to Barclay guests.

The Barclay
RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
Arthur T. Murray, Managing Director
PHILADELPHIA

balls, imported from England; $5 a dozen.... Alex Taylor's racquet press, the Combination, is a masterpiece of simplicity; it fits over the head of your racquet like an inverted V and you can alter the angle between its two arms so the device will fit racquets for squash and badminton as well as tennis.

Unquestionably the most controversial golfing novelty these days is the Nine-in-One club, a modern version of an old idea. If you're a conservative in such matters, it will probably surprise you to learn that in at least one big sporting-goods store they can't get enough of these clubs to meet the demand. The Nine-in-One has a movable head and the angle of its face can be adjusted, with a screw and nine ratchets, to resemble anything from a niblick to a putter. I'm not ready to side with those who think that the day of the bag full of clubs is over, although I know people who claim to have improved their game with the Nine-in-One and now feel as much at home with it as with their favorite fowling piece. The club costs $10, if you want to try it. Golfers with more orthodox tastes will be glad to learn that Spalding designers have hit upon a number of improvements in the conventional types of club. The firm has produced some irons with unusually short hosels, which even some golfers don't know are the connecting links between shafts and clubheads. This refinement, the makers hope, will result in straighter shots. Spalding is also turning out wooden clubs with fibre inserts to make their faces last longer.

Spalding golf balls in the seventy-five-cent class—Air-Flite, Kro-Flite, and Top-Flite—now have centres filled with a new preparation which, according to the manufacturers, stands up better than the old under repeated shocks and so preserves a better balance.... Dunlop keeps its Maxfli balls in storage for six months to toughen their covers and winding before putting them on the market. They're $9 a dozen and must be ordered through a pro.... Abercrombie for the first time shows a golf bag with a clothes pocket running its entire length; the bag, in cowhide,



MOTION PICTURES

GONE WITH THE WIND

While this engagement is limited, GWTW will not be shown except at advanced prices . . . at least until 1941.

ASTOR B'way & 45th St.
ALL SEATS RESERVED
Twice Daily 2:15, 8:15 p. m.

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IN PERSON
EDDIE CANTOR
GEORGE JESSEL
plus big stage show!

Capitol
Broadway 51st Street
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EDDIE CANTOR
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"40 LITTLE MOTHERS"

CONCERT

CARNEGIE HALL Sun. Evg., April 21, 8:30
SZIGETI
assisted by
BELA BARTOK
and Strings from
NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC ORCHESTRA
FRITZ STIEDRY, Conductor
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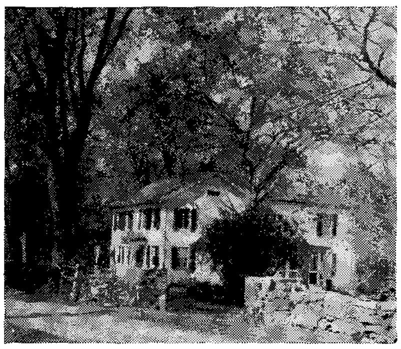
At RIDGEFIELD, CONNECTICUT

Gentleman's Home and 125 Acres of woodland and meadows. House of 9 Rooms and 3 Baths. House fully furnished.

Barn, Toolhouse and Garage—Property has about 2500 feet on shore of private lake.

Beautiful trees and walks—Desirable for Artist, has large studio room—Oil burner installed for all-year occupancy. Price, $45,000. Present mortgage $10,000. If interested, suitable terms can be arranged.

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JIMMY'S
Cafe Savini
Luncheon from 75c
Dinner from $1.25
Entertainment
from 8 P. M. till Closing
●
39 East 49
EL. 5-8960

costs $30. . . . Macy has a ten-club bag, made of duck and very light. It's for women; $4.69. —E. F. K.

MARKETS AND MENUS

Odds and Ends

I AM dead against letting the philanthropic impulse affect one's judgment in discussing matters pertaining to food and drink, so when I speak of the fine collection of teas which the American Committee for Chinese War Orphans has for sale in its offices at 8 West 40th Street, it is just a coincidence that the cause happens to be as worthy as the tea. The committee offers four varieties—a lovely, full-bodied Lapsang souchong with a rich, smoky flavor; a heavy, fragrant Keemun (English breakfast); an extremely delicate Darjeeling, which is one of the choicest of the orange pekoes; and a jasmine-scented oolong that is undoubtedly very fine if you like those perfumed brews. A sampler box containing tins of the four is not only a great help in deciding which is your own favorite blend but nice to have on hand for guests who are crotchety about their tea. Orders may be telephoned to Lackawanna 4-4698.

OLD-FASHIONED customers may have some difficulty adjusting themselves to the idea of finding *foie gras* and canned soups on the street floor at Altman, but the rest of us can now take the grocery department there to our hearts as one of the town's more important food centres. The store could not have found a neater way to break with its conservative past than to offer for sale an extremely good veal-and-ham pie made by the Westport woman who does the clam chowder and soufflé for the Gristede shops. There is something irrevocable about a veal-and-ham-pie policy which definitely marks the end of the biscuit-and-hors-d'œuvre phase of the Altman grocery enterprise. Another new treasure in the department is an especially well-made *baba* put up in a sauce with just the right combination of spirits and syrup. Heated and served *flambé*, these little cakes make a very satisfactory dessert, although this, of course, is only a vagary of my own; the *babas* are meant to be eaten cold in the customary way.

SINCE so many cooks, for some unaccountable reason, have a defeatist attitude toward hollandaise sauce, a service started by a Mrs. George Ross ought to be very welcome in a lot of households. Mrs. Ross makes the sauce and delivers it, and it couldn't be better if you made it yourself. Although it hasn't a speck of flour in it, or any thickening except Grade A eggs, it can be reheated with safety after several hours, thanks to a trick in mixing, and will even hold up for a day or so in the icebox. Orders telephoned (Gramercy 5-0209) between 9:30 and 11:30 in the morning and between 1:30 and 3:30 in the afternoon will be delivered for lunch or dinner, respectively, the same day.

A WHILE ago I spoke enthusiastically about a milk product of the consistency of junket and called Oxy-Gala, which is just an American version of the yoghurt that is eaten morning, noon, and night all through the Balkans. The trouble with Oxy-Gala at the time was that it was sold only at the manufacturer's plant in the Bronx, which seemed too remote for negotiations relating to a jar of sour milk. Now, however, the product, made fresh daily, is carried by most of the Gristede stores and by Esposito Brothers, whose shops are at 444 Sixth Avenue (10th) and 258 Third Avenue (21st). This should be a boon to those who want to live to a great old age (that's what the Balkan peoples claim yoghurt will help you do) as well as to those who just like the odd, sourish taste of the thing.

THE firm of M. H. Greenebaum, at 165 Chambers Street, has proved itself unquestionably my favorite diplomatist of the month by wangling permission to import a limited but steady supply of Limerick hams and bacon. As you probably know, all Irish pork was reserved for the British Army at the beginning of the war. However, the Greenebaum people have now managed to persuade the Irish government that Americans might in time forget how good Limerick bacon actually is and acquire a preference for Canadian or even home-cured pork, and so the authorities over there have loosened up. It was a great disappointment to the Greenebaums that the first shipment didn't arrive in time for St. Patrick's Day.

WITH politics and sentiment confusing people's honest taste in wine these days, helpful friends are constantly giving me what they mean to be useful tips about this or that Alsatian Riesling, claiming they have found the equal of a fine Moselle. I have followed up eagerly all such steers, but so far I haven't come across an Alsatian which really deserves to be mentioned in the same breath with any of the classic German wines. In the next breath, though, one might very well speak of a delightful Alsatian wine imported by S. S. Pierce of Boston, which is to be found at Sherry Wine & Spirits, 676 Madison Avenue (61st). It is a Clos des Templiers of 1937, with, to a very considerable degree, the floweriness and the clean delicacy that are characteristic of the better Moselles, and I find it as pleasant a substitute for those incomparable wines as I am likely to meet. —S. H.

• •

EQUESTRIAN

Now the square is silent under the high moon
Shining on stone commemorating heroes;
Against carved flanks their legendary heels,
The reins of fable in their rigid hands.

Shaped to the dream of conquest, spurred and armed,
Aping invincible flesh to outride death,
Time overtakes them; their burden is
The monstrous weight of history locked in marble.

How shall these stiff limbs move at the hour of midnight?
How shall the knees bend when the slow clock speaks,
Sweat bead the stony brows, and starlight show
Bubbles of white blood on the silent lips?

Night pales, and the memoried past falls from them;
Quiet in the gray morning they sleep,
The city dust like shadows on their eyelids,
Dark on the tired heads, the mottled wrists

Slack where the stone is broken. Day frees them;
Their task is over, the weight of legend lifted,
And the meaning of armed men, the triumph of heroes
Lost in the young grass at their crumbling feet.

—RUTH LECHLITNER

THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR

THE Larrabie house had stood next to ours for over fifty years and had been vacant for the last five of them. During these five years, my mother had never stopped worrying about what was going to happen to it.

These two houses were built by sisters and stood close together on a point of land on a small island off the coast of Maine. The sea lay right in front of them. Our house had been built by the younger, less aggressive sister, who had lived there, summer after summer, without making a single alteration in it, until she died. The older sister, who outlived her, had married a small but expansive gentleman named Larrabie, and they had produced one daughter; though they were not a large family, every time they felt like it, apparently, they had enlarged their house, adding a wing or a gable until the house became a sprawling monument to changing fashions.

When Mr. and Mrs. Larrabie died, their daughter continued to come there. She did not like to see the house next door empty and eventually sold it to my father. We occupied it for thirty peaceful summers.

Then Miss Larrabie herself died and Mother started worrying about what would happen to the Larrabie place. Miss Larrabie's will left it to her only relative, a distant cousin named Jojean Larrabie, who lived in Paris and did not even come home for her cousin's funeral. It occurred to us all for the first time that it had not been wise to buy a house which stood so close to another without making sure that the other would not get into undesirable hands. My father, who is not a businessman, was distressed to find that an error in judgment could wait thirty years before pouncing on him. He finally wrote to Miss Jojean Larrabie and asked for her promise that she would give him the first chance to buy the place. She replied courteously that she did not mean to sell. She liked to think that the house was there waiting for her if she ever made up her mind to come home.

That satisfied my father but not my mother. She expected only the worst from somebody who lived in Paris and was named Jojean. She watched the place with an apprehensive eye, and it did seem that she had been right when one day last summer we noticed that the front door was open and saw a man standing in the front hall.

My mother is not one to beat around the bush. "Come along, Daughter," she said to me, and marched over at once, went in, and confronted the man. He was small and sad, with thinning hair and a large mustache, and the explanation of his presence was short and staggering: his name was Mr. Bean, he said, and Mr. Warner, the agent for the property, had sent him there to take an inventory. They were going to sell the house and everything in it.

My mother rallied quickly. "Nobody would buy this stuff," she said. "It's junk. Nobody would buy the house, either. They might as well not try to sell it."

"They won't," he said. "They'll tear it down and build bungalows."

My mother was stunned into silence. Even when her voice came back, it did not work well. "I cannot under*stand*," she said, "how Miss Larrabie could do a thing like that. I cannot *believe* it of her." I thought that odd, since it was exactly what Mother had been prophesying for years.

"Ah," said Mr. Bean, "Miss Larrabie doesn't *know*."

"Miss Larrabie hasn't died, has she?" Mother asked.

"Oh no," said Mr. Bean, "Miss Larrabie hasn't *died*."

And that was all she could get out of him. Curiosity was eating at my mother's very core, but she could do no more than promise herself to get the whole story out of the agent, Jasper Warner, when he came back from his vacation.

BY the next morning Mother's strength had returned a little. "There's one thing in that house worth having," she said, "and I might as well have it. It's that Italian mirror in the hall." We went over to look at it, and to our amazement Mr. Bean told us it was priced at five dollars. "I'll take it," Mother said.

Mr. Bean said sadly that that was the one thing in the house she could not have; he had just sold it. Mother was furious and bought two old Windsor chairs on the spot, afraid to take time even to consult my father for fear that when she came back Mr. Bean would say that they had been sold, too.

That evening my father sat in one of the Windsor chairs and was delighted; he swore that they were the first comfortable chairs we had ever had. Since Mother had paid a dollar a chair, they became not only a bargain but a small triumph. The buying fever flared up in Mother.

At that time she subscribed to one of those magazines that carry breezy articles on making over old furniture. You know the sort of piece: "The first thing we did was to scrape it right down to the wood. There were seven coats of old paint on it, but we set to work with a will and in no time at all had uncovered the lovely patina of old walnut." These articles always made a great impression on Mother, so when she went over to the Larrabie house the next morning and bought a large bureau with a mirror growing out of the top, we knew just what she had in mind. We were to remove all the old paint, cut the hideous scrollwork from around the mirror, and uncover a piece which would be as simple as Swedish modern but glowing with the lovely patina of old walnut. Possibly the trouble was that we did not set to work with a will. In any case, it was certainly more than no time at all before the paint was removed. And when it was, we found only a cheap, soft wood that would take no finish but paint.

The only one of us who showed any enthusiasm was my brother, who was given the job of cutting off the scrollwork. He went at it so vigorously that he shoved his saw right through the mirror. Mother was disappointed but not defeated; she thought the largest piece of glass would do for a plain, unframed mirror if my brother could cut it into a rectangular shape. She sent to town for a glass-cutting tool and my brother went to work again. Somehow he always took more from one side than from the other and then had to trim the other to match it, so when the mirror was finally rectangular it was far too small. Mother put it under a vase she had just bought for a quarter from the Larrabie place, which was a good thing, because the vase leaked.

None of us is clever at carpentry. Sometimes it seemed to me that if we had set out deliberately to mutilate the furniture Mother was buying, we would have gone ahead just about as we did. Only one piece turned out to be anything like our expectations. It was a hideous old rocker with bulging wooden arms and a fancy scroll on the back. Father worked all Sunday on it, cut off the rockers and arms and most of the back, and painted it white, and Mother made a pretty blue cushion for it. Father was very pleased. It was impossible to imagine that it had ever been an old brown rocker.

IN spite of the fact that we were buying the Larrabie furniture ourselves, we were amazed that other people did too. Automobiles arrived by the dozen and drove away with all sorts of things. Mr. Bean had a ready explanation. "It's psychology," he said. "You put this stuff in a store, they wouldn't touch it. They see it here in the house, and they think it's heirlooms. So they buy it."

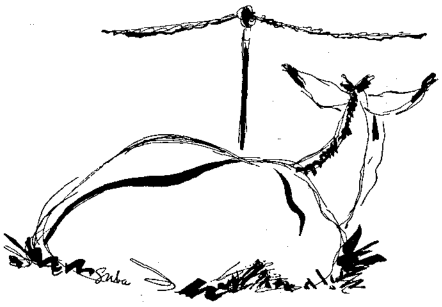
They did indeed, and so did Mother. She made two or three trips a day. It was a feverish and thrilling week for us, between scraping paint, and running to the window to marvel at the atrocities other people bought, and hurrying to examine Mother's latest treasures. One day she went over and found nothing left but the square piano. It was priced at twelve dollars and was extremely ugly even for a square piano. Nobody wanted it, not even Mother. But she came home very much upset.

"Considering the history of that piano," she said, "it's very sad that nobody wants it. When you remember that it was brought here on a sailing vessel before there was any bridge over to the mainland, and there was a high sea running and the ship had to lie outside the harbor for three days before it was calm enough to land the piano, and when it was landed the whole village turned out to help carry it—when you remember that—"

"You don't," my father said. "You weren't here then."

"I've often heard Miss Larrabie tell of it," said Mother. She went back to talk to Mr. Bean, and we were not too surprised when she returned, her eyes flashing, and told Father to get the gardener and any other men who were around and help Mr. Bean bring over the piano.

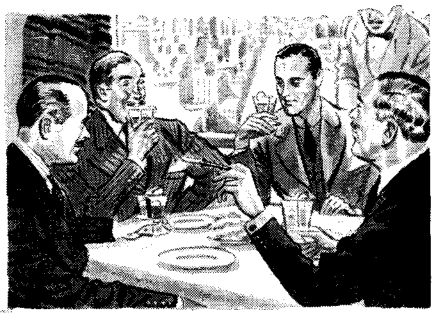
"No one is going to say," she said, "that there wasn't *one* person on this point who cared enough for tradition and history to preserve the first piano ever played here. And besides," she added proudly, "not everybody these



Be one of the Crowd—
—and be Moderate, too!

Luncheon

Want to go light? Try the new Count Rossi Cocktail—Vermouth, two ice cubes, twist of lemon, slice of orange. It's delicious.



Cocktails

Time for relaxation—and a Vermouth Old-Fashioned. Instead of whiskey in Old-Fashioned recipe, use Martini & Rossi Vermouth. No sugar.

After Dinner

How about an Americano? To half a small highball glass of Martini & Rossi Italian Vermouth, add dash of bitters, slice of lemon, seltzer, plenty of ice.

Late Evening

Go light—sip Vermouth and Soda. Two jiggers of Vermouth—ice and seltzer. It's gay, full flavored . . . moderation itself!

America's Favorite Vermouth

EMBARRASSED to stay on the sidelines at a party? Then join the fun! Be moderate—stick to Vermouth drinks!

A favorite drink of the Roman Emperors, Vermouth is full flavored—but also light! Be sure always to order Martini & Rossi—the standard Vermouth.

HOW TO ENJOY VERMOUTH

1 The colder it is, the better Vermouth tastes.
2 Keep your Vermouth in the refrigerator.
3 All Vermouth drinks should be served iced.
4 For greater enjoyment, always specify Martini & Rossi—the standard Vermouth.

Exquisite Vermouth Glass—designed by Count Theo Rossi. 6 for $1.25; 12 for $2—postpaid. W. A. Taylor & Co., Dept. N, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y.C.

MARTINI & ROSSI VERMOUTH

SOLE AGENTS IN U. S. A. W. A. TAYLOR & CO. NEW YORK
IMPORTERS SINCE 1888
Alcohol 15.95% by volume

days has a living room big enough to hold a square piano."

WE were all out the day they came to arrest Mr. Bean, and so was Mr. Bean. He had appeared from nowhere, we were told, broken into the house, sold all the furniture, and vanished into nowhere again with the money. With Mr. Warner away, there had been nobody to watch the house but us. Mr. Warner had often said that he never worried about the old place with us right next door.

When Miss Larrabie heard about it she behaved just as an American who lived in Paris and was named Jojean might be expected to behave. She thought it very funny; she wrote Mr. Warner that he had better not bother trying to find Mr. Bean. The police could never catch a man like that, she wrote. If he could turn that furniture into cash, he was obviously a man of abilities.

Mother took it more seriously. "Everything we've bought goes back!" she said dramatically. "Every stick of it goes right back to poor Miss Larrabie."

Father looked at the pretty white chair with the blue cushion. "You can't give that back," he said crossly. "It's got plenty of my elbow grease in it, and you can't give my elbow grease to Miss Larrabie."

Mother blanched. We all remembered, at the same instant, the chaos in the woodshed, the broken mirrors, the sawed-off legs.

"The square piano!" she said at last. "That, at any rate, goes back tomorrow!" —ADELINE RUMSEY

•

Have you ever tried getting three topers to sit down at a table one with a pint of liquor in front of him, another with a gallon of wine in front of him, and the other one with two gallons and a half of beer in front of him?—*From a letter in the Raleigh News & Observer.*

No, but we bet we could.

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Recalling that Buckner had been rushing a movie star about that time, a reporter asked:

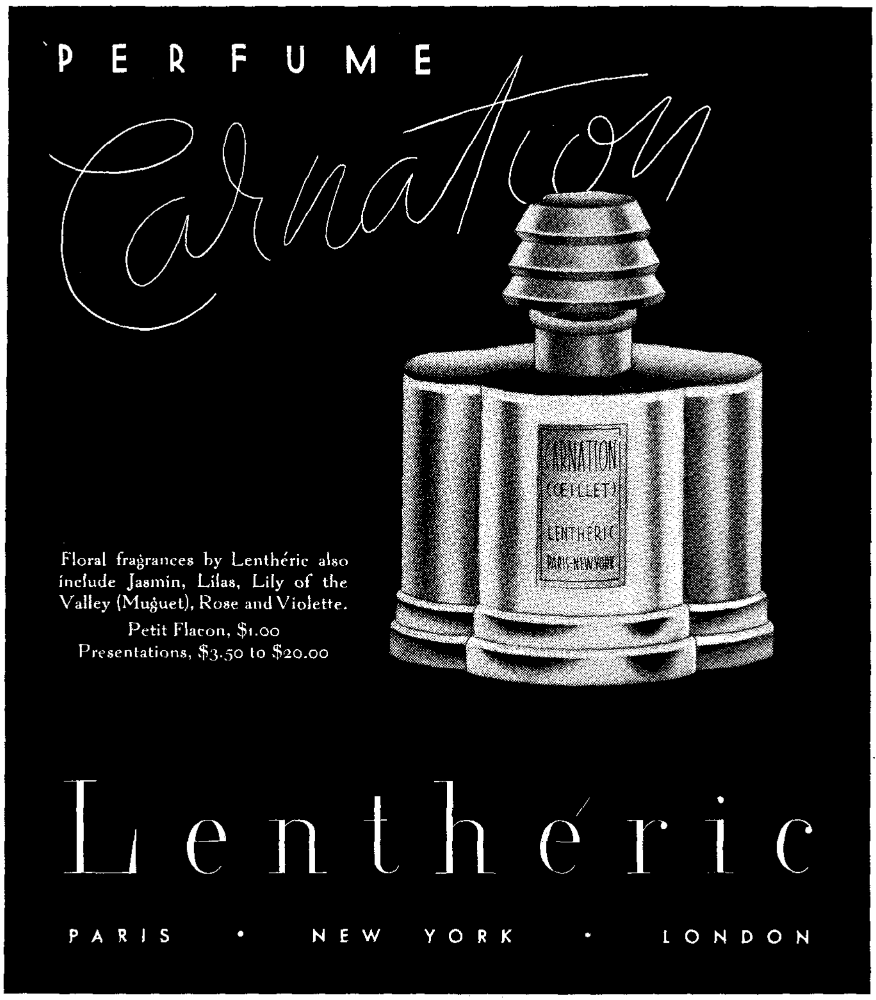
"You didn't meet him through Loretta Young, did you?"

"That's a hell of a question," Adelaide snapped, looking prettier as she got mad. —*The Mirror.*

An extra brave reporter ducked behind a colleague and asked:

"Did you meet Buckner through Loretta Young?"

"That's an improper question," the bride said, laughing.—*The News.*



Floral fragrances by Lenthéric also include Jasmin, Lilas, Lily of the Valley (Muguet), Rose and Violette.

Petit Flacon, $1.00
Presentations, $3.50 to $20.00

Lenthéric

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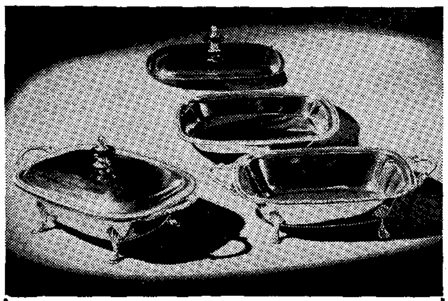
You'll Enjoy
HOPE EMERSON
and her original, witty songs at the Piano

COCKTAIL HOUR
and
AFTER THEATRE

SUNDAY HUNT BREAKFAST
from noon on **$1.25**

LOMBARDY BAR
111 EAST 56th ST.
Just off Park Ave.



ENTRÉE DISH *with an extra tray*—quelle bonne idée! Here the little extra dish slips neatly between the lid and base. Presto: Two vegetable dishes or an entrée arrangement that allows for cracked ice or hot water in the base. Dish measures about 10" x 4" and is plated heavily with silver. A find at only $12.50! Express collect.

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Scores of smart New Yorkers have found an exciting new hobby—French classes at Berlitz! Congenial fellow-students, interesting teachers.

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THE RACE TRACK

Tickets in the Tote

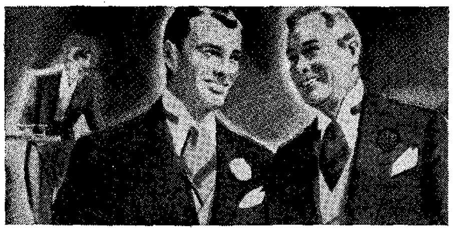
WITH Jamaica up to its neck in apprentice horseplayers, it is still too early to speak pontifically about the advantages, or disadvantages, of the pari-mutuel. I can report, though, that the odds board in the infield not only is excellent but also does not shut off your view of horses on the backstretch, and that the accommodations in the betting ring are better than I expected. There are $100-ticket machines in the clubhouse, and all the booths have been decorated gaily in yellow and red. If there are a dozen more ticket-sellers' windows than there are cashiers' windows, you can blame that on the law of diminishing returns. Also, if the Metropolitan Jockey Club makes a lot of money this season, as everyone thinks it will, it intends to renovate Jamaica by next spring. One of the architects' sketches I saw the other day was of a grandstand as long as the one at Roosevelt Raceway and as ornate as Santa Anita.

It may be disconcerting, but not exactly a surprise, to the directors of Jamaica—and of Aqueduct and Belmont Park, for that matter—that plans have been filed with the Department of Buildings to construct a huge race course on the old Flushing Airport grounds. There's also talk of another new track at Pelham, or somewhere else in Westchester. Diogenes Checkpoints is using a pocket adding machine to keep count of the applications to open tracks in New Jersey. At the end of last week, there were fifteen.

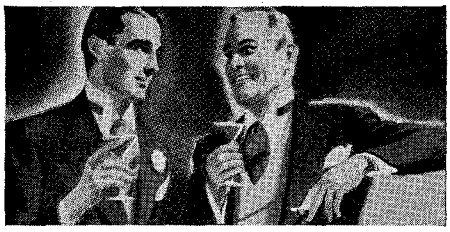
The only contribution this department cares to add to the current deluge of instructions about wagering is its perennial warning against trying to pull out on a short-priced favorite at the end of a bad day.

THE new Experimental Handicap will be run at Jamaica this Saturday, and I think Flight Command will win it. The Chesapeake Stakes, which is also for three-year-olds, will be run at Havre de Grace the same afternoon, and you might have a ticket on Antic Hay. The Wood Stakes will be run April 27th. If you're not going to the Kentucky Derby, you can see the Rosedale Stakes and the Jamaica Handicap on

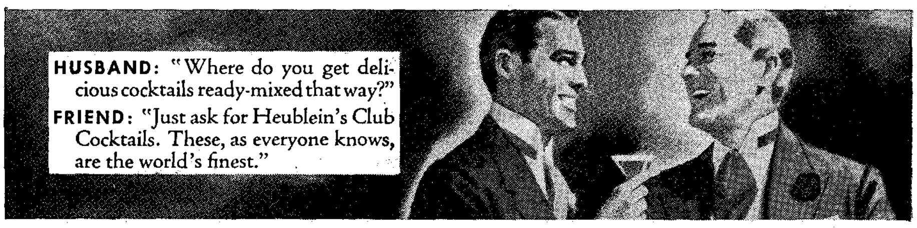
A HUSBAND LEARNS ABOUT Fine Cocktails AND MARRIAGE!



HUSBAND: "Why are your Manhattans invariably so smooth and mellow?"
FRIEND: "I'll tell you. The Manhattans I serve are properly 'married.'"



HUSBAND: "What do you mean, 'married'? Explain yourself."
FRIEND: "Well, best cocktails, like rare champagnes, are blended and ingredients allowed to 'wed' thoroughly in the bottle."



HUSBAND: "Where do you get delicious cocktails ready-mixed that way?"
FRIEND: "Just ask for Heublein's Club Cocktails. These, as everyone knows, are the world's finest."

IF YOU ARE ACCUSTOMED to the enjoyment of the exquisite cocktails served regularly in society's smartest rendezvous, you will be equally delighted with the distinguished quality and flavor of Heublein's CLUB COCKTAILS.* Your sophisticated taste will verify the fact that these ready-mixed cocktails do possess, in full, delicious measure, the same high excellence as those blended habitually by the world's ablest bartenders.

* *What isn't used from an opened bottle keeps indefinitely*

Heublein's THE CLUB COCKTAILS

JUST STIR OR SHAKE WITH ICE

DRY MARTINI (71 proof)
MARTINI (Medium Sweet 60 proof)
MANHATTAN (65 proof)
OLD FASHIONED (80 proof)
SIDE CAR (60 proof)
DAIQUIRI (70 proof)
BRONX (60 proof)

HEUBLEIN PRODUCT
BEFORE SERVING READ BACK LABEL
HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB MANHATTAN COCKTAILS
1 QUART MADE AND BOTTLED BY 65 PROOF
G. F. Heublein & Bro.
HARTFORD, CONN.
MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS SINCE 1875

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Hartford, Conn.

HEUBLEIN of HARTFORD Since 1875

May 4th. The meeting will close with the Youthful Stakes and the Excelsior Handicap on May 11th.

WELL, Bowie is over—not that anybody cares much. In the beginning, favorites simply could not do anything wrong. Last week, they could not do anything right. The biggest disappointment was Zacharias in the Kindergarten Stakes, which was won by Omission. Zacharias, it seems, hurt a leg in the race, but Omission ran so well that maybe I underestimated him when I peevishly referred to him as "something named Omission" after he beat Jock Whitney's String Music in the Seminole Stakes. I hereby withdraw those words.

As for the rest of the racing, it ended bleakly in snow and mud and a cold wind, with Honey Cloud winning by a head in the Southern Maryland Handicap.

YOU may have noticed that Dolly Val won the $10,000 Tropical Handicap and paid $115.10 in the tote at Miami last week. She deserved it. All told, Dolly Val ran sixteen times in Florida and once in Cuba this season. Perhaps now she'll have a short rest.

I imagine the result of the Tropical Handicap spoiled Herbert Woolf's evening. You see, he owned Dolly Val when she was a two-year-old and thought she was quite as good as Lawrin, who won the Kentucky Derby for him the following year. The first time he ran Dolly Val, he decided to win a good bet with her, and to make certain he put her in a cheap claiming race. She won easily enough, but James Emery claimed her for $1,500. She has done rather well for him, too, as she has won around $40,000 in his colors. If Emery ever runs her in a claiming race, Woolf intends to get her back. —AUDAX MINOR.

•

While he was at Northampton the Quester had a drive through the Berkshires and up into Vermont as far as North Bennington, a drive which he enjoyed, especially because he sat on the back seat and relaxed while Mr. Lannin drove one way and Mrs. Lannin the other.
—*The Sun.*

It's a miracle of relaxation.

•

The Allies could attack Russia through Turkey, but the perils of such an enterprise are set forth in our editorial on page 427.—*The New Republic.*

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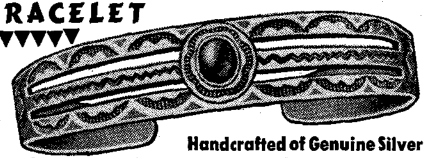

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Sing! Sing! Sing!

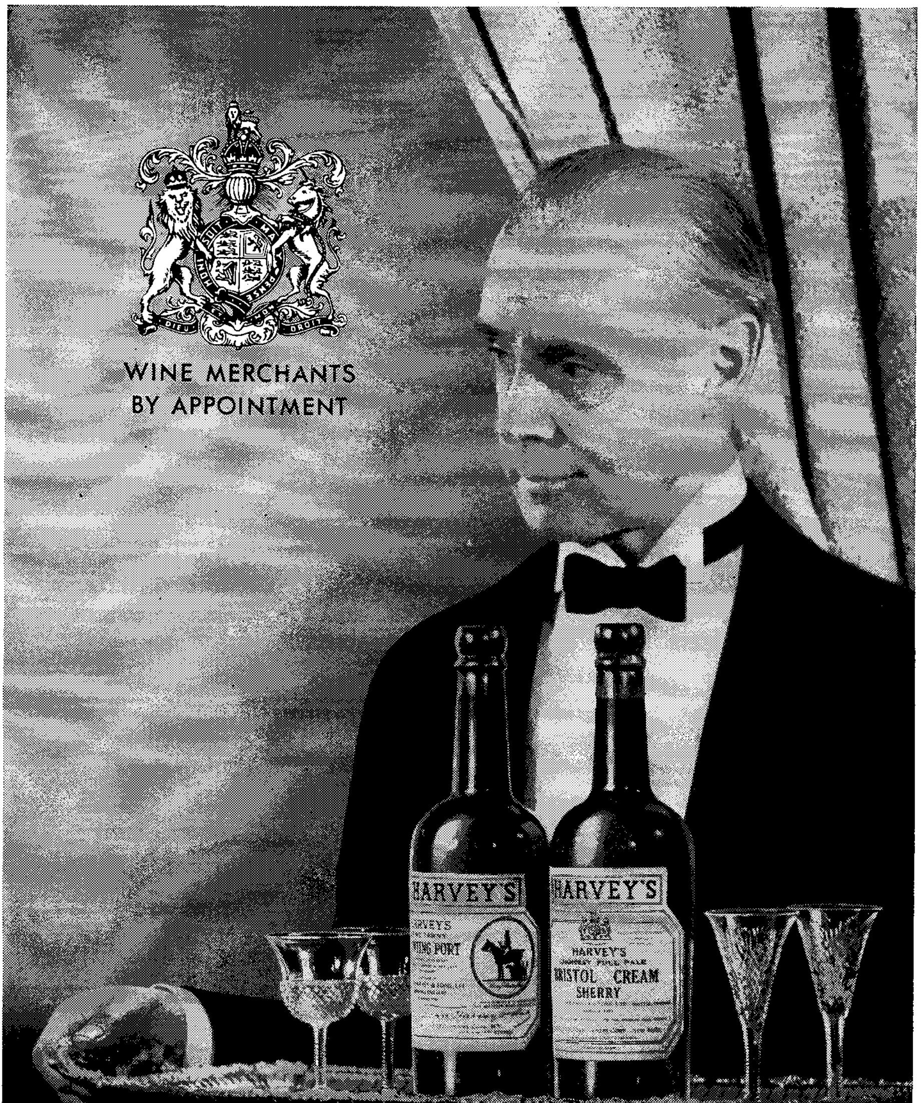
WE'VE been having Choral Week, with a revival of Handel's "Israel in Egypt," by the New Friends of Music; the première of Bernard Herrmann's "Moby Dick," by the Philharmonic-Symphony; a few samples of early literature, by the Bach Circle; and Debussy's "La Damoiselle élue," directed by Arturo Toscanini as part of his Debussy program with the N.B.C. Symphony.

"Israel in Egypt" hadn't had a public concert performance hereabouts since 1902 until the New Friends produced it for the final event in their season. There seems to be no reason for this neglect of the oratorio. It's brilliant, exhilarating music even if, as scholars say, Handel lifted some of it. Certain sections sound as if they were skillfully manufactured rather than written with conviction, but the same observation can be made about many a more frequently heard oratorio. You don't have to limit that to oratorios, either.

Apart from the stirring choral passages, there are several solos that have become legendary—the alto air, "Their land brought forth frogs," in which the accompaniment suggests the cavorting of the *rana*, and the tenor air, "The enemy said," a favorite with fabled chanters of another age. There also is "The Lord is a man of war," designed for two basses, which was sung at this concert by the male chorus. The original version would have been more interesting.

For "Israel in Egypt," the New Friends associated with their excellent orchestra the accomplished Dessoff Choirs, and three fresh-voiced soloists, Miss Ruth Diehl, Miss Jean Bryan, and Joseph Victor Laderoute. Paul Boepple, maestro of the Dessoff groups, conducted the performance with great animation. There wasn't much of traditional "oratorio style" in the proceedings, excessive solemnity being confined only to a desperate attempt to choke off applause before the end of the music. The chorus sang with musicianship and assurance, although the vocal lustre and weight that the music often requires wasn't present.

Anyhow, it was one of the season's most enterprising events, and accordingly the New Friends of Music and the



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Dessoff Choirs may take a good many bows.

Bernard Herrmann, who composed "Moby Dick" to a text derived by W. Clark Harrington from Herman Melville's novel, is one of our most versatile young musicians. Several years ago, he conducted interesting concerts at which he introduced a variety of new works for small orchestra by American composers. Since then, he has become an exceptionally proficient inventor and director of dramatic music for radio programs, a successful arranger of popular music, and editor of a useful edition of symphonic scores. He also figures in Oscar Levant's "A Smattering of Ignorance."

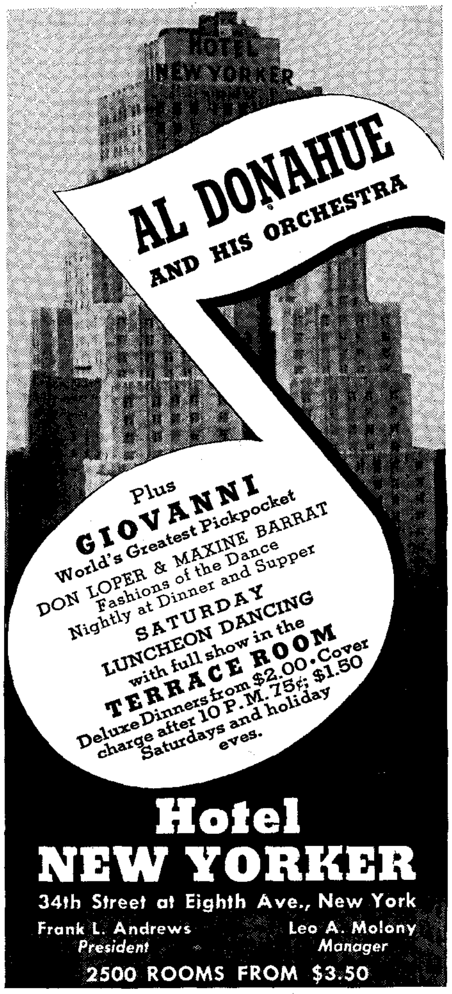
"Moby Dick," at many points, revealed the experienced craftsman, but the attempt to condense a huge novel into a comparatively short concert presentation wasn't a complete success. It was a sequence of impressions, and although some of the episodes were in themselves effective, the necessary breadth wasn't there. Things were overcrowded in the dramatic sections, on occasion even in the actual setting of words; the narrative and choral passages, however, contained better evidence of Mr. Herrmann's gifts.

John Barbirolli conducted "Moby Dick" as if it were an old and valued friend, and there was handsome assistance from the gentlemen of the Westminster Choir and five soloists. Mr. Herrmann's next cantata will be based on the life of Johnny Appleseed, which I suspect may furnish a more practical point of departure than the white whale.

The Bach Circle contributed to the week's supply of oratorio and cantata Carissimi's "Jephte" and Graupner's "Mein Gott, warum hast Du mich verlassen?" Under the efficient direction of Robert Hufstader, the Circle demonstrated that it knows its way around early music not composed by Bach, who was not on the program. There's always something attractively unpretentious about the gatherings of the Circle, and the organization's modesty doesn't conceal its value to our town.

Mr. Toscanini's performance of "La Damoiselle élue" was a charming adventure over the loudspeaker. Mme. Jarmila Novotna's singing of the Damoiselle was another revelation of the soprano's sensitive art, and the chorus of young women, organized especially for this concert, sounded as if it had been singing together for years.

—Robert A. Simon



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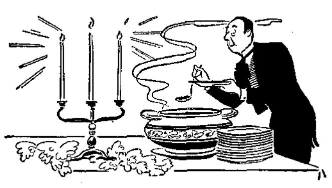

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Just Four Movies

SOME seven or eight years ago you may have seen "One Way Passage." It was an unpretentious little business, but it had a good story and was well acted by Kay Francis, Aline MacMahon, and William Powell, and I find that a surprising number of people remember it. In it, a young woman with only a few months of life left (because of one of those interesting cardiac conditions sometimes found in heroines) and a murderer being taken to San Quentin for due disposal met aboard ship and bolted at once into high romance together. Neither, of course, knew about the other's secret problem until the end. It made for a pretty plot and it's not surprising that it should turn up again, as it does now, called this time " 'Til We Meet Again."

In this version, which is very much fancied up as compared with the original, Merle Oberon has the Francis rôle and looks more ill than Miss Kay could ever manage to do. Miss Merle has a sort of vaporish "Wuthering Heights" approach to life and art which perfectly suits this intense situation. George Brent is more broad-shouldered than slick or merely gallant, and certainly suggests from the beginning that he must have committed his murder from the noblest motives. Their romance takes place on one of the great luxury liners of the Pacific, allowing a proper setting for a lot of clothes and for the comedy of Frank McHugh and Eric Blore, the spacious gestures of Pat O'Brien, and the sinister maneuverings of Binnie Barnes, that tall blonde. For all the fancy touches, though, and all the dressing up, I suspect that the simple "One Way Passage" gave us the plot in a more vivid fashion. This one seems more usual movie material; that other, almost a Maugham item.

AS was inevitable, Howard Spring's "My Son, My Son!" has come to the screen. It turns out to be a big, showy, sentimental hack picture. And why shouldn't it? In spite of the deference generally paid to best-sellers when movies are made of them, this particular novel has been simplified considerably, which is by no means my ob-

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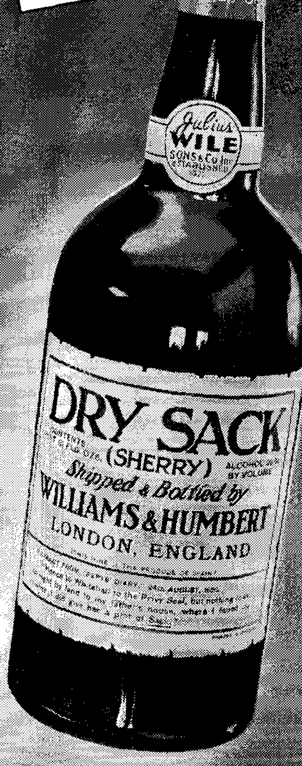

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jection to the film. The simplification leads to an old-fashioned, blatant, and banal solution of the problems involved, and by the time you near the climax the whole thing has gone pretty well off the track. Brian Aherne (the father) and Louis Hayward (the son) fight out their rivalry over Madeleine Carroll (the girl); the boy grows into a problem case, but goes to war (the old war) and dies a hero, winning the Victoria Cross, which reconciles Pater to his difficult memories. The father-son story is practically the real concern of the piece, and moviegoers may be surprised, and properly disappointed, too, that Madeleine Carroll is rather lost in the shuffle. There are good early scenes (with Josephine Hutchinson as the mother) and some well-turned snacks of romantic drama and the like, but over it all lies the sheen of a cheap veneer.

ANOTHER best-seller pops up now in the category of quaint melodrama. At least I assume that with all the culture there is in our beautiful land, "The House of the Seven Gables" is a best-seller. It was once, anyhow. On the screen it seems somewhat droll, I must say, and poor Hepzibah (Margaret Lindsay), with her little shop and her great, loyal love for Clifford (Vincent Price, of all the *jeunes premiers* to select), is beguiling though dusty. I have no doubt the current Salem population will relish the trifle and feel it does justice to the novel of their town.

OUR underworld offering of the week, also with a "My Son, My Son!" theme, shows us the rich embezzler doomed to share prison life with Junior. "Johnny Apollo" bounds along jauntily without regard for subtleties of emotion, showing us first the father (Edward Arnold) behind bars, trundling us through familiar night-club and low-life incidents, revealing Dorothy Lamour in moments of contemplation and otherwise, and eventually landing Junior (Tyrone Power) in the clink too. Lest hearts be broken in the loges, the ending is cheery, on the bright side of the prison gates. —JOHN MOSHER

•

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At roasting beef or mixing dough,
Cora was competent;
She was a wonder as cooks go,
And as cooks go, she went!

—Avery Giles, in the Saturday Evening Post, April 6, 1940.

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"WELL, why couldn't you stick it out for the rest of the week?" Mabel said. "The money was awful, but you were singing at least. You might have been seen." She took a half-empty bottle of cream from the window sill and closed the window. As she wiped the soot from the mouth of the bottle, she went on, "But you're always the same, Larry. No patience to settle in a job. With you, it's got to be velvet from the start."

Larry walked to the closet and opened the door. From a large pile of rumpled shirts and underwear on the floor, he pulled out one blue and one gray sock. "Where's the mate to the gray?" he said. "God, a person gets disgusted in this dump—can't find a whole pair of socks even! Can't you send this stuff to the laundry? It has to lay there on the floor for days?"

She unplugged the percolator and turned to him. " 'Laundry,' he says. Do you think I can send out any more things? We owe them a bill for two months!" She poured two cups of coffee and got a paper bag of rolls from the bottom drawer of the dresser. "If I thought, after being married five years, I'd still be living in a hotel room with a bureau drawer for a kitchen, I'd have said, 'Thanks, you can keep it.' I was doing all right. Mabel Adair could always get a job. If it wasn't a unit or a floor show, it was at least a club date. There's your sock—under the plaid shirt."

He picked up the sock and sat on the edge of the bed. "I got to get out of here by one, to meet Solly," he said. "He got a tip yesterday from Todd. I'm putting a nickel on it to win."

She pushed his shoes toward him with the toe of her ragged mule. "If you put a nickel on some plug of Solly's, that leaves three-fifty for the rest of the week, and it's only Wednesday." She sat next to the telephone table, where the breakfast was set, and moodily fingered the hem of the towel that served as a tablecloth. "I see in the column where that party is back in town. Been here three weeks. What's the idea, I wonder? Business wasn't so good, maybe, on the night shift in Chicago. What a little tramp!"

He finished tying his shoelaces. Then he got up and took his trousers off the back of her chair. "What party is that? If you mean Delma, say so. Anyhow, what's interesting about her being in town? I haven't seen her in six months, so don't start that again. Where's my white muffler? I'll wear it today instead of a shirt."

"It's in the second drawer, naturally," she said. She didn't look at him.

He found the muffler and put it on. "You could wash me out some shirts one of these afternoons instead of sitting all day in Emma's room chewing the fat and reading the columns."

She dipped the end of her roll in the coffee, took a bite, then looked at him. "You know, the muffler don't look bad like that. In fact, you look good. Took a shave, too, I notice. Why so dolled up just to meet Solly?"

He turned from the mirror. "What kind of a lousy crack is that? A man's got a right to look clean, I hope, whether it's Solly or Garbo I'm meeting."

She rose from the table. "Emma saw you Saturday walking down Forty-seventh, and again yesterday on Sixth Avenue." She was talking very quickly. "Emma don't know Delma, but the description she gives is good enough for me. You rotten liar. Going to put five dollars on a horse, my eye! You're going to put it on a *dog*, you mean, a dirty—"

He slapped her mouth. Then he picked up his cup, drank his coffee slowly, and lit a cigarette. "Don't use no more of those dirty words, sweetheart, even if you are better at it than a paid-off stagehand." He stood in front of the mirror and carefully put on his hat. "Tell that cow Emma she'd better take more water with it—she's seeing things. Besides, I'm not the only guy in New York with a shepherd's-plaid double-breasted, you know."

He walked to the door and said, "So long. See you for dinner at Joe's. Usual time."

"Wait. You're forgetting something."

"What do you want—dough?" he asked. "I gave you a buck fifty last night."

"No," she said. "Come here a minute."

He approached her and smiled. "Well? So what did I forget?"

"This." As she flung what was left of her coffee at him, the empty cup hit his cheek. The cup broke and the pieces fell to the floor. Then she threw herself across the bed and buried her head in the pillow.

He stood there uncertainly, watching the brown coffee drip down his double-breasted coat. Awkwardly he felt his cheek. When his hand came away, it was bloody. "But it's the most unbelievable thing you ever saw," he said. "My only suit. It's actually unbelievable."

—MIRIAM BATTISTA

54142—Rayure Malmaison
That Worn Yellow Chair
55211—Henry IV Cretonne
Those Faded Brocade Draperies
54274—Tapisserie de Loches

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Washington, D. C.

I KNOW of no other city where travel by taxicab is as cheap as it is in Washington. You can have yourself bowled about the national capital for remarkable distances for a sum that a New York taxi-driver would look upon as a medium-size tip. Usually the sum is twenty cents. You can go from the Union Station to the Hay-Adams House, which is approximately the distance between the Capitol and the White House, for twenty cents. You can go from the station to the Wardman Park Hotel, which is way out in what would be our Van Cortlandt Park, for about forty cents. No New York visitor to Washington ever seems to me to be sufficiently impressed by this agreeable phenomenon.

The minute I get to Washington, I go on a taxi spree. I take taxis everywhere, whether I need them or not, just for the fun of hearing the driver say "Twenty cents" at the end of the ride. I get out and, after the cab has disappeared round the corner, I hop another cab and ride for another twenty cents.

The Washington drivers are efficient, too, as well as reasonable in their financial demands. They get you places in no time at all. This is because they go fast, and they can go fast because many of the capital boulevards are a mile and a half wide, or seem so when you try to cross them as a pedestrian. There is no such thing as a bottleneck.

It could not have taken three minutes for the taxi to cover the mile and a half (thirty New York blocks) from the Union Station to my hotel the afternoon I arrived in Washington, and it cost the usual twenty cents, exclusive of tip. But that morning it had taken me nearly a half-hour to get from Gramercy Park to the Pennsylvania Station (circa fifteen blocks) and had cost sixty-five cents, exclusive of tip.

Washington taxi-drivers have a touch of Dixie placidity even when they hail from Boston, as did the lad who drove me to the Lincoln Memorial and told me, in purest *echt* Dorchester, what a fine time he was having with Carl Sandburg's "Lincoln." He was a friendly sort and had me confiding in him by the end of the first block. I told him how it was a rite with me, every time I came to Washington, to go to the Memorial and stand in front of Mr. Lincoln for a moment, hat in hand, just because it made me feel better. He understood, and told me about his reading. When he dropped me at the Memorial he wished me a cordial Godspeed.

My guess is that Washington taxi-drivers have comfortable, normal blood pressures of a hundred plus their age, in contrast to their New York colleagues, all of whom probably suffer from hypertension. I cannot imagine having the experience in Washington that I had in a Manhattan cab a year or so ago. I got into the cab at Beekman Place and wanted to go to Gramercy Park. I said to the driver, a bright-eyed young man, "Will you keep off Second and Third Avenues, please? They make me nervous on account of winding in and out between those 'L' pillars. Just go straight down First Avenue to Twenty-third."

"Sure," he said cheerfully.

We started off, and he began to sing, "He's afraid of 'L's, tra-la-la-la. Oh afraid, yes afraid, of 'L's. He wants me to go straight down old Foist, and I will, oh I will, yes I will."

He kept on singing my instructions all the way in a chant that wasn't exactly Palestrina and wasn't exactly Gilbert and Sullivan. By the time we were passing Bellevue I was ready to suggest that we stop and flip a coin to see which one got out of the cab and went into the psychiatric ward for a rest.

THE Washington cabdriver hasn't the gay abandon of his New York brothers, but what he has got is a hospitality that is very warming. It almost makes you feel that he is going to say, "Nonsense, stranger! You are not going to put up at any hotel while District of Columbia Hack Licence Number 28374 has a roof over his head. You're coming right home to take potluck with me." He is also civic-minded and conscious of his rôle in the life of the nation's capital.

One morning I wanted to see the Folger Shakespeare Library. I hailed a cab and told the driver. He seemed pleased at my wanting to go to the Folger Library.

"Matter of fact, I just came from there myself," he said. "I drop in there every time I have a few spare minutes."

I said I had been looking forward to seeing it.

"Well, it's quite a place," he said. "But it can't compare with the Huntington Library in Los Angeles. Ever seen that?"

I hadn't, but I wasn't going to let him lord it over me. I played my trump card. "Of course," I said quietly, "the Morgan collection in New York has 'em all skinned when you come right down to it."

"I've seen that too," he said. "Did that when I was up for the World's Fair. Yes, it's all right, but give me the Huntington Library every time. Well, here we are."

I asked him what I owed him and he said twenty cents. Then I went into the Folger Library and browsed through all the Shakespeariana and Elizabethiana that is open to the public, but I did not get to see any of the rarer treasures. An austere sign informs the tripper that the library proper is only for scholars, who must bring a letter from Teacher to prove they are scholars. I left, feeling slightly miffed at this intellectual snobbery.

The Supreme Court Building, across the way, glistened in the morning sun. I went in, took a seat in the sightseers' enclosure, where I had a good view of Justice McReynolds, and glared at him for fifteen minutes. That made me feel better.

—Frank Sullivan

•

IMPORTANT CORRECTION

"Local Analgesia." Under this heading on page 207 of the February issue of The Practitioner was printed a short contribution with two prescriptions. It now appears that the recommended solutions were for "removal of paint" and not for "relief of pain" which was the title of the short note as received from a contributor. The fact that the note was based upon an article in a Pharmaceutical journal must be blamed in part for the error.

Readers are asked to accept the sincere regret of The Practitioner for this mistake and to delete the note from their copy.—*The Practitioner, an English medical journal.*

If they're still able to hold a pair of scissors.

•

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[*From a review by Stanley Vestal in the Saturday Review of Literature*]

Here is a rugged individual with the bark on, a girl who took life by both horns and cracked its neck.

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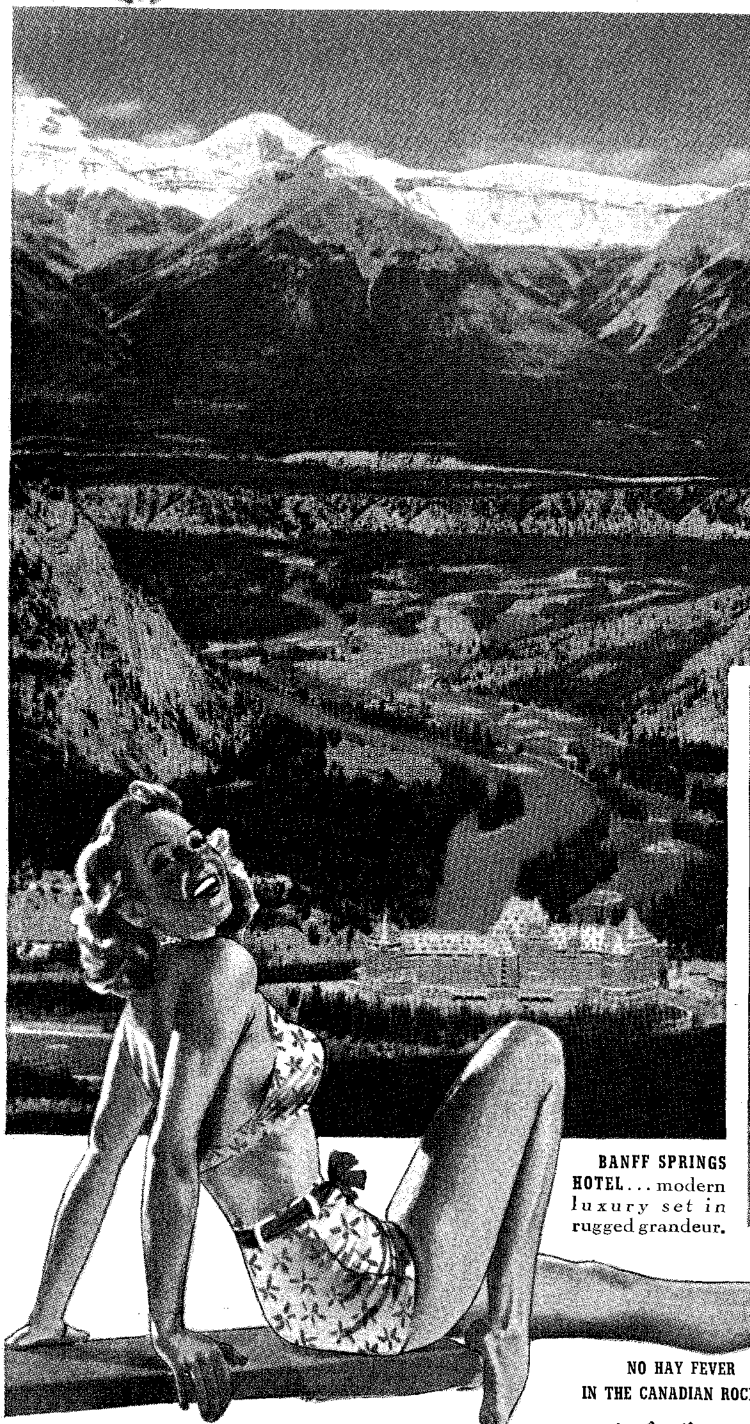

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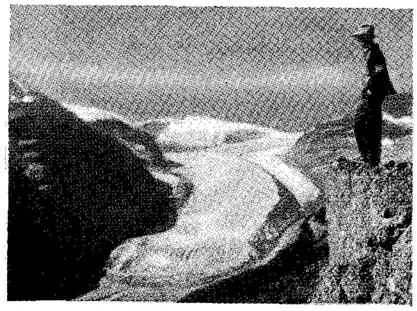

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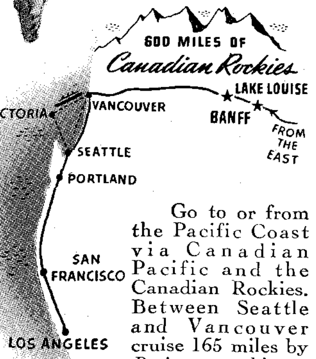

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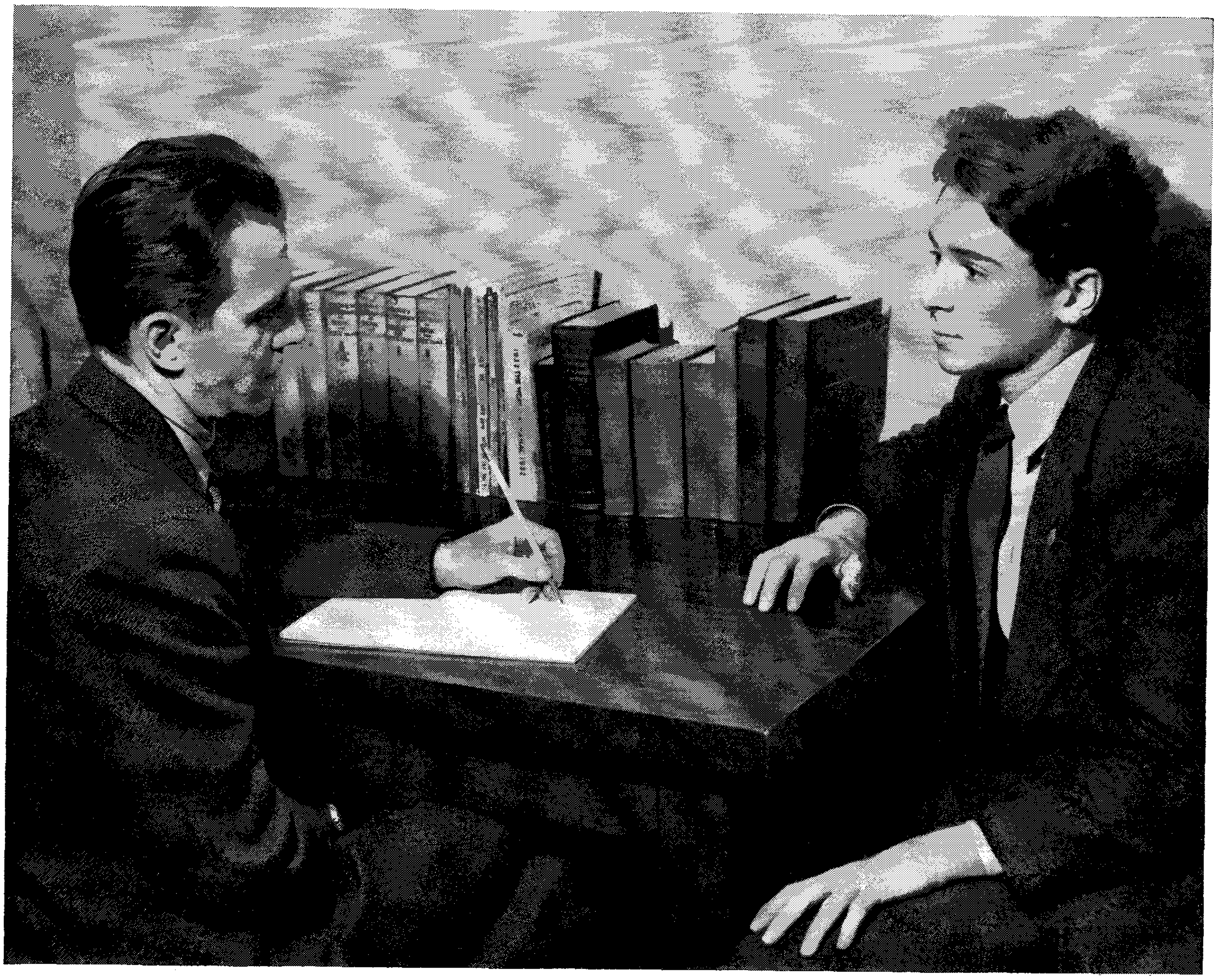

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BOOKS

Education of a Diplomat—Mr. Pitt—Miss Faulkner Soaks the Rich

ABOUT the middle of March, 1937, Sir Nevile Henderson, relieved of his post as British Ambassador to the Argentine Republic, embarked to assume his new duties as Ambassador to Germany. On the way over, he read (no doubt studiously but also, it would appear, not seriously) "Mein Kampf." On September 3, 1939, war was declared and he left for England. "My mission to Berlin had terminated, and the failure was complete." By that time, perhaps, he was ready to believe that Herr Hitler meant more or less what he said in his book.

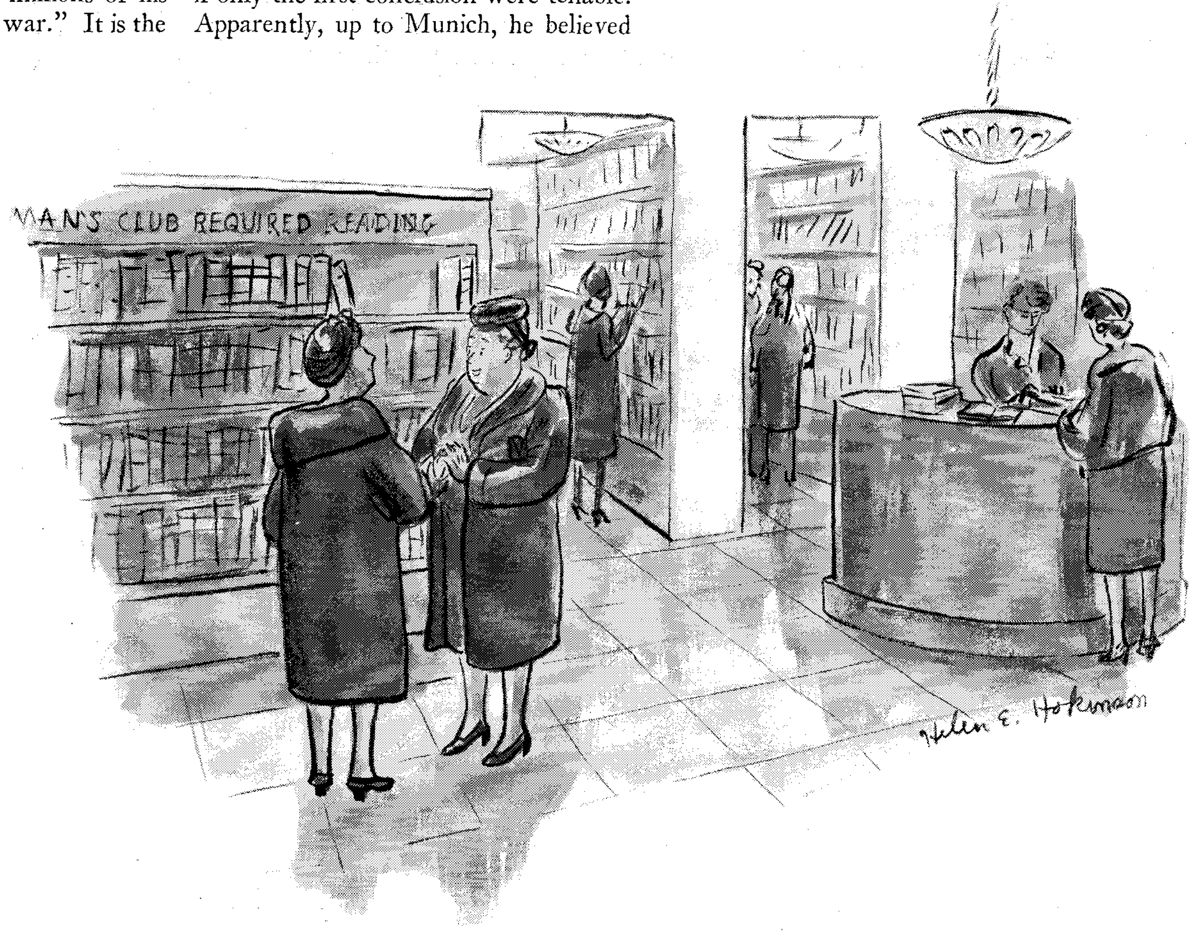
Sir Nevile's "Failure of a Mission" is obviously an important publication, far more so, I should judge, than James Gerard's "My Four Years in Germany," with which it is apt to be compared. It does not, as the jacket confidently blurbles, tell "the entire story of the coming of the Second World War," nor is it "the book the civilized world has been waiting for." Neither does it do what Sir Nevile hopes it will do—"let the man in the street know why millions of his fellows are once more at war." It is the record, apparently quite frank (and even simple), of the experiences in Berlin, over a period of roughly two years, of a British diplomat who admits that he was fooled, who confesses that he did not lose faith in Hitler until after the occupation of Prague, whose job at the beginning was to conciliate a regime with which he had a certain sympathy, and whose conclusion at the end is that "we are fighting for the moral standards of civilized life." A record of painfully unsuccessful diplomacy, it is at the same time the record of the painfully successful education of a diplomat.

Sir Nevile sees the events of the two fateful years as a kind of Greek tragedy in four acts: Act I, Austria; Act II, Czecho-Slovakia (with Prague and Munich as Scenes 1 and 2); Act III, the occupation of Prague; Act IV, Poland. The villains of the piece are, in the order of their villainy, Hitler, Ribbentrop and his clique, Himmler and the Gestapo. The hero is England, symbolized in the person of Mr. Chamberlain. The element of surprise in the drama is provided by Hitler's traitorous refusal to abide by his promises. This interpretation has, at any rate, the advantage of being clear-cut. Whether it is complete or not, the reader must judge for himself.

From these memoirs, which have the smack of absolute honesty—a rare thing in diplomatic reminiscences—you can draw one of two general conclusions. The first is that Sir Nevile and his country were for two years simply being furiously kidded by Hitler, fooled, deceived, played with as if they were toys. The second is that England knew all the time she was being fooled but had to submit to the process until her armament was ready. The first conclusion is readily available from Sir Nevile's pages; the second is simply a reasonable guess. But Sir Nevile himself writes as if only the first conclusion were tenable. Apparently, up to Munich, he believed firmly that Hitler was a great, rather eccentrically un-English national leader who wanted to correct the injustices of Versailles. At Munich, thinks Sir Nevile, Hitler stood at the crossroads. He could choose normality or adventure. The neurotic element in him triumphed, and he chose adventure. War inevitably followed, much to everyone's surprise.

One of the things that make you believe Sir Nevile is honest is the fact that he came to dislike the Nazis only with reluctance. On pages 11 and 12 you will find a frank defence of dictatorships—the nice, gentlemanly kind, of course. Again and again he records his admiration of the achievements of the Hitler regime. Of Göring he says, "I had a real personal liking for him." Of Goebbels: "Personally, whenever I had the chance, I found pleasure in talking to him." The whole attitude of Sir Nevile, even after Munich, might be phrased as "Say it ain't so, Adolf."

"Failure of a Mission" is written without any pretensions to style, but there are some extraordinary passages in it, nevertheless: the description of the Nazi Nuremberg rally of September,



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Know what the ex-Honorable Martin T. Manton said of *Ulysses?* Of authors in general? See page 338.

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1937; the portraits of Göring, Hess, and particularly Hitler; some new sidelights on the talks at Godesberg and Munich; and the sad last pages, full of tragic bewilderment and untouched, I think, by cynicism. Parts of it are simply British propaganda, but those parts are marked, so to speak, quite plainly and candidly. The propaganda itself is interesting enough. The remainder of the book is even more so and gives "Failure of a Mission" an undisputed place among the more significant chronicles of contemporary history. It should be read.

WE ought to remember the elder Pitt, not because Pittsburgh is named after him or because Shirley Temple may have some of his blood in her veins but because his fight for "liberty and independency" and for the British Constitution against the totalitarian tendencies of George III became, in altered form, our own fight in 1776. This, at any rate, is one of the major theses of J. C. Long's noteworthy biography, "Mr. Pitt and America's Birthright," which, in addition to its solider virtues, has one of the cleverest selling titles I have seen in several seasons. The second thesis, defended perhaps more convincingly, is that Pitt was the true architect of the British Empire that came into its own in the nineteenth century. Almost alone among the statesmen of his time, he saw that America (including Canada) was a necessity of Empire; he envisaged the importance of the war against France and showed England how to win it; and he perceived that British supremacy should and could be founded on the basis of the British Constitution.

I think Mr. Long strains his parallels. Bourbonism was not totalitarianism and Pitt's ideal was not true democracy but a kind of benevolent and intelligent oligarchy. Also, the ordinary reader, such as myself, will occasionally find himself drowning in a sea of political detail, Cabinet shifts, family relationships, and period whatnot. Otherwise, a superior job, too consciously slangy and full of modern comparisons, but careful, reasonable, and successful in its aim, which is to show that Pitt was not only a great friend of the American colonies but one of the very greatest of all English statesmen.

The illustrations, which include contemporary cartoons, are excellent. Many of them portray some influential ladies of the period who, Mr. Long assures us, were beautiful but who seem to these doubtless jaundiced eyes a

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VIRGINIA FAULKNER—a few years ago she wrote a couple of witty novels—has some good, naughty fun this week with "My Hey-Day, or the Crack-Up of the International Set." These catty-as-cat-can burlesque memoirs of the Princess Tulip Murphy reek with insouciant depravity, knockabout wisecracks, and what it would be exaggeration to call *double-entendres*. There are so many of these last, indeed, that you wonder whether Miss Faulkner has retained any for her next book. Is it wise to put all your sex in one basket?

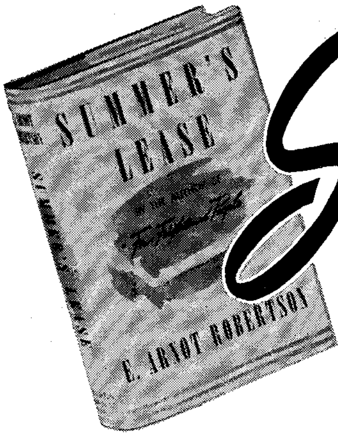
In "My Hey-Day," Princess Tulip is unfair to the disorganized rich. Herself of no mean antecedents—her grandmother was the first white woman to be called "Madam" west of Rock Island, Illinois—she turns traitor to her class and dishes out the real dirt on the Elsa Maxwell noblesse. Among her intimates are the Fetishes (everybody knows the Fetishes); Prince Nazil, whose motto is "Up with the birds and to bed with anything;" Prince Ivan Onandoff; Tulip's particular friend, Xerxes IX, ex-King of Jugo-Ourway; and Peter Frenzy Fripp, heir to the Fripp fortune of a cool billion, old Buster Fripp having been the inventor of the lunch hour. "If the pace was telling, so would I," declares Princess Tulip; and it is no empty boast.

Miss Faulkner is Saki on a boisterous bender, Dorothy Parker gone informal to the point of madness. She is *Town & Country* shrieking with laughter at its own image in a distorting mirror. Sometimes funny, sometimes just gaga, she is wicked, wicked, *wicked* as she can be. So curl up with "My Hey-Day" and a pack of marijuanas (Crown size) and have yourself a good debauch.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

VERSE

ALL that was needed really to complete the picture of our peculiar times was a thoroughly synthetic poet. In Oscar Williams, who, after a lapse of nineteen years, now publishes his second book of poetry, "The Man Coming Toward You," that need has at last been supplied. Mr. Williams has drawn to himself all the diverse elements of English poetry written in the last twenty or thirty years, from Eliot through Auden, with a strong dash of the surrealists added. His remarkable product is a reworking of melted-down examples from everybody, and the whole is bathed in a sulphurous, phos-



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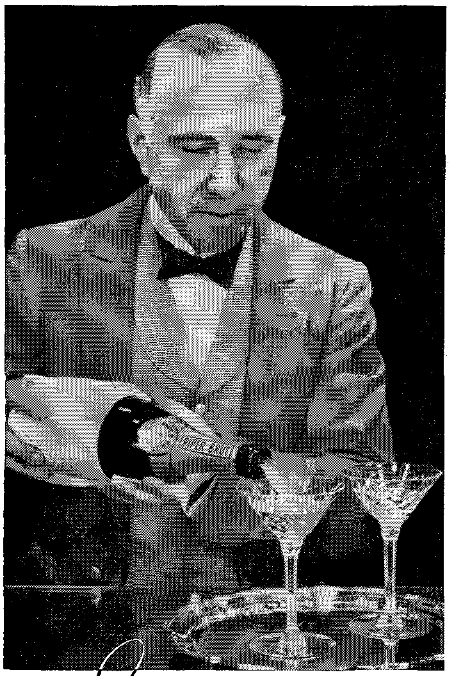

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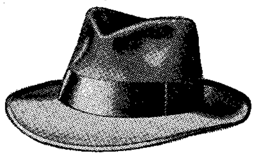

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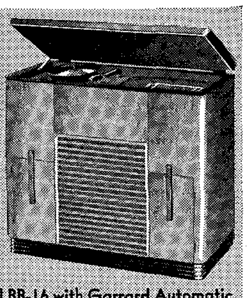

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phorescent light capable of causing a noticeable shudder in a female Gothic novelist. It is an adventure in itself to come upon Hart Crane next to a little passage from "The Love-Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" and to find David Gascoyne treading on the heels of Elinor Wylie. The picture of modern civilization Mr. Williams presents (to leave out, for a moment, his remarkable studies of man and nature) is enough to make anyone reel in his tracks. No one, it is true, can work out a sweet and gentle graph for our day, but Mr. Williams depicts his surroundings as so thoroughly repulsive that one looks with longing toward the comparative peace, cleanliness, and comfort offered by the violent ward in a mental hospital.

Did not Rimbaud and others do much the same thing, those on Mr. Williams' side may ask. The answer is: Sometimes, when the occasion demanded, but not always, occasion or no. The true poet responds to phenomena; he does not wrench things out of their sockets early and late, week in and week out. Rimbaud, in the terrible year 1870, could write an exquisite sonnet on the subject of eating a ham sandwich and drinking a glass of beer. Mr. Williams, when faced with such a simple process, drags the whole thing through some of the darkest corridors of hell. What he can do to waves breaking on a shore or a bird singing in a tree must be read to be believed. Moreover, underneath this blown-up approach to life and everything in it, Mr. Williams' writing, such as it is, performs some splendid feats. It is hard to choose among riches so thickly spread, but I think the following stanza shows his command of prosody rather well:

Where is the divining rod that can strike in thought
The wells of love and fashion the flesh beautiful,
Or hold up the soul like wine to the fiery sunlight
Clear as an hour with the heyday of its beauty full?

And again:

Or through romantic twilights and nostalgia
With flowers of revolution in my teeth
Climb up the balcony and our neuralgia
And woo the damsel with the bullet breath—

W. H. Auden has written in admiration of Mr. Williams' work, comparing it favorably to that of Wallace Stevens and Dylan Thomas.

I still don't like it.

Stephen Spender, on the other hand, distrusts the work of the Englishwoman Ruth Pitter, and thinks it

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a sham. Miss Pitter has been praised by Hilaire Belloc, who called her a mouthpiece of the classic spirit, and by James Stephens, who placed her next to Yeats. Her selected poems, "A Trophy of Arms," won the Hawthornden Prize in 1937, and her satiric "A Mad Lady's Garland" had a small success in 1934. She is a poet with a singularly fine ear and much sensitive insight, and the lyrics in her new volume, "The Spirit Watches," are remarkable, often, for an accent which would place her somewhere between Campion and Marvell in a comparative anthology. She lacks ardor; the feeling which gives resonance to stanzas by Emily Brontë or Louise Labé she does not have. But what she sees, she sees in her own way, and her emotions are also coolly her own and are applied to her subjects with simple rectitude. In this volume, her satire, which can be delightful, is scarcely present. The poems "The Tigress," "The Downward-Pointing Muse," and "1938" reveal her at her best: her eye for detail, her delicate imagination, and her compassion. At her least impressive she is pleasantly Georgian; at her best she might well be accompanied by that outmoded instrument, the lyre. She completely fades from both sight and hearing before the Muse of Mr. Williams, which may well be the Muse of the Future, clothed in rayon and chromium, and breathing brimstone from every pore.

—LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE TRIUMPH OF WILLIE POND, by Caroline Slade. The grapes of wrath in a small city: no jobs and no income except inadequate relief. When people can eat three meals a day and buy soap, they can be clean and self-respecting. When they don't eat, they are also likely not to wash. In illustrating these truths, Mrs. Slade starts her large family in dirt and poverty and builds them up till they are deliriously happy on $120 a month. Clean, too, and in general good citizens. Just as they are about, through no fault of their own, to lose it all, Pa has an idea. A terribly pathetic idea, and a pathetic, ironic, and moving book.

OH, PROMISED LAND, by James Street. Mr. Street describes one of the chapters in American history which should make Americans blush—the betrayal of the Creek Indians in Georgia around 1800. Even dressed up in pre-Hollywood melodrama, this is an af-

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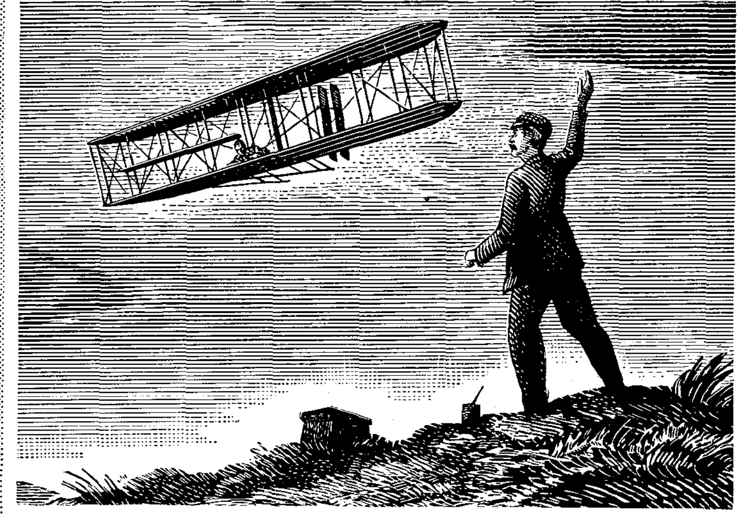

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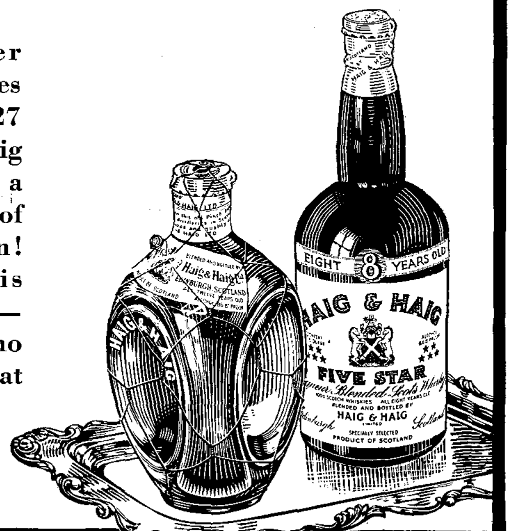

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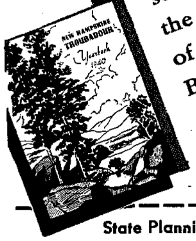

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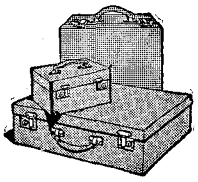

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fecting story; Tecumseh, who tried to unite the Indian nations against their common enemy, the white man, is a heroic figure; and Sam Dabney, the first Georgia cracker, will make a slick part for Gary Cooper.

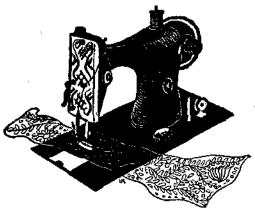
THIS LAND IS OURS, by Louis Zara. More Americana, more betrayed Indians, more stouthearted pioneers. The time is 1755 to 1835, the territory covered is the old Northwest. The people are likable, the background is convincing. It just depends on how much fictionalized American history you can stand.

FALSE WITNESS, by Irving Stone. A shrewd and unpretentious story of what happens in a small community when somebody tells a lie. The point at issue is: Who stole the Widow Smithers' fifty dollars? The scene is a pleasant California valley. Before the matter is settled, the people of the valley are divided into two bitter factions, an innocent woman suffers deeply, and a good man is dead. Mr. Stone wrote "Lust for Life" and "Sailor on Horseback."

DARK MEMORY, by Jonathan Latimer. Take half a dozen men on a jungle expedition, add a lion, a leopard, a lot of gorillas, and a beautiful woman who never really loved her husband, and you'll have something. Mr. Latimer's characters talk a great deal, in the style of Mr. Ernest Hemingway's characters, and true love wins out in the end.

FIGURES IN A LANDSCAPE, by Paul Horgan. Mr. Horgan has ideas about the Southwest. He expresses some of them in the form of essays or brief comments, and then illustrates each by an episode or short story, ranging in chronological order from about 1800 to the present. Some of the episodes are sharp and pointed, but the book lacks direction and unity, and the essays, though often interesting, are superfluous.

THE VALLEY OF EXILE, by L. F. Loveday Prior. Imagine that Litchfield County, Connecticut, is arbitrarily absorbed into New York State, and that as a result the citizens of Connecticut are in danger of their lives, lose their property, are expelled from their homes, and are forbidden



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to marry as they choose. It doesn't make any sense, of course. Miss Prior is writing about the South Tirol, German for centuries, now Italian. Her story doesn't make any sense either; it is merely pitiful and exasperating and true.

GENERAL

CONVERT TO FREEDOM, by Eitel Wolf Dobert, translated by Heinz and Ruth Norden. Autobiographical narrative of a young Prussian, a Potsdam cadet during the first World War, who joined the Nazis in the inflation period and was converted to democracy by a sojourn among the French. He escaped from Germany when Hitler came to power and now lives in the United States. An extraordinarily poignant tale.

THE INVASION FROM MARS, by Hadley Cantril, with the assistance of Hazel Gaudet and Herta Herzog. A fascinating study of Orson Welles' panic, based on interviews with some hundred persons who were variously affected by the broadcast. Contains the complete script of the play. Should and will be studied along with more classic but less immediate researches into mass psychology.

THE WORLD OVER IN 1939, edited by Leon Bryce Bloch and Charles Angoff. The *Living Age* annual, comprising a month-by-month interpretation and chronology of world events last year. A valuable reference work. Maps.

AMERICA LEARNS TO PLAY, by Foster Rhea Dulles. First full-length history of organized popular recreation in the United States. Covers everything, from horseshoe-pitching to symphony concerts. Perhaps too sedate for the subject, but an entertaining, well-documented job. Illustrated.

THE END OF THE ARMISTICE, by G. K. Chesterton, compiled by F. J. Sheed. Posthumous collection of articles in which Chesterton predicted the fate of Poland and the new war, rather favored Mussolini, and attacked pacifism, Hitler, and "the race heresy."

A QUAKER CHILDHOOD, by Helen Thomas Flexner. Memoirs of the author's girlhood in a devout but lively Baltimore Quaker family of the seventies and eighties. Very mild, but pleasantly written. Illustrated.

BLOW ALL BALLAST!, by Nat A. Barrows. Complete account of the submarine Squalus disaster off Portsmouth, New Hampshire: the sinking, the rescue of part of the crew, and

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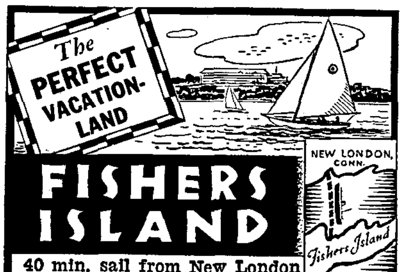
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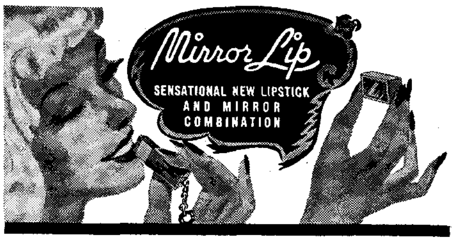
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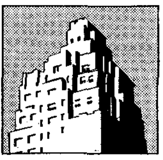

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the eventual salvage of the hull. Fine action story, told with lots of neatly handled technical detail. Illustrated.

Since Fifty, by Sir William Rothenstein. In the third installment of his "Men and Memories" (1922-38), Sir William gives us more of his delightful reminiscences of Kipling, Sargent, Yeats, Shaw, Hardy, T. E. Lawrence, and many more. Illustrated.

Saddle in the Sky, by J. H. Plenn. History, folklore, and customs of Texas, including material about cowboys, Mexicans, Negroes, and such folk heroes as Strap Buckner and Pedro Malo, and characterizations of some Texas cities. Poorly organized but amiable stuff. Illustrated.

The Real Bernard Shaw, by Maurice Colbourne. The British actor-producer writes a biography not so much of Shaw himself as of the Shavian ideas, with relevant quotations from the dramatist's work. A shrewd and witty but sometimes curiously priggish book. Illustrated.

An American in Paris, by Janet Flanner. Here are twenty years of Paris. This "profile of an interlude between two wars," by our own Genêt, brings together, in extended and revised form, all the pungent character studies Miss Flanner has contributed to *The New Yorker*, plus a series of investigations into French crime and espionage. Among those present: Queen Mary, Bullitt, Stravinsky, Lily Pons, Isadora Duncan, Elsa Maxwell, Schiaparelli, Mainbocher, Hitler, Picasso, Edith Wharton, Coty, Lady Mendl. The essays, which search for and find the significance both of the merely fashionable and the genuinely important, are given unity by a prefatory essay, previously unpublished.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Golden Ashes, by Freeman Wills Crofts. Geoffrey Buller of Chicago becomes Sir Geoffrey Buller and moves to his ancestral estate in Surrey. It isn't long before a fire destroys the house and a lot of valuable paintings are burned to a crisp. No hair-raising in this Inspector French story, but it should interest puzzle experts.

•

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